# The Outlook

Vol. 72 October 4, 1902 No. 5

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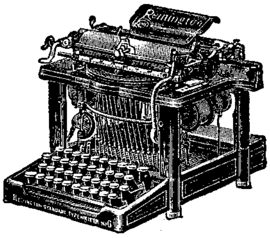

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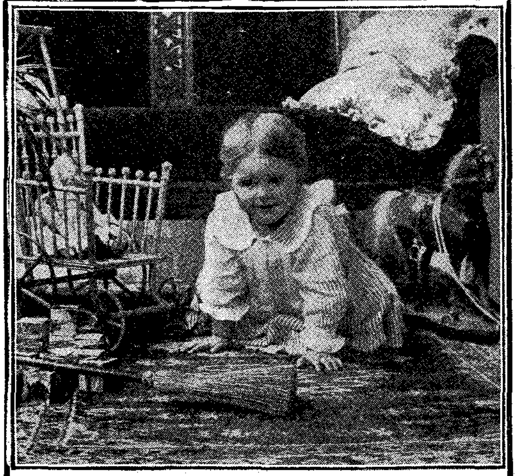

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# The Outlook

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### The Coal Strike: A Week of Violence

The apathetic portion of the public was somewhat violently aroused by the events of last week to a consideration of the public wrongs occasioned by the coal strike. In the first place, the reports of criminal attacks upon non-union workers were more numerous than in any preceding week except one, and included the killing of two men and attempts to derail trains and burn property. The spokesmen of the miners claim, indeed, that the terrorism has been grossly exaggerated by the press despatches—just as spokesmen of the operators claim that it has been grossly minimized by the local papers in the anthracite district—but, when all possible allowance is made for sensational misrepresentation, the amount of crime surely committed is disgraceful not only to the miners whose lack of right sentiment makes such crimes possible, but also to the government which has failed to prevent them. It is intolerable that a purely voluntary and wholly irresponsible organization should assume to determine on what terms and under what conditions men may work in a given district, and then proceed to enforce its decree by stopping and searching trains, blowing up bridges by dynamite, and murderously assaulting workingmen for no other crime than that of not submitting to an edict in the enacting of which they have had no part. Single and sporadic acts of violence the American community looks upon with a certain degree of forbearance—perhaps a forbearance too great; but when violence attains the proportions which it has now attained in the Pennsylvania coal regions, there is but one question for the community to consider—namely, whether government or anarchy, law or lawlessness, order or crime, shall have the mastery. And when that question is really put to the front, all other questions for the time being must be relegated to a subordinate place, if not postponed altogether. To this pass, apparently, affairs have now come in Pennsylvania, despite the vigorous protests and earnest endeavors of President Mitchell. The worst enemy of the workingman is the fomenter of mob violence perpetrated avowedly in the workingman's interest. Some one has said that the rule of capitalism means despotism and the rule of labor means anarchy. This is too epigrammatic to be true; but whatever action gives to it even a semblance of truth detaches the sympathy of the public from the workingman and transfers it to the capitalist; for history abundantly shows that civilized communities invariably prefer despotism to anarchy, and that they are wise to do so.

### The Coal Strike: The Rights of the Public

The crimes of violence were not, however, the only facts which showed public feeling last week. To most people in the Eastern cities they were remote events. The events that were near and pressing were two cold days bringing home to every one the near approach of winter, and the sudden advance in the price of coal to fifteen dollars a ton, in response to an avalanche of orders from panic-fearing householders. The right of the public to put an end to such conditions, whether by compulsory arbitration or by establishing public ownership of the monopolized industry, became the theme of excited declamation on the part of thousands of conservative men who have hitherto rested peacefully in the belief that individuals had an unlimited right to do what they would in their own business, and that the public had no duties except those of nightwatchman. Among the many evidences of this new temper was the almost simultaneous assertion by Senator Mason in Illinois and Congressman Barrett in Massachusetts that the companies unable to conduct their industry so as to furnish the public with needed supplies should be placed in receivers' hands by order of the courts, and operated just like companies put in receivers' hands for failing to meet the interest on their bonds. Indeed, a suit to secure this end without awaiting a change in the law has already been instituted in Boston. In industry, as well as in war, it is being recognized that the safety and well-being of the public are the supreme law. It is proposed to form a committee of prominent citizens to urge on both parties to this controversy its adjustment by some method of conciliation. This is clearly due to the suffering public from both parties.

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**President Mitchell's Statement**

Mr. Mitchell issues an address to the public giving the miners' positions involved in the present coal strike. Into his general reply to the previous statement of President Baer we do not think it important to go. The public has little time or patience to follow such debate in detail. The only part of Mr. Mitchell's statement that appears to us of general public interest is his following summary of the demands of the miners:

> Since the very inception of this strike the aims, objects, and ideals of the United Mine Workers of America have been willfully distorted by a small army of critics. We have been unjustly maligned and our motives and purposes maliciously impugned. We therefore take this opportunity to repeat specifically that we do not seek to interfere with the management of the coal properties or with the proper discipline of the working force, but we do demand:
>
> First—An increase in wages for men employed on piecework.
>
> Second—A reduction in the hours of labor for men employed by the day.
>
> Third—Payment for a legal ton of coal.
>
> Fourth—That the coal we mine shall be honestly weighed and correctly recorded.
>
> Fifth—We favor incorporating in the form of an agreement the wages that shall be paid and the conditions of employment that shall obtain for a specific period.

In our judgment, the first four of these demands should have been, and even now should be, submitted to arbitration. The fifth demand, while ambiguous in its terminology, covers, we suspect, an insistence that the one Miners' Union shall be treated with in an agreement for wages, and this is not a matter which the miners have a right to demand should be submitted to arbitration at the cost of a coal famine in the community. And this we suspect is really the vital issue involved.

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**Bishop Talbot's Views**

This suspicion is confirmed by a letter from Bishop Talbot, of Central Pennsylvania, published in the New York "Tribune" of September 29. Those who know Bishop Talbot will give great weight both to his statements of fact and his opinions thereon. He is pre-eminently a man before he is an ecclesiastic, and a man with strong human sympathies. If he has any prejudices, they are with the plain people. If he were as well known among the miners of Pennsylvania as he was in his former diocese among the cowboys of the West, his letter would carry great influence among them. He declares that "the strike miners precipitated the crisis and went out at a time when no real grievances existed which could not have been adjusted peaceably;" that "the crux in the whole matter is the recognition of an organization known as the Miners' Union;" that "no one familiar with the situation can deny that the great majority of the men would return to work to-day if the fear and intimidation could be removed;" that "the one chief demand made by the strike leaders is that their organization be recognized—in other words, that the owners of the property shall deal not with the men in their employ when difficulties arise, but with an outside party;" that "no man can hereafter work in the mines unless he belongs to the union;" such a demand as this "denies to the American citizen the sacred right to sell his labor in the open market, wherever he can secure his price," and "this is a denial of individual liberty to the workingman which he ought to be the first to resent." With this conclusion The Outlook is in absolute agreement, and if Bishop Talbot is right in his statement that "the strike will end just as soon as, in this free country and in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, men who desire to work and to support their families can be protected in the exercise of that right," the responsibility for the further continuance of the strike and the coal famine, from which the whole country is likely soon seriously to suffer, must be charged upon the Executive of Pennsylvania in its failure to furnish such protection. We doubt whether he is right; but clearly the furnishing of such protection is the first duty of the hour. We shall then be able to ascertain whether the strike is maintained in the interest of the workingmen, or in the interest of an organization which claims to represent their interests while really not doing so. The letter of Bishop Talbot incidentally emphasizes the importance of constituting a permanent commission, either by State or National law, which shall have power to investigate every such strike as the present, and report the results of its investigation and its conclusions to the public.

### Are Coal and Oil Free?

Mr. William J. Gibson, formerly counsel for the Treasury Department, writes a letter to the New York "Times" contending that neither the case of anthracite coal nor that of petroleum justifies the conclusion which the President, and The Outlook following the President, have drawn therefrom, that the tariff is not the efficient cause of monopoly. He points out that while anthracite coal is declared in one section of the Dingley Act to be free, a subsequent section levies a duty of 67 per cent. on all coal containing less than 92 per cent. of carbon, and he affirms that this really involves a duty of 67 per cent. on all Welsh coal. Whether this statement of fact as to Welsh coal is accurate or not we have no means of knowing, but Mr. Gibson's letter, fortified as it is by a judicial decision of the United States Circuit Court, appears to be conclusive as to the fact that anthracite coal is by no means really free, as a non-expert would assume it to be on a casual examination of the complicated schedules of the Dingley Tariff. As the President is known to have consulted on this subject with some recognized legislative experts to make sure of his facts, the case affords a rather striking illustration of the complicated character of our tariff system and incidentally an argument against it, since legislators should always aim to make laws, ignorance of which excuses no man, so simple as to furnish no excuse for ignorance. On the other hand, Mr. Gibson's letter does not, in our judgment, indicate that the Standard Oil monopoly is due to protection. As stated by us last week, illuminating oils are free, except in cases in which a duty is levied on them by the country from which they are exported, in which case the same tariff is to be levied in this country. This is in effect reciprocity. To levy on goods from any country precisely the duty which that country levies on them from us is practically as free trade as that which exists between the States of the Union, between which trade is by the Constitution reciprocally free. Certainly such a tariff cannot protect American oils of the better grades, since the American oil sold in England can be exported back to this country without incurring any duty. The trust, therefore, cannot charge any more for these grades in the American market than the Russians would charge if there were no tariff. If any Russian oils are shut out, they are probably a quality the Standard does not export. We question if they have any importance whatever. The secret of the coal oil monopoly must be looked for elsewhere than in the Dingley Tariff. We repeat what we said last week: the tariff is not the efficient cause of our great monopolies; but that in some cases it fosters and promotes monopolies is apparent, and it is a first duty of Congress to reduce or abolish the tariff in all such cases.

### Compulsory Arbitration Discussed

The coal strike has plainly revived the interest in labor questions which has so notably languished since the revival of prosperity. "The National Convention of Employers and Employees," held last week in Minneapolis under the auspices of a hitherto unknown eight-hour league, not only secured the attendance of speakers of the first rank from all quarters of the country, but the papers read were reported with unusual fullness in the daily press. The league which organized the conference did not attempt to make it an exponent of its own creed, but invited the men best worth hearing, without regard to their views. The question on which most of the papers turned, or toward which they instinctively drifted, was compulsory arbitration. The organizers of the Convention were distinctly favorable to this measure—the literature they sent out calling attention to the anomaly that "grievances between masters and men are not settled by something like a judicial process, as are all other serious disagreements among civilized people, . . . but in most cases by a new species of wager by battle;" yet most of the principal speakers on this question took sides against compulsory arbitration. Chairman F. W. Job, of the Illinois State Board of Arbitration, urged that statutes should go no further than the new Illinois law requiring the arbitrators to investigate strikes which cannot be settled by conciliation, and empowering them to compel the attendance and testimony of witnesses so that the public may quickly and surely be informed as to the merits of the controversy. Commissioner Justi, of the Illinois Coal Operators' Association, declared that a compulsory arbitration law would foment strikes and lockouts by causing the party which hoped to gain by such arbitration to create discord. He, however, favored voluntary arbitration, such as the agreement between his Association and the soft-coal miners provides for. Commissioner Justi made the forcible point in defense of the anthracite operators that in the coal-mining industry the interests of employers and employed both require that the boards of arbitration be composed of men thoroughly familiar with the business, and not of outside parties, however fair-minded. The first board of arbitration proposed for the settlement of the anthracite strike was composed of men of the latter class. The one strong speech in favor of compulsory arbitration was that of Professor John B. Clark, of Columbia, whose paper merely put pointedly the question, "Is Compulsory Arbitration Inevitable?" In answering this question Professor Clark indicated that the field of compulsion would be the industries in which the public was dependent upon a monopoly for its supplies. He said:

> The existence of trusts puts many strikes on a radically new footing. A motive for yielding to them is removed. When one employer out of a score in the same industry finds that his men have gone on a strike, he is under strong pressure to make concessions to them. He has everything to lose by the stoppage of his mill while those of his competitors continue running, since these rival mills are likely to increase their output and secure to themselves the custom that formerly went to the one that is now closed. A trust has no such rivalry to fear, and can bide its time before yielding to its men. On the other hand, the trust has much to gain by first holding out till its men are near the end of their resources and then making some small concession that will bring them back to their work. It can charge the cost of such a concession to the public, and exact a large profit besides. It can mark up the price of its products and make the public pay twice over the costs that it has incurred.

The creation of "labor trusts," it may be added, has caused a corresponding difficulty on the side of labor. So long as a strike caused work to go to other mines or factories, there was a pressure on the workmen to accept reasonable terms. But when a strike can cause the complete suspension of work in an industry, the strikers can remain idle knowing that they are merely postponing the work they will have to do. The consuming public is made the heaviest sufferer. Those who oppose compulsory arbitration—and the arguments against it are serious—should indicate some better way by which these public rights can be protected.

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**Judge Taft's Manila Address**

We have received a full report of Governor Taft's address in Manila on the 23d of August. He congratulates the country on the establishment of peace, the declaration of amnesty, the supremacy of civil government, the revival of industry, the dawn of prosperity, and the action of Congress in reducing the tariff between the United States and the Philippines twenty-five per cent., in excluding the Chinese from the islands, in establishing and enlarging the Philippine government, and in providing for the election of a popular assembly two years after the taking of the census. We believe in the correctness of his interpretation of this action as indicating "the fact which impressed itself on me during my recent visit to America, that the American people were moved by the most generous and friendly feeling toward the Filipinos, and were anxious to avoid anything looking to selfish exploitation of these islands on their part," and we hope that he is equally correct in his prophecy that "it will be only a matter of a year or two before the American duty on Philippine products will be reduced to so small a figure as to make it practically free trade." The most important part of this address is his account of his negotiations with the Vatican and their result. He suggested to the Pope the form of a contract to be signed in Rome, submitting the questions at issue to a tribunal of arbitration. The result of this suggestion he thus states:

> The questions were: First, the price to be paid for the friars' land; second, the price to be paid for the occupation of parish churches and convents by American troops; and, third, the disposition of educational and charitable trusts, including the San José College case. The contract included a covenant that the members of the four great religious orders, who were all Spaniards, should leave the islands in two years after the first payment was made for the lands, and that only secular priests or non-Spanish members of the regular clergy should act as parish priests.
>
> The Vatican agreed to sign such a contract excepting the last covenant, which it declined to sign: first, because it related to the administration of religious matters not the proper subject of a commercial contract; second, because by signing such a covenant it would give just offense to Spain, whose subjects these friars were, and as such were entitled to remain in the islands under the Treaty of Paris, and because the Vatican did not wish to give countenance to what were regarded as the exaggerated charges against them.
>
> Instead of this, however, the Pope said, through Cardinal Rampolla, that he intended to reorganize the Church in the islands, to recall the friars now in the islands from political intermeddling to the institutes of their order, to provide ecclesiastical education for natives, so that the priesthood should ultimately be entirely native, and now to introduce priests of other nationality than Spanish, chiefly from the United States, into the islands. He said that the money for the lands would go to the Church for the benefit of the Church in the Philippines and not to the orders, and he finally reiterated what had been said earlier in the correspondence, that no priest would be sent to any parish in the islands whom a majority of the Catholics of the parish did not wish to receive.

The perplexing friar land question is not settled, but it has been placed in the way of just and satisfactory settlement, by providing for the purchase of the lands of the friars by the United States on the one hand, and by leaving, in the words of Governor Taft, "the question of the return of the friars to the parishes completely in the hands of the people of each parish, for a settlement by a quiet, peaceable, and lawful expression of their desire to receive or not to receive any priest." This appears to us a much more just and much more American method of settlement than the forcible expulsion, either by the United States Government or by the Vatican, of all the members of the four great religious orders.

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**Father Augustine** On September 23 there appeared in the public prints a letter from the Anti-Imperialist Committee of Boston to the President, giving in gruesome detail an account of a supposed process of torture thrice repeated and ending in the death of a certain Filipino friar called Father Augustine. This letter indicates that the Committee imagine themselves furnished with competent evidence to demonstrate the truth of these charges—charges which are the more extraordinary since they could not, according to the narrative furnished, have been perpetrated without the co-operation of the general military authority both of the navy and the army. As The Outlook has frequently affirmed, the principle that persons accused of crime are to be presumed innocent until proved guilty applies with special force to officers of an army serving their country in a foreign land, and in this case the accusers have given no intimation of the evidence which has convinced them of the truth of these accusations. Simultaneously with the printing of this letter is the statement that the officers of the War Department have made a careful search of the records of the army, that they have the records of the post where this atrocity is reported to have been perpetrated, that these records contain or purport to contain the name of every man arrested and held in confinement, and that there is nothing in these records which gives even a clue which corresponds to this case. The Judge Advocate has, however, written to the Committee for evidence, and we believe that the public may rest assured that no endeavor will be wanting to ascertain the truth of the accusation, and, if there be any truth in it, to punish the malefactors. We suspect, however, that the Committee have been deceived by too credulously accepting the story either of some Tagalogs or some returned soldier who has, as others have before him, exercised his inventive genius in the mere passion for sensationalism.

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**The Anti-Imperialistic Indictment of Secretary Root**

Simultaneously with this report of the Father Augustine case there appears a pamphlet indictment of the Administration, the officers and soldiers *en bloc*, the War Department, and Secretary Root in particular, for cruelties in the Philippines. The report is signed by Messrs. Moorfield Storey and Julian Codman, and is issued with the approval of Messrs. Charles Francis Adams, Carl Schurz, Edwin Burritt Smith, and Herbert Welsh. We have given this pamphlet a somewhat careful reading. It speaks of a great variety of reputed acts of cruelty, and if all the reports could be believed it would constitute a very serious charge against the representatives of the United States' authority in the Philippines, if not against the War Department under whose general authority they have been acting. But a judicial examination of its pages discloses such a lack of discrimination in the accusers and such a passion of partisanship as cast suspicion over everything contained in the pamphlet. Reports by letter-writers who are not generally known of what unnamed persons have reported to them, letters by private soldiers containing reports of atrocities afterwards retracted, accusations made against reputable officers and by them denied as infamous lies, reports of eye-witnesses but unsworn and unexamined, reports of anonymous newspaper correspondents and reports of newspaper correspondents who are well known, and finally official orders and reports, are all treated without distinction as equally worthy of credence. Apparently the mere fact that a statement blackens the reputation of an American soldier is reason enough for believing it to be true. Where there has been no investigation the War Department is condemned for not investigating; where there have been investigation and acquittal the War Department is charged with whitewashing; where there have been conviction and punishment the penalty is declared inadequate; and finally, in reporting the case of General Smith, who was "retired from the service," the fact of his retirement is not mentioned at all. Such partisanship defeats its own ends. Burke once said, "You cannot indict a whole people;" neither can you indict the entire body of American representatives in a foreign land. That there were sporadic cases of cruelty in the Philippines, that in a campaign carried on against a guerrilla enemy by detachments scattered over so large a territory there was a lack of coherent policy and in many cases of adequate discipline, and that in at least one province a policy of practical extermination was adopted which was not justified and for which the commander has been retired from the service, we think is indubitable. But that the result of the war in the Philippines has been to protect life and property and to prepare the way for the establishment there of an admirable civil government in the interest of the Philippine people is equally indubitable. Nations judge policies by net results, and the net result of the American policy in the Philippines is shown by Judge Taft's speech in Manila to be one of order, peace, revived industry, commercial prosperity, deliverance from ecclesiastical and civil misrule, popular education, and eventual self-government.

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**Political Conventions**

Last week the Convention upon which National attention centered was that of the New York Republicans, but the only thing of National import which this Convention did was to give its indorsement to President Roosevelt as the party's candidate in 1904. Even this event had been predetermined, with Senator Platt's reluctant acquiescence, and the Convention merely registered what the voters were known to demand. The only striking thing done by the Convention was to change the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor previously agreed upon by the leaders, and even this action was really not taken by the Convention, but merely accepted by it when the leaders had changed their plans. Its only significance was in the light it threw upon the relative power of the two party leaders. It was Governor Odell who demanded that Mr. Sheldon should not be nominated on account of certain unpopular trust connections, and Senator Platt finally acceded;

but the much remarked "triumph" of the Governor over the Senator would have been more marked if Mr. Sheldon had not been the Governor's original suggestion for the place, while Mr. Higgins, the candidate substituted, was Senator Platt's original choice. The proceeding did make it clearer that the party has two leaders instead of only one, but it did not destroy the Senator's general ascendency. The platform adopted was remarkable chiefly for its caution. The most important plank was that commending canal improvements and good roads, but recommending that expenditures for them be postponed until the Constitution should be amended so that very long-time bonds could be issued to pay for them. It was the latter part of this plank which really signified, and what it signified was increased hesitation about pushing forward State expenditures to improve the canal. On the question of trusts the Convention demanded the general suppression of such acts as are now illegal, but did not demand complete publicity of accounts or any other definite remedies for definite evils. In this respect the platform was in sharp contrast with that adopted by the Connecticut Democrats the day following, the most important plank of which was a demand for a reduction of the tariff whenever it protected trusts, the complete publicity of all trust accounts, and a Federal law forbidding trusts to do business outside of the States of their organization, unless able to show that they were honestly capitalized and not organized to create a monopoly. The Connecticut Convention did not indorse the Kansas City platform, and had no open conflict upon the matter. The Republican Convention in the Third Iowa district, which nominated General Henderson's successor, took occasion to adopt a resolution denying that the Dingley tariff breeds and shelters trusts, and declaring that the Iowa State platform of 1902 went no further than the National platform of 1896, which recited that tariff schedules should be governed by "the condition of the times and of production." If this resolution truly represented the spirit of the constituency, General Henderson's retirement is still harder to explain than it was before this Convention of his own district took place.

**Affairs in Cuba** In a recent talk with an American correspondent, President Palma explained his official request to the United States Government to remove the few American troops now in Cuba by saying: "It will be a source of gratitude and rejoicing for the Cuban people when the American troops are all withdrawn, and I hope it will be soon. They are not needed. Their presence has a bad moral effect. It looks to some as though the United States had no confidence in the ability of the Cubans to maintain peace and govern themselves." He added that, in the improbable case of international complications, the United States could easily land troops in Havana in two or three days, and that there is no internal disorder demanding the presence of four companies of American artillery. It is to be presumed that an official reply from our Government will either accede to President Palma's request or state the reasons which make that course inadvisable on the part of the United States. Certainly neither our Government nor our people have any wish to embarrass the new Republic by maintaining an unnecessary show of force. In every way we should allay even unreasonable fears of interference while Cuba is struggling with the difficulties of a new form of government and with serious commercial and financial troubles, caused in part by the refusal of Congress to grant her the friendly trade relations recommended by President Roosevelt.——Reports from Washington state that three treaties are being negotiated with Cuba—one for extradition, one to settle the title to the Isle of Pines, and one affecting the commercial relations between the two countries. The report as to the last indicates that the President is looking to the Senate to secure that reciprocity which the House has refused to grant. We hope that it is true.

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**The United States, Venezuela, and Colombia** Two singular incidents of recent occurrence illustrate forcibly the fact that the relations of the United States to the countries near the Isthmus are necessarily of a different kind from those usually subsisting between totally independent nations. On the Isthmus itself the United States, in view of the fierce fighting going on between the Colombian troops and insurgents, has been obliged to take the Isthmian railway under its charge, to send guards on every train, and even to refuse to allow the Government of Colombia to transport its own troops over its own railway; except under the really amusing condition that the men should go on one train, their arms and ammunition on another, so that they could not possibly fight. All this the United States holds that it has a perfect right to do under the treaty with Colombia which makes it the right and duty of this country to preserve undisturbed the trans-Isthmian traffic. It is clear that if the United States were bent on territorial expansion in South America, opportunities for clashing with the local Governments might easily be made; that our Government confines itself strictly to maintaining the peace indicates that it has no such ulterior purpose. In Venezuela the incident referred to was equally singular. A Venezuelan Government war-ship, in order to get close to a body of insurgent troops and to attack Ciudad-Bolivar, hoisted the United States flag. The ruse succeeded, and the insurgents suffered some loss. Now, it is said by many authorities on international law that a war-ship may lawfully employ just this subterfuge to deceive an enemy, provided that the flag is hauled down before a shot is fired; but our Minister to Venezuela, Mr. Bowen, rightly held that, in view of the United States' recognized function as a semi-guardian or elder brother of the minor republics, this false use of our flag was an intolerable insult. He therefore promptly called for an apology, and demanded that the American flag should be hoisted on the offending vessel and receive a National salute. As promptly President Castro admitted the justice of the demand, and within twenty-four hours the apology and salute were forthcoming.

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**Secretary Hay's Note** Secretary Hay's note of remonstrance to the signatories of the Berlin Treaty against the treatment of the Jews in Rumania has been, on the whole, commented upon with intelligence by the English and Continental press. In some cases, as was to be anticipated, the note has been interpreted as an intrusion in European affairs, and it has been suggested that it is inconsistent on the part of the United States, while holding the European Powers at arm's length in matters relating to this continent, to interfere in the politics of the Old World. Where this attitude has been taken, it has been due either to a desire to make political capital or to a failure to understand what Secretary Hay said. Intelligent journals and diplomats are perfectly aware that the note was legitimately within the sphere of action of this Government, and in no sense an intrusion of the United States in Continental politics. No formal answer has as yet been received from Rumania, but it is stated, apparently on good authority, that further emigration of Jews to this country will be prevented. Whether any attempt will be made to modify the hard conditions under which the Jews are living remains to be seen. If the Government of Rumania chooses to persist in its course, the United States can take no further action in the matter; and there is not the slightest chance that any coercion will be applied by the Great Powers. Although by no means in the first rank of nations, Rumania is a vigorous, growing State, of independent spirit, governed by a very capable monarch, possessing a population of large possibilities of development—a country, in a word, for whose people and whose spirit Americans have natural sympathy and admiration. In the persecution of the Jews Rumania does not stand alone; she has only given more rigorous and despotic expression to a feeling which is very common throughout western Europe. If the remonstrance of our Government results in any modification of Rumanian policy, we shall have made a material contribution to the cause of humanity in a very concrete form. If nothing is accomplished beyond stopping Jewish emigration to this country, we shall at least have put ourselves on record as protesting against the maltreatment of the Jew in central Europe.

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**Diplomatic Changes** Dr. White's retirement as Ambassador to Germany has resulted in important changes among our representatives at the various foreign courts. Mr. Tower, who has been serving as Ambassador to Russia, will succeed Dr. White at Berlin, and will carry to his new post admirable judgment, considerable experience, and the educational qualifications of a diplomatist of the first rank. Mr. R. S. McCormick, now serving as Ambassador to Austria-Hungary, will succeed Mr. Tower at St. Petersburg. His ten years' experience as Minister and Ambassador at Vienna, his wide culture, his familiarity with books and art, will enable him to discharge the difficult functions of Ambassador to Russia with success. He is to be succeeded in turn by Mr. Bellamy Storer, who is now Minister to Spain, where he has borne himself with discretion and good sense during a period when the American Minister, officially at least, could not be *persona grata* in Madrid. Mr. Storer is to be succeeded by Mr. Arthur S. Hardy, who is now Minister Plenipotentiary to Switzerland, who has had considerable diplomatic service, and is an accomplished and cultivated man of literary tastes and considerable literary achievement. The position of Minister to Switzerland is to be held by Mr. Charles Bryan, now Minister to Brazil, who, by reason of his association with the World's Fair Commission, gained wide knowledge of conditions in Europe, and was sent to Brazil in 1897 to succeed Mr. Conger, who became Minister at Peking. Mr. Bryan is to be succeeded in turn by Mr. David E. Thompson, of Nebraska, who began life as a truckman in a freight-house at Lincoln, and has had a very successful business career. It was expected that Mr. Henry D. White, the Secretary of Legation at London, would be sent to a first-class position on the retirement of Dr. White. He apparently remains undisturbed in his place at London; possibly because he wishes to remain there. In making these appointments the President has emphasized the principle of Civil Service Reform and of advancement on the basis of experience and merit in a service in which regard for these things is of the highest importance to the public.

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**Opposition to the English Education Bill** The Outlook has from time to time reported the very complicated provisions of the Education Bill which the English Ministry introduced last winter, and which promises to be one of the most vexatious and difficult questions with which Mr. Balfour will have to deal. As The Outlook pointed out in its survey of educational progress during the year, in the Educational Number, the only hopeful feature of the bill is the fact that it recognizes the necessity of reforming the public-school system of England and Wales. In almost all its essential features the bill is distinctly reactionary. It is so complicated that many of its supporters are not able to understand it. The Liberals do not seem to have framed any general policy in opposition to it. But Nonconformists of all kinds are in arms against a measure which seems to them not only reactionary from an educational point of view, but an encroachment on the rights of Englishmen who do not belong to the National Church. In order to provide facilities for secondary education, the Government proposes by this measure to authorize the local educational authorities, wherever they deem it advisable, to take control of the voluntary schools and to provide for their support by taxation. School boards are to be abolished, and the county and borough councils are to take their place. As the bulk of the voluntary schools are under the Church of England auspices, this means that these schools will be entirely under the charge of the Church of England, while Nonconformists will be taxed to support them. In its present form the bill does not apply to London, but Mr. Balfour has announced that the same principles will be applied by measures to be presented later. During the spring, gatherings of various Nonconformist bodies passed strong resolutions against the bill, and at a meeting of the National Free Church Council several Nonconformists of standing urged a general refusal to pay the rates if the bill was enacted. At the meeting of the Congregational Union of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland in Glasgow last week a Liberal member of Parliament presented a resolution condemning the bill, calling upon the Government to withdraw the measure or to appeal to the country upon it, and declaring that if the bill is forced upon the nation the Assembly will advise the members of the Congregational Union to refuse to pay their taxes. A prominent clergyman present described the bill as "unthinkable to a Scotsman, inconceivable to an American, and unintelligible to its authors." This resolution was unanimously adopted. No measure in recent years has excited so much bitter animosity; it has become a burning question. The Conservatives find great difficulty in defending the measure, and many Church of England people are against it on the ground of its reactionary character and its unjust provisions.

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**The Elections in Japan**

The general elections in Japan, which took place throughout the Empire on August 12, have resulted in a sweeping victory for Marquis Ito and the Seiyu-Kai (friends of the Constitution). These elections have been interesting for many reasons. In the first place, the last House of Representatives, although the first that served the full period of time for which elected, was not at all a creditable one. It is therefore little wonder that, although nearly every member stood for re-election, scarcely a third of the number have been returned. Virtually this is a vote of censure. In the second place, no such thing as real party government has yet been established in Japan. Groups have formed, dissolved, and reformed around men, not principles. Ever since 1890 the "Government" has ruled by calling for the intervention of the Emperor, by proroguing or dissolving the Diet, or in some other discreditable way has held power. At least so the Progressists say and believe. Now, for the first time in the constitutional history of Japan, one party has a preponderating power in the Lower House, for the "Friends of the Constitution" (Kai means, not "party," but association) have, in all probability, the command of a plurality of votes. Complete returns are not yet in, but with 186 seats out of a total of 376, and the certainty of commanding most of the 20 or more districts yet to be heard from, the Ito men are joyful. Nevertheless, with 105 Progressist seats and an uncertain septuagint of members grouped under three or more names, the Ito ideal of a Prussian Diet in Japan may not be realized for some years yet, possibly may not ever be reached. Nor is it at all certain that the Katsura Cabinet, which, affiliated with no party, though the "receiver" of several of them, has served the country so well, will at once hand over the administration, as Ito himself once did on an occasion somewhat similar. At bottom the two great questions at issue are these: Shall political development in Japan follow Prussian (Ito) or English (Okuma) ideals? and shall retrenchment or expansion in finance, commerce, and enterprise be the order of this decade? In any event, we have in this new body a much larger proportion than ever before of modern-minded men.

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**The Japanese Summer School**

The fourteenth session of the Japanese Christian Summer School has just come to a close. As will be remembered, the first session of the School was held at Kyoto in 1889, during the visit of Mr. L. D. Wishard. This year's session was held among the natural beauties of the Hakone mountain range, some 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, at the head of a beautiful mountain lake of the same name. A famous view of Mount Fuji generally crowns the scene, but this year it was for the most part hidden by rain and mist. The whole region is historic. Three years ago the Summer School, which up to that time had been under the direction of a self-perpetuating committee of students and had led a precarious existence, was transferred to the control of the Students' Union of Young Men's Christian Associations, with eminently satisfactory results. While the high standard of excellence in the addresses has been fully maintained, there has been a decided advance in the organization of what might be called the practical side of the School, including not only the business management but also the discussion of the important questions of the Association—its history, principles, methods, and lines of work. Nearly one hundred and fifty students and professors were in attendance, representing some twenty-five institutions, from the Hakkaido to Kyushu. Representatives were present also from the leading city associations of the country. The chief point of emphasis during the session of this year was the importance of personal work. While the fundamental place of Bible study and general evangelistic work in the Associations was not lost sight of, the attention of the students was especially directed, both by precept and example, to the value of work by the individual for the individual. Another special feature of the Summer School this year was the English section for the benefit of teachers of English in Government schools and younger missionaries. It is not generally known that during the last two or three years a number of American university graduates of strong Christian character have been invited to come to Japan under the direction of the secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Associations to meet the demand for teachers of English in Government schools of the "Middle" or high-school grade. Twelve or fifteen such young men have been placed in various schools throughout the Empire, supplying competent instruction in the English language in places where the salary is too small to secure the services of experienced teachers already on the field, and at the same time bringing to bear upon the students the helpful influences of an upright Christian life. The fact that this movement has had the co-operation of a representative committee of missionaries in Japan, and of President Wheeler, of the University of California, and of Mr. Turner, of the Student Volunteer Movement in America, will speak for the character of the men and of the work.

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**Bishop Potter on Prohibition**

The session of the Diocesan Convention of the Episcopal Church held in this city last week was notable by reason of Bishop Potter's vigorous and outspoken reiteration of his views of the temperance question. He took the ground that legislation for the regulation of the liquor traffic could not effect radical changes for the better, and urged that the time had come for a calm, frank, discriminating consideration of the whole question. "It was not unnatural," he said, "that an unreflecting public sentiment should have taken refuge in legislation which, if it refused to face the issues it raised, brushed them aside with sweeping enactments that at one blow proposed to destroy a traffic which it could not control. . . . If mere enthusiasm, often blind and partisan, if the law itself, are unequal to the abatement of an evil so great, then it is time for those who believe supremely in the presence in the world of divine forces and influences to arise and strive." Bishop Potter indicated the need for a more comprehensive consideration of the whole question, for a recognition of the differences of condition between different classes of society, and summed up his position in these words:

> You will gather from all this how superficial, how utterly inhuman, inconsiderate, and unreasonable, I regard a great deal of that doubtless often well-intentioned zeal which seeks to make men and women virtuous and temperate by a law of indiscriminate repression. I do. I do. And, if I am sent here of God for nothing else, I am sent here, men and brethren, to tell you that, and to entreat you to discern that most of our methods for dealing with the drink evil in our day and generation are tainted with falsehood, dishonored by essential unreality, and discredited by widespread and consistent failure.

He reaffirmed, what people who understand the situation know, that one kind of man goes to the saloon for an intoxicant, another for refreshment, another for amusement, another for companionship, another for information, another for business purposes, precisely as the man who is more favorably situated goes to his club. "The strength of the saloon-keeper has been in keeping these different wants together. The wisdom of those who antagonize him will be in separating them. . . . The whole moral sense of the community is congested with theories of temperance reform which have in them every note of excellence but that of personal service, and that, if once we can be roused, will be worth them all."

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**The Appointment of a Bishop-Coadjutor**

It was expected that Bishop Potter would ask for the appointment of a coadjutor in the diocese of New York. He did not ask for the appointment of a coadjutor, but he opened the way for the action of the Convention, offering, in case it was decided to appoint a coadjutor, to divide his salary. Bishop Potter has directed the activities of the great diocese of New York for nearly twenty years with astonishing vitality, judgment, and success. His career, in its breadth of view, its far-sightedness, and its practical results, recalls the earlier Metropolitan Bishops of the Christian Church, who were leaders at once of religious and of public life. There have been few public questions during the last twenty years which Bishop Potter has not discussed with force, and very few public movements of importance in which he has not borne a conspicuous part. The diocese of New York includes the counties of New York, Westchester, Dutchess, Orange, Putnam, Richmond, Sullivan, and Ulster, and the work involved in the administration and direction of the affairs of the Church in this densely populated territory would not have been possible to any man less vigorous in mind and body than Bishop Potter. The question of appointing a coadjutor was referred to a committee, and it is probable either that a plan will be formulated for a division of his great diocese, or for the appointment of a coadjutor to relieve Bishop Potter of the heavy detail which is incident to his position.

### The Quaker Hill Conference

A gathering, in some respects unique, of ministers, teachers, and others in need of mental and spiritual tonic, notable, not for size, but for the variety and choice character of its programme and for the social fellowship nowhere else possible except at Mohonk, assembled for the fourth time on hospitable and historic Quaker Hill, N. Y., early in September. It is one of the signs of these altered times that the aristocratic and privacy-loving hill village, once the best-known settlement of the county, must now be identified by its proximity to Pawling, its convenient point of departure for a railway train. As usual, the Conference had a programme of great value. Its diversity may be seen by a mention of a few of the topics: "The Problem of Religious Training," "Socialism of To-Morrow," "The Immediate Prospect of Universal Peace," "A Tenable Theory of Biblical Inspiration." This latter topic was formulated in so straightforward, sane, and suggestive a fashion by Professor Wood, of Smith, that there was a strong demand for its publication. One day was set apart for the consideration of papers on local and historical subjects. This session was held in the ancient meeting-house of the Friends. Specially worthy of mention were the treatment by Dr. Knox, of Union Seminary, of "Christian Worship," by Professor Sanders of the "Story Literature of the Bible," and by Mr. Powell of the "Social Life of the Farmer." Dr. Knox traced the idea of worship from the attempt of the savage to intensify his primitive conceptions of the deity by reawakening the passions, base or pure, excited by his first experiences, through successive stages to its noblest form, the embodiment of such emotions as love, mercy, and justice, touched by the revelation of divine goodness. Professor Sanders took the ground that when a story is intended for religious instruction its close adherence to fact is unessential, since its purpose is to convey abstract truths in concrete form, to make truth intelligible, to stir its hearers and start their constructive imagination. It is peculiarly suited to be the vehicle of spiritual truth for all grades of mind. From this point of view the Books of Ruth, Esther, Jonah, Daniel, some of the patriarchal stories, and the prophecies regarding the repopulation of Palestine were considered. Mr. Powell showed interestingly the relations between economic conditions of modern life and the social life of the farmer, and indicated how, through education and material advantages, out of the old-time husking-bee and barn-raising a higher social life is to be developed. The Conference has passed its critical state, with a well-defined sphere of its own which no other gathering fills in at all the same way.

### The Boers' Appeal

"An Appeal of the Boer Generals to the Civilized World" is the title of a manifesto put forth at Amsterdam last week by the three most famous living Boer commanders—Botha, De Wet, and Delarey. They say that immense distress is devastating the new British colonies; that thirty thousand houses on farms were destroyed in the war and a number of villages burned; that the needs of widows, orphans, and homeless unemployed men are pressing and pitiful. The three Generals assert roundly that the amount ($15,000,000) to be paid by Great Britain for rebuilding and restocking farms is inadequate; that the widows, orphans, and the very poor will receive little of the amount; and that, as efforts to induce Great Britain to give necessary aid have failed, they appeal to the people of Europe and America. One gift of $100,000 has already been received in response; the donor is an American, Mr. Henry Phipps, of the Carnegie Steel Company. Naturally, the English press resent the tone and substance of this appeal and ascribe its bitterness to the political influence of the "irreconcilables," while it is claimed that the British efforts to diminish the conditions of hardship and suffering in South Africa are all that could be desired. It is at least a grave question whether such an appeal will not do more to reduce charitable contributions from the English people than to secure such contributions from other peoples.

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# The President on Tariff Revision

We report in another column the more important paragraphs of President Roosevelt's speech last week on Tariff Revision. His position may be epitomized in a sentence as follows: (1) Maintenance of the protective system; (2) flexibility in the schedules to meet changes in industrial conditions; (3) a non-partisan commission of experts, to study the effect of the various tariffs upon monopolistic combinations, upon domestic prices, upon Government revenues, upon importations from abroad, upon home production, and upon consumption; and to report from time to time to Congress the results of its examination and its recommendations. This address will have the effect to add materially to the demand within the Republican party for tariff revision.

The opinions in this country respecting the tariff may be roughly divided into three classes. First are those who hold that the sole object of taxation should be to raise revenue; that to employ the taxing power of the Government for any other purpose is illegitimate if not unconstitutional; that the tariff, therefore, should be adjusted with sole reference to securing in the simplest and easiest manner the revenues needed for the expenses of the Government economically administered. This is the doctrine of tariff for revenue only enunciated by President Cleveland in his famous message of 1883. Second are those who regard the revenue aspect of the tariff as secondary and its protective aspect as primary, who therefore are quite ready to vote for a tariff absolutely prohibitory, which of course brings in no revenue, and who are of the opinion that no possible benefits which might accrue to the country from any changes in the schedules of our present tariff could compensate for the evils involved in any disturbance of present industrial conditions. This is the opinion which public report imputes to Mr. Hanna; it is summed up in the phrase, "Let well enough alone." Third come those who occupy a position midway between these two; who think it inexpedient to attempt to disturb the protective principle, either because they approve that principle, or because they think it has been adopted by the country and agitation against it is both useless and injurious, or because they are members of the Republican party and do not wish, by denying one of its fundamental principles, to lend themselves to the overthrow of that party; but who think that the present tariff needs revision, and who are the more eager that such revision should be undertaken by the Republican party lest the Democratic party should come into power and so endanger the whole protective system. Mr. Roosevelt's speech will do nothing to conciliate the first or tariff-for-revenue-only party, for he declares in the strongest terms his adhesion to the policy of protection. But it may do a good deal to win recruits from the party of high protection to that of revision.

The principle of tariff for revenue only is not at present before the American people. Mr. Cleveland attempted to induce his party to adopt it and failed. The Wilson-Gorman Bill as it finally passed a Democratic Congress was a mongrel founded on no principle of economics, and giving to the country neither the advantages of a free-trade nor those of a protected industry. Even now, with rare exceptions, the Democrat engaged in a protected industry is in favor of continuing that particular protection; the Democratic sugar-planter would protect sugar, the Democratic steel manufacturer steel, the Democratic wool-grower wool, the Democratic lumberman lumber. Under such circumstances it is impossible to secure a majority for the radical and consistent application of the doctrine that tariff should be for revenue only. In politics the wise man decides between the alternatives actually presented to him; and the alternative now actually presented to the American people is between maintaining the present tariff schedules unchanged and providing for a revision of the schedules while retaining the principle of protection. Those who accept the second alternative will welcome President Roosevelt's suggestion as indicating an excellent method for securing a difficult result.

And yet we welcome it with some misgivings. Such a Commission as he recomends could not have legislative power; it could enact nothing, it could only recomend; its recommendation would be laid before Congress; Congress would reinvestigate by its Committees the whole subject; the protected interests threatened by the proposed revision would be present in force; the consumer and taxpayer would give the matter but languid attention; and it would always be a question whether a public opinion respecting a particular interest or injury, real or imagined, could be created sufficient to overcome the political influence of the protected interests affected. We doubt whether even the distress involved in the impending coal famine would induce Congress, if it were now in session, to pass a bill admitting all grades of coal free, although that is the only means of immediate relief which Congress could apply. The difficulty of overcoming favored interests is illustrated by the action of Congress in attaching protection of the sugar interests to the Wilson Bill; by the successful fight against Cuban reciprocity by the beet-sugar interest; by the unwillingness of Congress to repeal or reduce duties even where they evidently help to create a domestic monopoly. A still more striking illustration is offered by the history of an experiment similar to that which President Roosevelt recommends, which was tried during President Arthur's administration. Public revenues had mounted up with the great expansion of trade, and then as now a demand grew up among Western Republicans for a revision of the tariff; this demand was so strong that a Commission was appointed to investigate the needs of the various industries and to report to Congress its recommendations. Though it was composed chiefly, if not exclusively, of high protectionists, it reported a bill which appeared to recommend an average reduction of twenty per cent. in the existing tariff rates, though this reduction was apparent rather than real, since in many cases the new rate still prohibited the possibility of imports. Nevertheless, the protected interests took alarm and presented their claims for consideration before Congress so effectively that the bill as framed by a Conference Committee, which finally passed Congress, established rates higher than either the House bill, the Senate bill, or the Commission bill recommended. The net result was that the average duty upon imports, instead of being reduced twenty per cent., was not reduced at all.

We have recalled this chapter in the industrial history of America because it illustrates and emphasizes an important truth which the public is liable to forget. What is really required in order to modify a protective duty when it becomes injurious to the country is not merely information, it is *power* sufficient to overcome the influences which the protected interest will put forth to retain the duty. All that a commission of experts can do is to furnish information; the power to secure Congressional action after the information is obtained must be exerted by the general public; and an inert public is never a match for an alert monopoly. Nevertheless, the President's plan of a Commission appears to be worth trying. Such a Commission should be permanent; its members should be men of legal training, but as free from all prejudice, capitalistic or otherwise, as possible; they should be paid enough to warrant their giving their whole time and attention to the matter; in other words, they should be appointed in the same spirit in which the United States Judges are appointed; and they should have power to sit in any part of the country, to require the attendance of witnesses, to examine books and papers, to administer oaths, and to prefer charges for perjury and for contempt. From such a Commission the public would learn what monopolies are fostered by protection; what industries pay larger wages in America than abroad; what concerns charge American customers more than foreign customers; what corporations are paying interest on watered stock and how much they are overcharging the public in order to pay such interest—in brief, this plan would turn the light of publicity upon all concerns protected by a tariff. Protectionists should welcome the appointment of such a Commission of experts appointed by an Administration committed to the policy of protection; for surely they must be convinced that this policy has nothing to lose from a judicial investigation of its effects on the various American industries. And that increasing number of Americans who believe that the present schedules involve some serious though incidental evils should be glad to have these evils, if they exist, discovered, that they may be remedied, or, if no such evils really do exist, equally glad to have the popular misapprehension corrected. From every point of view the experiment of a judicial Tariff Commission is an experiment worth a second trial.

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## Zola

The death of M. Émile Zola, the novelist, by accidental asphyxiation, in his house in Paris on Monday morning, marks the end of one of the most interesting literary careers in modern times, and the disappearance of one of the most striking literary figures. M. Zola and his wife had recently returned from their country home. The stove in their sleeping-room was lighted in consequence of a sudden drop in temperature; it burned badly, but no attention was paid to the matter. At half-past nine on Monday morning, when the servants entered the room, both M. Zola and his wife were unconscious. The physicians were successful in resuscitating Madame Zola, but the novelist had already passed beyond their help. There were several periods in Zola's life, and the latest of them, the period of the Dreyfus controversy, set him in a heroic attitude before the world. The literary movement with which his name was intimately associated is already so much a thing of the past that it can be spoken of in a purely historical spirit; and the genius of the indefatigable novelist who was its leader, although by no means its most artistic exponent, can be judged almost as if he had already been gone a century. He was a leader in the revolt against the Romantic school which had possession of the French stage and French literature from 1830 to 1850; and he carried his method to as great an extreme in one direction as the Romanticists carried their method to too great an extreme in another direction. He brought to the task of interpreting life by the actual photographic representation of facts several notable gifts: the gift of observation, the gift of concentration, and great power in the use of language.

Born in 1840 near the great Central Market of Paris, Zola was educated at the college in Aix, spending his time chiefly in walks about the country and in reading the poetry of Alfred de Musset. He returned to Paris in 1858. About 1862 one of his biographers describes him as "shivering in bed, all his wardrobe piled on him over his legs, his nose and fingers red with cold, writing with a pencil." He finally obtained a situation as a clerk in the establishment of the well-known publisher, M. Hachette. This brought him in contact with the literary men of the time; and his first literary venture was a volume of short stories. He became a writer for the newspapers, wrote several novels which did not attain any great success, but in 1867 published "Thérèse Raquin," which at once attracted attention. It was dramatized, and Bernhardt appeared in the title rôle. The story had all the qualities of the later works which were to come from the same pen; it was a powerful, realistic representation of the most squalid misery and repulsive debauchery. The controversy which it awakened raged about M. Zola for a quarter of a century. It was followed during a period of years by a long list of powerful novels: "L'Assommoir," which has been called the most powerful temperance tract in literature; "Germinal," "Nana," and "La Terre," the terrible series of stories forming an epic which gives the history of the Rougon-Macquart family—books which are likely to be known in the next century, not as literature, but as human documents of very great interest.

The defects of Zola's method became more distinct in his later works. They were overloaded with facts, hard in tone, harsh in spirit, lacking thorough coherence, charm of imagination, freshness, and vitality. It was a kind of blacksmith power and energy which Zola brought to his work. The artistic side of the Naturalistic movement will be found by the critics of the future in the works of Flaubert, the brothers Goncourt, and De Maupassant. Zola was not a faithful reporter of life. He used the faculty of selection quite as much as did the Romanticists; and his tastes led him in much more repulsive directions. His offenses, however, were rather against taste than against morals; at his worst he was indecent rather than immoral. Much of his writing is in the last degree repulsive; but he was a writer of genuine power, a man of absolute sincerity and undaunted courage, whose fidelity to his own ideas cannot be questioned; and he crowned his life at the end by a chivalrous deed which the world will not forget.

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## A Recent Instance

The New York "Tribune" reports an extraordinary interruption of the regular procedure at a meeting of the Kings County Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention held in Brooklyn on Wednesday afternoon of last week, when a lady asked permission to speak, and made an attack on Mr. Hill, Admiral Schley, Senator Depew, Mayor Low, and District Attorney Jerome for allowing their portraits to appear in an advertisement of an intoxicating liquor which has been widely used. She declared that it made her blood boil that "men whom we honor should allow their portraits to dignify such an advertisement, where each is represented clasping a bottle to his coat as if in an everlasting embrace." These remarks, according to the account in the "Tribune," called forth most cordial applause, and the Secretary was authorized to send to the men concerned the protest of the Convention. The Secretary will probably learn from these gentlemen, what should have been taken for granted in advance, that they were not consulted in regard to the use of their portraits, that their consent was never given, and that they were absolutely without control over the matter. A little courtesy and a little common sense would have prevented an attack on a man of Mr. Low's standing, to take but a single one of this group, for an offense against good manners and good morals which the Mayor of the city is quite incapable of committing.

It is trying enough to have one's face placarded in the most disagreeable associations without being denounced by some one whose "blood boils," not at the real offenders, but at the innocent victims. If the speaker in this case had taken the trouble—which, unfortunately, many speakers do not—to ascertain her facts before allowing her feelings to run away with her, she would have fixed the responsibility where it belongs and attacked the advertisers instead of attacking a group of men whom they had chosen to use for advertising purposes. If this lady had read the newspapers—and all speakers ought to read the newspapers for the sake of their audiences—she would have known that several instances of this misuse of the faces of private persons lately have been widely discussed; and the Court of Appeals of this State has decided that a person whose portrait is used in this way has no redress. Several ladies of position and character, who shrink from publicity, and are outraged by the use to which their portraits have been put without their consent, have protested in vain. It would be a second outrage to mention these women by name and hold them up as lacking in a sense of delicacy and refinement. This is precisely what the speaker before the Kings County Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention did. It was an unpardonable thing to do on the part of a person who uses the platform.

The Outlook comments on this incident because it affords a striking illustration of the lack of responsibility among a great many speakers and writers; of the substitution of easy emotion for careful examination; and of that kind of injudicious and unintelligent attack which harms the cause for which it is made. All writers and speakers of any sense of responsibility understand that no man or woman ought to be attacked for any reported utterances until the authenticity and correctness of the report have been ascertained. Society must co-operate in the protection of its members against the abuses of publicity and the widespread lack of accuracy in newspaper reports. When the Secretary of the Kings County Woman's Christian Temperance Union receives the replies which her protest will undoubtedly call out, it is to be hoped that she will call upon the speaker to make an apology as publicly as she has made an attack.

# The President in the West

THE country was startled on Tuesday by the news that the President had been directed by the physicians to abandon his Western trip on account of a sore upon his leg caused by the accident at Pittsfield. A slight operation and absolute rest following it were required. No serious consequences are apprehended. The President had time, however, to make three important speeches before he was interrupted by the doctors' orders. The first was his address at Cincinnati, on Trusts and the relation of Tariff to Trusts, which we reported last week. The second was his speech at Detroit, in which he reaffirmed in the strongest terms his conviction respecting Cuban reciprocity. A single brief quotation will serve to indicate the character and spirit of this address:

> We urge reciprocity because it is for our interest to control the Cuban market, because we are bound to place the Cubans on a peculiar standing economically, when they consent, in our interests as well as their own, to assume a peculiar status internationally, and because it is fitting for a great and generous republic to stretch out a helping hand toward her feebler sister just starting to tread the path of independence.

The third and most important address was that on tariff revision, delivered from the end of a railroad train, at Logansport, to a chance audience in a downpour of rain. We quote enough of this speech to indicate to our readers the general position of the President upon this question:

> What we really need in this country is to treat the tariff as a business proposition from the standpoint of the interests of the country as a whole, and not from the standpoint of the temporary needs of any political party. It surely ought not to be necessary to dwell upon the extreme unwisdom—from a business standpoint, from the standpoint of National prosperity—of violent and radical changes amounting to the direct upsetting of tariff policies at intervals of every few years.
>
> A Nation like ours can adjust its business after a fashion to any kind of a tariff. But neither our Nation nor any other can stand the ruinous policy of readjusting its business to radical changes in the tariff at short intervals. This is more true now than ever it was before, for, owing to the immense extent and variety of our products, the tariff schedules of to-day carry rates of duty on more than 4,000 articles. Continual sweeping changes in such a tariff, touching so intimately the commercial interests of the Nation which stands as one of the two or three greatest in the whole industrial world, cannot but be disastrous. Yet, on the other hand, where the industrial needs of the Nation shift as rapidly as they do with us, it is a matter of prime importance that we should be able to readjust our economic policy as rapidly as possible, and with as little friction as possible, to these needs.
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> . . . . . . . .
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> There are two or three different methods by which it will be possible to provide such readjustment without any shock to the business world. My personal preference would be for action which should be taken only after preliminary inquiry by and upon the findings of a body of experts of such high character and ability that they could be trusted to deal with the subject purely from the standpoint of our business and industrial needs. But, of course, Congress would have to determine for itself the exact method to be followed. The Executive has at its command the means for gathering most of the necessary data, and can act whenever it is the desire of Congress that it should act. That the machinery exists for turning out the policy above outlined I am very certain, if only our people will make up their minds that the health of the community will be subserved by treating the whole question primarily from the standpoint of the business interests of the entire country, rather than from the standpoint of the fancied interests of any group of politicians.
>
> Of course, in making any changes we should have to proceed in accordance with certain fixed and definite principles, and the most important of these is an avowed determination to protect the interests of the American producer, be he business man, wage-worker, or farmer. The one consideration which must never be omitted in a tariff change is the imperative need of preserving the American standard of living for the American workingman.
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> Our laws should in no event afford advantage to foreign industries over American industries. They should in no event do less than equalize the difference in the conditions at home and abroad.

We have commented editorially on this address in another column.

# The Coronation of King Edward the Seventh

### By Augustine Birrell

Author of "Obiter Dicta," "Res Judicatæ," etc., etc.

*URBEM Romam in principio Reges habuere.* So Tacitus begins his famous history, falling into verse, as Sir Thomas Browne reminds us, in the very first line. The same remark may be made of the ancient realm of England. She too has had kings from the beginning, and, save for one brief period when a great soldier, an Englishman to the core, at the head of an English army, ruled over these Islands after a fashion not at all to their liking, kings have remained with us. Oliver Cromwell, whatever else he was, was not "an old parliamentary hand," though I am certain he desired to become one. I once had the good fortune to accompany Mr. Gladstone over a country house, the Checquers in Buckinghamshire, which then contained many Cromwellian relics, in which, however, the most famous Member of Parliament of his century could not bring himself to take any interest. "Oliver," so Mr. Gladstone said by way of excuse, "was no lover of liberty." I led him to a chest and showed him a drawer holding the white christening robes of the infant Protector, and ventured to say, "At least, Mr. Gladstone, you cannot deny that Oliver was a Christian." "I am content to hear you assert the fact," was the reply, delivered in those grim tones no one who ever heard can forget.

Whether Cromwell loved liberty or not, he wholly failed to divert British loyalty from its accustomed channel. He was, indeed, installed as Protector in Westminster Hall on the ancient stone brought thither from the Abbey for the purpose. The Bible was presented to him, as it was the other day to King Edward, "as the most valuable thing this world affords," and we shall not be wrong in assuming that no lawful King of England before Cromwell or after him was one-half as "letter perfect" in the Scriptures as was he, or regarded them with equal reverence. After the fateful 3d of September, when it pleased God to take to his rest "his most serene and renowned Highness Oliver Protector," the mortal remains of the man "who made himself to be so called" were buried in the Abbey with more than royal honors, and at a cost of £60,000, while without tumult or question his son succeeded to his estate in the Realm as quietly, says Macaulay, as ever a Prince of Wales succeeded to a King of England—yet we all know what happened to "Tumble-down Dick." Oliver Cromwell is but a vivacious interlude, a short break in our roll-call of kings. We can pass it over as an irregularity afterwards fully atoned for, although, as a matter of constitutional fact, the Revolution of 1688 wrought as complete a breach as Oliver, and, what is more, a breach that was never healed save by lapse of time and man's happy faculty of forgetfulness.

It is impossible to estimate the true force and significance of a great historical pageant. A King of England going to be crowned in Westminster Abbey on August the 9th, 1902, in the presence of the priests of the Anglican Church, of the great nobles of the realm, of the soldiers of the Empire, of the members of the House of Commons, and of the populace! Nobody can deny that it was a great occasion. It is woefully easy to exaggerate human emotions, to describe every heart as beating at thrice its normal rate, every bosom as swelling, every eye as dimmed. A Coronation is a great day for Lord Macaulay's school-boy who has at the tip of his tongue all our Kings and Queens from Egbert to Victoria, and for the journalist who has among other refreshments refreshed his memory by a hasty perusal of the "Coronation" chapter in Dean Stanley's seldom read "Memorials of Westminster Abbey." A glance at the crowd, whether driven in state equipages or ordinary carriages to the Abbey, or standing patiently, yet half humorously, lining the route of the procession, is quite enough to dispel the idea, ridiculous in itself, that the occasion is one for the exhibition of feelings too deep for words or for the recalling of memories of similar events narrated in history. Dean Stanleys do not abound in crowds. Indeed, it is never difficult to sneer at a mob, whatever its rank or costume. But such sneers during a coronation betray a mind incapable of justly appreciating a great outward event in the life of a nation.

To be self-respecting is the true note of a great people, and such self-respect is possible only when there lies behind a people, in the dim perspectives of its historical records, the consciousness of a great part bravely played on many a field of human action. It is no question of dates, of the parrot-like lore of a nursery governess, or even of a well-stored mind. Stubbs and Freeman count for no more on a coronation day than Nokes and Stokes. English history makes Englishmen, whether they drive an omnibus from Liverpool Street to Putney, meet their foe on the field of battle, go down to the sea in ships, or defend the ill-drawn clause of an ill-considered bill on the green benches of the House of Commons. To analyze the mingled feelings, the dim surmisings, the proud assurances that, combined together in a mysterious concord, make up the national sentiment of an Englishman is beyond our chemistry. Our inviolate shores, a free Constitution, the right to speak out your mind though what you say may be the poorest stuff, a great and distant Empire, the Union Jack, Crécy, Blenheim, Waterloo, our Blue Jackets, the charge of the Light Brigade, the sinking of the Birkenhead, the bravery of the imprisoned miner, the manning of a lifeboat, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dr. Johnson, Fielding and Sir Walter Scott, Watt and Stephenson, Newton and Darwin, King James's version of the Bible—even our revenue and the huge burden of taxation hitherto lightly borne—all these things and thousands of others come tumbling one upon the heels of its predecessor, crowding the memory, hurrying the pen, and together they but poorly serve to give an idea of what is meant by the self-respect of a nation, the quality which alone lent a touch of real grandeur to the ceremony of the 9th of August.

It is, indeed, always well to beware of Pride, Insolence, and Arrogance, to see ourselves as others see us, to remember that no one who is not an Englishman ever wishes to be one, to meditate on the fate of empires and the mutability of kings, to call to mind that we do but play a part in a pageant, and that other folks are entitled to their turns, and have, indeed, already got their "cues;" that there is always a seamy side to great affairs; that in the course of the last thousand years we have done many a dirty, shabby trick on the face of the earth; that Bunkum, Balderdash, and Bounce ought never to be, though they are usually, mistaken for Sobriety, Wisdom, and Eloquence—all this is well, very well, but it does not go to deprive us of our inheritance, any more than the pious exhortation of Dr. Temple to the King robbed the latter of his throne.

Be our faults what they may have been, and the future what it is going to be, we were one and all entitled, whether gentle or simple, lettered or plain, wearing robes of state or clad in the garments of mean streets, to gaze with pride and self-respect upon the crowning of our King.

More than sixty-three years having fled since Queen Victoria of pious memory was crowned by Archbishop Howley, there were but few survivors left to inflict upon an indifferent world their hazy and imperfect recollections of how things were managed at a period hardly less remote from our own than the days of good Queen Bess. We are not an antiquarian people, being for the most part content to boast of the "continuity" of our history, and to leave all tiresome details to the Heralds' Office. It was the King's business, not the people's, to maintain ancient customs, respect old titles, and allow the Bishops and Peers taking part in the service their privileges and perquisites. The function of the people at a coronation has ever been to turn out and shout "God save the King." "Sirs," says the Archbishop in the Abbey, "I here present unto you King Edward, the undoubted King of this realm. Wherefore all you who come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?"

Then follows the rubric—"The People signify their willingness and joy by loud and repeated acclamations, all with one voice crying out

'God save King Edward.'

Then the trumpets sound."

Without this sacrament of public recognition kingship in England would not be worth having.

In substance, Time has not told so much on the coronation service as on many other of our ancient rites—but no doubt here again we are faced with a difficulty which presses on those who are never quite at their ease unless they feel themselves and their emotions broad-based on solid human fact. The service is full of reverence for kings and priests, but how far has reverence characterized the demeanor of our people towards kings and priests? London and her gaping citizens have seen many a splendid and many a sorrowful pageant—coronations, usurpations, restorations, beheadals not a few. Our picturesque and vigorous historians have described these things for us each in his own style, and with the reflections he deemed appropriate. Macaulay tells us with all the confidence of an eye-witness that when Charles the Second came into his own, the cliffs of Dover were black with gazers, "among whom scarcely one could be found who was not weeping." Many more tears are shed on these occasions in print than in reality; and it is noticeable that if it is a man who weeps he is usually bearded or bronzed. On the way to London, so the same authority avers, not only were flags flying and music sounding, but wine and ale were "flowing in rivers." It was a great day—a day of intense relief and jollification, but, despite Lambeth and Oxford and the much-vaunted doctrines of Divine Right and Passive Obedience, I doubt whether anybody in that great crowd save a few parsons, who may have left their books to feast their eyes upon the royal martyr's son, was overcome by any feeling that can decently be called reverential. When one remembers the provisions of the secret Treaty of Dover ten years later, it has to be admitted that any reverence there was for the exile was lamentably thrown away.

On October the 4th, 1662, Pepys, that unfailing touchstone of public sentiment as it exists out of the pages of the regular historian, repaired to the Abbey and saw with his clear mundane gaze Dr. Frewen translated to the Archbishopric of York, and five Bishops, all in their habits, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. "But Lord! at their going out, how people did look again at them, as strange creatures, and few with any kind of love and respect." Just as we are no antiquarians, so have we never been theologians or even good church-folk, as, for example, were the populace of Milan in the days of Ambrose; and yet, perhaps, were we versed in Milanese history we should discover that there was more party politics in the mob's devotion to their great Bishop than of religion; and we must not forget that those seven Bishops of ours, who, when they resisted the King, were national heroes, were the very same prelates who, when they refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Dutch Liberator and his spouse, were allowed to sink into complete obscurity.

The question is a provoking one—What is the true place of sentiment in history? Burke, the Irishman, is our great political sentimentalist. In his famous, almost momentous "Reflections on the French Revolution" he wrote of Englishmen, "We fear God, we look up with awe to kings, with affection to parliaments, with duty to magistrates, with reverence to priests, and with respect to nobility." Does English history support this view of our character? In the language of the Church before the Revolution, in the language of lawyers and sometimes of judges, before and even after Bentham, much theoretical support may be found for it, but does it fit in with the facts of our history? Fear, awe, affection, duty, reverence, and respect for God, for kings, for parliament, for magistrates, priests, and nobles, there must have been in some measure, else had our constitution and our common law never been evolved, but master-words they never have been in English history. Pride and sentiment are very different things.

The coronation of King Edward the Seventh took place on a cold-gray, sunless day, amidst a quiet, well-disposed, and self-satisfied people. Never before in our rough island story was the throne and the successor to the throne so secure as in this year of grace 1902. Take down your Stanley's "Memorials," and run through the record of Abbey coronations from Harold, the last of the Saxons, to Victoria, Queen and Empress of India, asking yourself on each separate occasion, "How stood the throne and the succession?" and you cannot fail to observe, sometimes more and sometimes less, the symptoms of ugly weather. To-day, so far as the Crown is concerned, the sky is clear in every quarter. The old legal fiction, "The King never dies," might easily in these Hegelian days pass muster for a solemn truth.

The fact is, the British Throne has outlived the dangers that for so many centuries invested mere words with a frightful significance. How many millions of men, of the usual thick-headed variety, not one whit more romantic or absurd than ourselves, have died for diphthongs and verbal descriptions of forms of government? Not foolishly, not ignobly—far from it, there was something for them behind the diphthong, beneath the form, else they would not have died, nor would anybody have been at the pains to kill them. The word Republic once stood for a great idea which it armed with a flaming sword. Now it photographs before our eyes a tired citizen in a frock-coat with a tired wife shaking hands at the rate of ten thousand a day. A citizen of the United States who wished to convert his President into a King would not be accounted a more foolish fellow than an Englishman who wished to convert his King into a President. To have survived the perils of logomachy is a great achievement by itself, but has been accomplished by the British Crown.

Strain your eyes as you may, it is difficult to see dangers ahead for the Crown. Professor Huxley, one of the shrewdest of observers, once said that the only serious risk the Crown ran was of becoming slightly ridiculous. All human things run this risk and may be exposed to this famous test. But the Crown runs a less risk than any other institution. A Bishop in his apron, a Member of Parliament, a Knight of the Garter, a Multi-Millionaire, a Colonial Premier, will all raise loud and prolonged laughter before the King of Great Britain and Ireland excites a smile. A man must be little short of a giggling idiot to laugh at the reigning Sovereign of our illustrious line. A King of England cannot have his own way in everything. True, nor can the Autocrat of all the Russias. An English King cannot pass what laws he likes, but neither can anybody else within his dominions. No English monarch who has had, say, twenty years' experience of those embarrassed phantoms called Prime Ministers, who kiss his hand on certain interesting occasions, will ever be disposed to exclaim, "This man is King, not I!" Nowadays nobody, by whatever name he is called—Pope or Kaiser, Czar, King, or President—gets completely his own way even for ten minutes. After some fashion or another, he has to conform, to shape his course, to take the line of least resistance. It may always have been so. Probably it always has been so.

A King of England, despite all the formulæ of the Constitution, can do more good in a year, disseminate more kind feeling, influence more beneficent actions, smooth away more difficulties, start more useful enterprises with a better chance of ultimate success, than the most powerful and influential of his subjects can hope to do in a lifetime. A great army and a powerful navy are devoted to the honor of his name and to the interests of his family. What is called Society regards him as its head. The Houses of Parliament uphold his just influence and cheerfully maintain his state. The populace are at least well content to have at the head of the commonwealth a sovereign who, from the nature of things, can have no stronger desire than their well-being.

It is amazing, after so turbulent and perilous a history, to see so great an institution resting in so peaceful a harbor.

The actual Form and Order of the coronation service excited singularly little notice, though printed at length in most of the newspapers and published as a book at the University Press by authority—an authority which, unhappily, forgot to guard itself against accidents by a *Deo Volente*, the title-page boldly asserting that the service "is to be performed" and the ceremonies "are to be observed" on Thursday, the 26th day of June, 1902. No finer day than the 26th of June graced the grim calendar of the year, but the King lay in Buckingham Palace under the care of his surgeons, unable to stir a foot. A significant *erratum*, substituting Saturday, the 9th day of August, for the earlier date, happily sets the matter nearly right. I say nearly, because the actual service, though long enough, was curtailed by the omission of the Litany and some parts of the Communion Service, and got rid of the Bishop of London's sermon.

The public indifference displayed towards this Form and Order shows how completely outside ecclesiasticism the great body of the English Nation lives and moves and has its being. It bristled with controversy, and might have set us all by the ears, Romans, Anglicans, Puritans, Agnostics, had we been so minded—but we were not so minded. A handful of clerics were made so miserable by the King's oath to maintain "the Protestant Reformed religion established by law" that they felt bound to write to the papers to say that their consciences would not permit them to make any use of the Form in their parish churches. The great world called them fools for their pains and passed on its broad way. And yet it is probably the case that the ecclesiastical aspect of the ceremony, little notice as it did attract, attracted more notice than it did sixty-three years ago. But it would be a shame to inflict upon a single American reader even a paragraph about the great Tractarian movement.

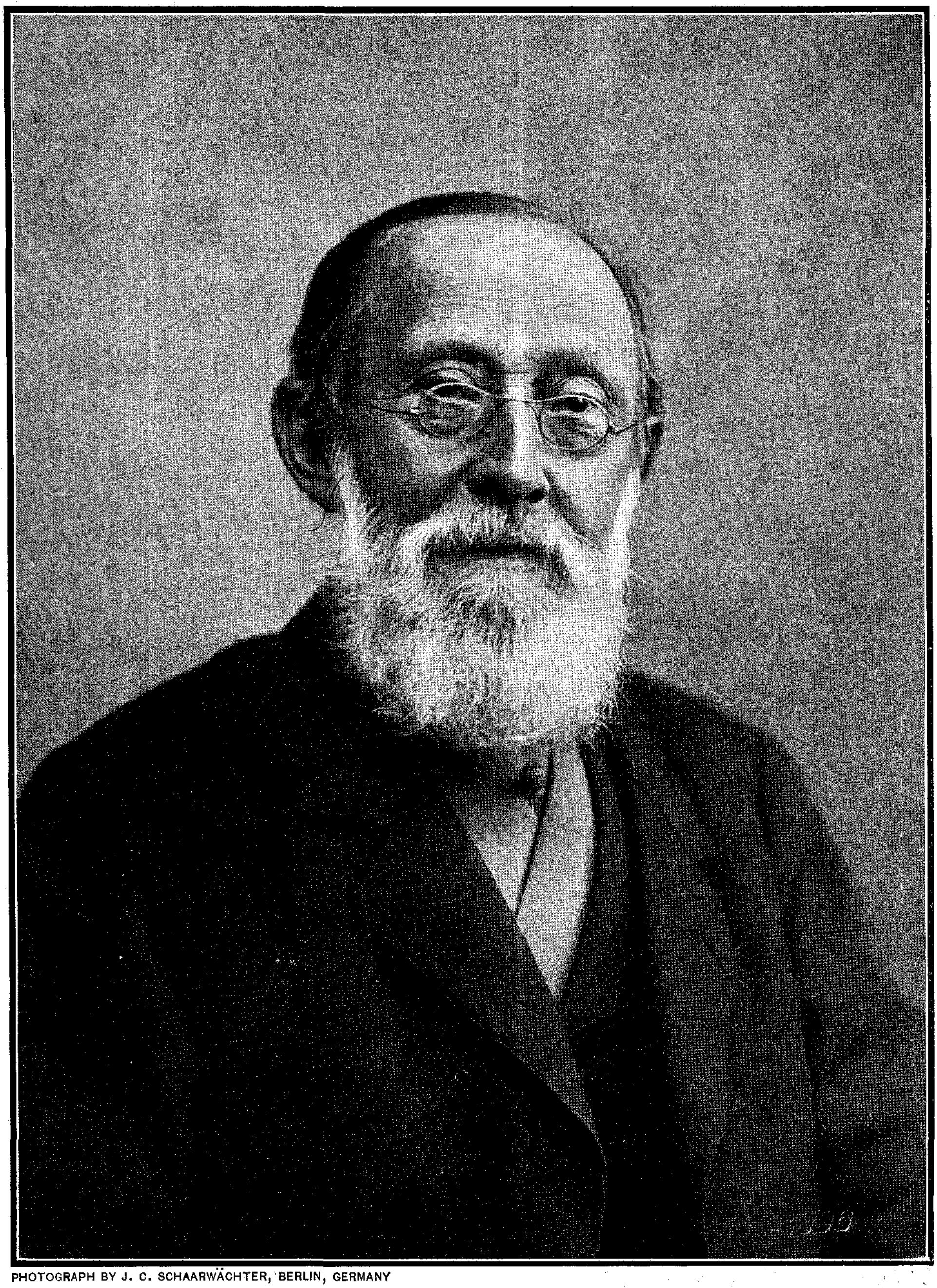
Everybody rejoiced that the aged Archbishop of Canterbury was strong enough to play his historical part in the ceremony. England loves a Man, and can discern one even beneath a cope. Dr. Temple was once the most active of school inspectors. I have seen letters of his written in those far-off days which, could they have been lately read in the House of Commons during our somewhat disappointing education debates, must have done good. Afterwards he became a famous Head Master of Rugby, and preached in the chapel short sermons to the boys which helped to mold many a character on the Christian model, without defining a single dogma of the Christian faith. His contribution on the "Education of the World" to "Essays and Reviews" connected him for a while with a party in the Church for which he has certainly done nothing since his elevation to the episcopal bench. As Bishop of London his slightly contemptuous indifference to the vagaries of Anglican ritual led to consequences which strewed the path of his predecessors with sharp thorns; but as Archbishop of Canterbury, his sturdy piety, his genuine simplicity, his sound sense, and his "John Bullism" have endeared him to the Nation. If ever England gets an Archbishop of Canterbury who loves gushing, third-rate poetry, it will be a bad day for the Church, worse even than those eighteenth-century days of Archbishop Herring, commonly called "Red Herring," because he raised a troop for the King. But Herring, I remember, ruled over York, not Canterbury.

All religions, of necessity, make very free with the name of Almighty God, and although it is hard to believe that any Nation ever did or ever can deserve the name of Christian, more harm than good would perhaps be done were a too great delicacy to prevent us on great National occasions from invoking the Highest Power to take us under His protection.

"The Lord give you a fruitful Country and healthful Seasons; victorious Fleets and Armies, and a quiet Empire; a faithful Senate, wise and upright Counsellors and Magistrates, a loyal Nobility and a dutiful Gentry, a pious, learned, and useful Clergy; an honest, industrious, and obedient Commonalty."

This is to ask a good deal more than we are likely to get, and a mere glib *Amen* will not go far to bring it about; but it is a prayer so full of wisdom, piety, and quietness, so full of rebuke to noisy and unrestful spirits, that all the world, were it wise, would join with every true Briton in saying, "*Amen*, so may it be."

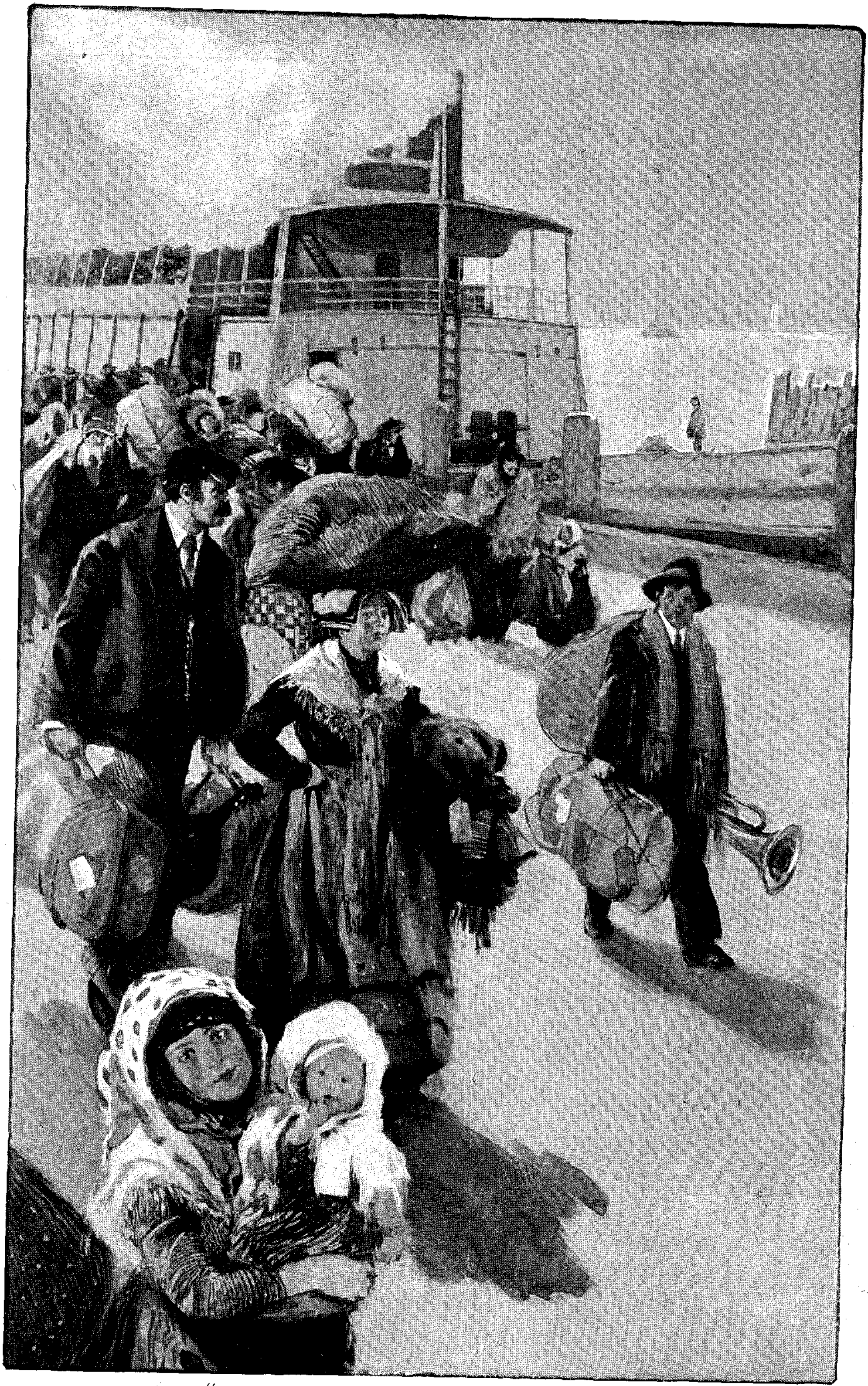
The Pightle, Sheringham, England.



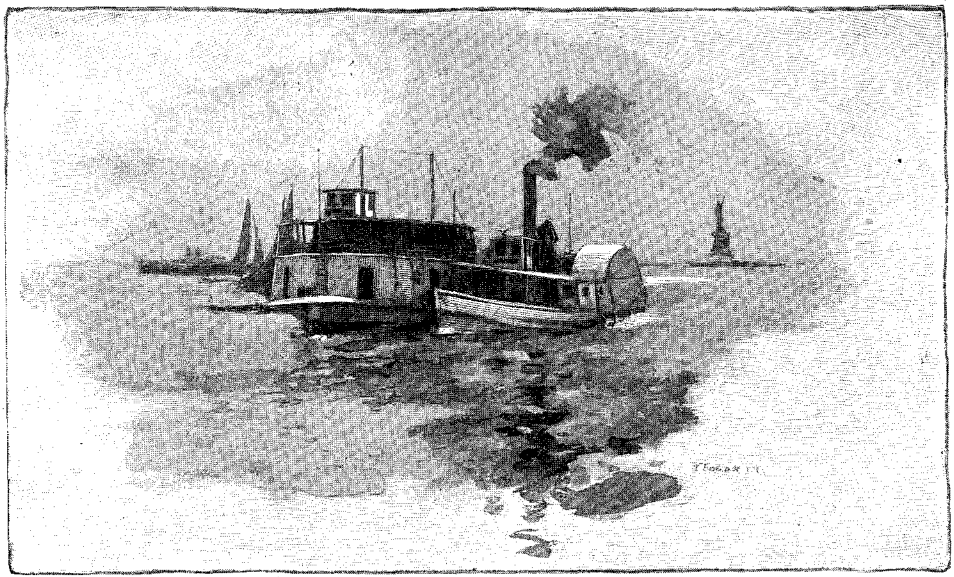
PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. SCHAARWÄCHTER, BERLIN, GERMANY

# Rudolf Virchow

Professor Rudolf Virchow, who died in Berlin on August 29, was one of the world's greatest scientists, and his services to the medical profession and humanity are universally recognized.



"ALONG THE WHARF THEY CAME TRUDGING"



"A BOATLOAD OF IMMIGRANTS JUST TRANSFERRED FROM A STEAMER"

# America's Welcome to the Immigrant

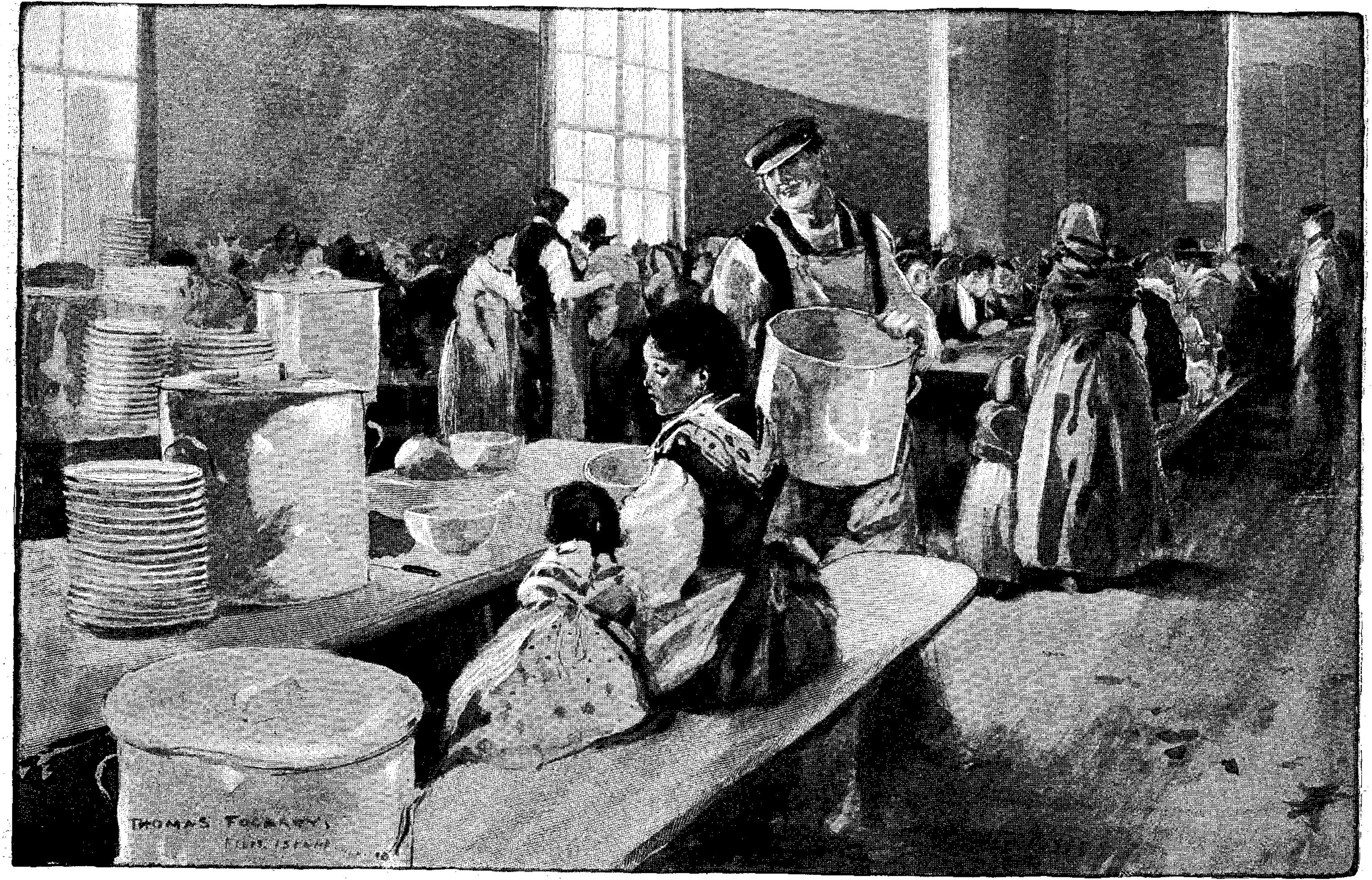
## By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

With Pictures by Thomas Fogarty

A GENERATION or so ago the foreigners who arrived at an American port were dumped almost indiscriminately upon the pier and left to shift for themselves as best they could—the young and innocent, the old and feeble, the pauper, the invalid, the woman, the child—all abandoned to the tender mercy of the boarding-house runner, the sharper, or the brute. Now all that has been changed. Partly out of self-defense against disease and pauperism, partly out of enlightened love for the human creature, however alien, the Republic, repenting its negligence, has undertaken to shut out the diseased, the incapable, and the criminal, to welcome the healthy and the self-reliant, and to afford some protection to all. In this undertaking the Government has the coöperation of a number of unofficial societies organized to aid the immigrant. One who wanted to see what the Government and the societies were doing, and how they were doing it, was, one drizzly day, a passenger on the ferryboat that runs from the Barge Office at the Battery to Ellis Island in New York Harbor.

Against the background of white, vaporish cloud floated long trails of black smoke from the steamers in the bay. From the upper deck of the ferryboat that was steadily throbbing her way to Ellis Island only the outlines of the buildings on the shore could be seen through the mist. To port and starboard puffed and tooted busy, impertinent, stocky little tugs. A shabby-genteel excursion steamer, trying to look aristocratic, but really looking very snobbish, passed by on her trip to Coney Island. Phlegmatic ferryboats, not in the least disturbed by the fine rain which was falling, paddled by in all directions. The grayness all around was broken only by occasional dabs of dirty brown and black. The monotony of the rhythmic swish of water and the recurrent thud of paddle-wheels was broken only by the screech of one whistle or the baying of another. One could not help trying to fancy what the meaning of these sights and sounds might be to the immigrant who was getting his first real glimpse of America.

At a distance, apparently rising from the surface of the water in the middle of the


THOMAS FOGARTY,
ELLIS ISLAND
'98

"A RED-HEADED WAITER LOOKED ON WITH A SMILE" harbor, were some grayish-looking buildings. As they came nearer into view they grew reddish. It was plain that they were of brick, with gray stone trimmings. They were very ugly. The treeless strip of land upon which, as it could now be seen, they rested was Ellis Island, the New York station of the United States Immigration Service under the Treasury Department. Towering high above these buildings, but on another island, separated by a narrow channel, stood the gigantic bronze Statue of Liberty. The greenish-white verdigris that streaked the huge goddess bore witness to her indifference to weather as she symbolizes the freedom which the thousands who pass her shrine are seeking. When the ferryboat had at last entered the slip and was made fast, the passengers streamed out, many to greet relatives or acquaintances among the newly arrived.

On one side of a long passageway, divided in two by a high partition of iron latticework, some of these passengers from the ferryboat joined a group of respectable-looking men and women who were waiting to see their immigrant friends. On the other side a few made their way into the building. The first impression which every visitor to Ellis Island must receive is of the surprising cleanliness and good ventilation. The height of the ceilings and the number of large windows account for the good ventilation; and the statement, made on the authority of the Deputy Commissioner, that the floors—apparently of concrete—are washed from two to five times a day accounts for the cleanliness. If the first building which the immigrant encounters after landing is not beautiful, it is at least clean. At the end of the passageway is a sort of transept in which is what seemed to be a labyrinth of iron latticework and railings. At one end, near some benches, and seated at work at a desk, was a representative of the Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants. From his first word of greeting to the end, as he acted as guide and interpreter in conversations with the immigrants, he gave evidence of an unaffected personal care for the individual difficulties and needs with which he had to deal—that human feeling which the King James Version calls "charity." Indeed, it was amazing to see how, in spite of the routine that is necessary in managing hundreds and sometimes thousands every day, each official seemed actuated by the human more than the professional motive. The visitor to Ellis Island would have to be of very callous heart not to be conscious of the real tenderness with which helplessness is there treated.

In a room reserved for the use of certain officials a woman sat alone with a little baby in her arms. Her face, somewhat pale, was sensitive, but very placid. She had been brought there in order to be away from the noise and confusion of the other rooms. This is her story:

In December she had arrived alone, her husband—following a not uncommon custom—remaining in Italy to wind up his affairs before emigrating. She did what Italian women rarely do—she became a domestic servant. When it came time, however, for her child to be born, she had no place where she could go. As she was an alien, no hospital could give her room. In this predicament the society for aiding immigrants was her good angel. It is the rule that an immigrant remains technically an immigrant for one year after arrival. So she was entitled either to transportation back to Italy at the expense of the steamship company or to care at the hospital on Ellis Island. It was arranged that she should be cared for. On territory of the Federal Government, therefore, and on the Fourth of July, as it happened, the boy was born, a native American citizen, though, according to the laws of the Kingdom of Italy, a subject of his father's sovereign and liable to military duty in his father's country. The days had gone by, and now the mother was waiting, with this little international paradox in her arms, for the arrival of friends who were to take her to their home.

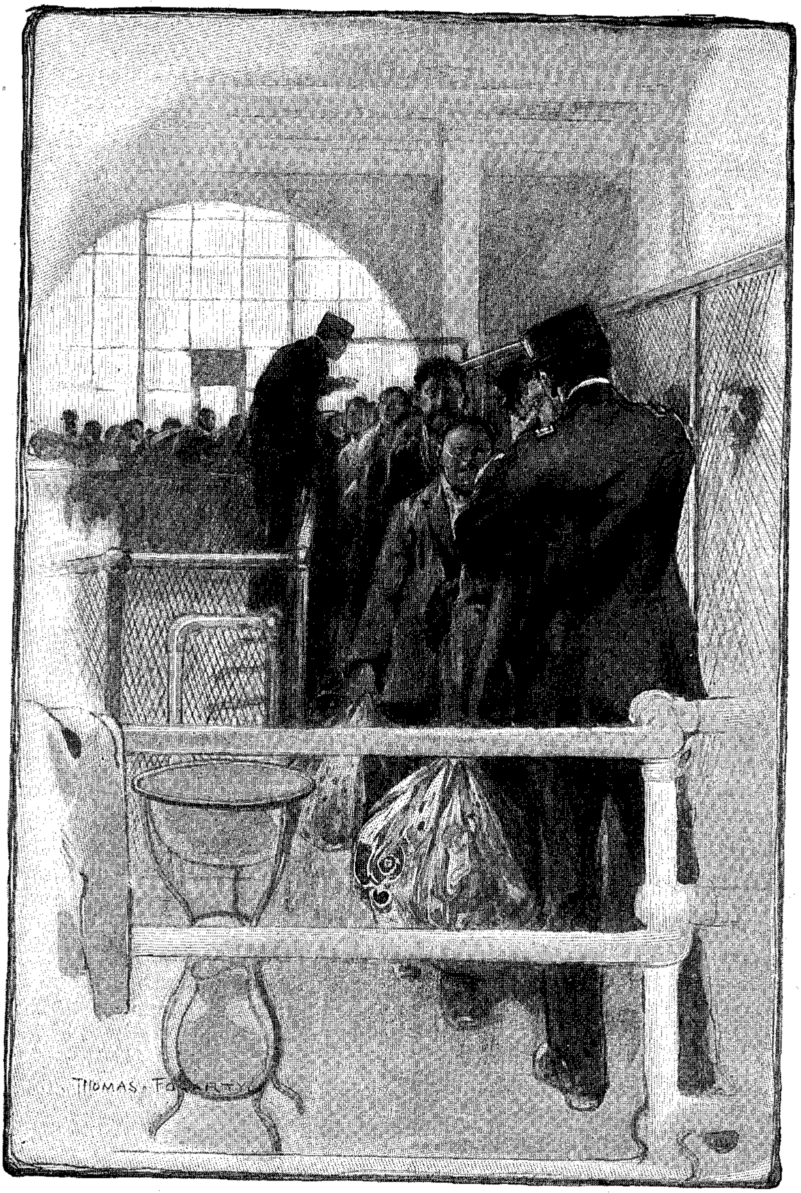
In an adjoining room were a number of men and boys temporarily detained until their friends could be heard from. When the door was opened, they crowded forward. Several of them showed in their faces their eager expectation of some news. Others were apparently just idly inquisitive. A few in the background were stolid and indifferent. They were all equally ingenuous in the expression of their emotion. Their stolidity was very stolid, their eagerness frankly eager.

A bright-looking boy handed a card to the agent of the Italian society. "H'm," said the agent. "Oh, yes, this boy is waiting for his father to come from Pennsylvania. The Government has detained him because he is a minor; his father has been notified by telegraph and has sent word that he is on his way here," and the agent gave a reassuring tap on the boy's shoulder. A man near by was waving his card violently. The agent gave him some attention at last. "When that man arrived," he explained, "he failed to indicate that he knew any one in this country. Then it turned out that he had the address of a friend; so now he is being detained until that friend is heard from." Such a man in the old days would have been turned loose as an easy prey for the unscrupulous.

Across the way was the room in which were the women who were temporarily detained. When the door was opened, there was not the movement that there had been in the other room; most of the occupants were too busy looking after children. Light and air came in through high, broad windows on two sides. A woman carrying an infant and with a little child running by her side slowly crossed the room. With a stream of Italian, accompanied by appealing gestures, she entreated the agent for her release. No explanations seemed to satisfy her, although she knew perfectly well and was told again and again that her husband was making his journey from Pittsburg to receive her. Unconsoled, she began to weep—or, rather, as we say of children, to cry, for she cried like a child. The Anglo-Saxon woman, when she weeps, either covers her face to avoid observation or controls her features to avoid disfigurement. But this poor Italian woman, wearied by her long voyage and impatient at her long waiting, talked and cried, unconscious of her appearance, as the baby beside her might have done—as, indeed, several babies in the room were actually doing. In this respect she was a type of the women of her race and station. With such ingenuous unreasonableness the constant patience of the officials was not easy to understand. The Government apparently saw to it that these untrained people were supplied not only with food, shelter, and protection, but also with vicarious reason, patience, and self-control.

At the end of the passageway was the room of the rejected. It was not easy to face a room full of men whose hope for all their future had been dashed. In the front of the group, crowding near the door, were three figures, as it happened fairly representative. To the right was a man evidently blind, though he was trying to create the impression that he could see; to the left was a tall, gaunt, grisled man, "senile at forty-three;" between the two, a pert young fellow, a stowaway, with a smirk and a twinkle, looked up now to the right and now to the left with amusement at their despairing expostulations. Yet every case was not hopeless. If it should transpire, for instance, that the middle-aged man, rejected on account of senility, should have some friend, or, rather, near relative, who could be made responsible for his support and prevent him from becoming a public charge, he would probably be allowed to enter. As for the stowaway—to anticipate—he received employment on the island, and finally was persuaded by a chum, who had been a stowaway with him but had the advantage of being an American citizen, to try his fortune elsewhere.

It was half-past eleven, the time for dinner. The doors on the corridors were opened. Out streamed the men, the women, and the children. For the most part they passed in silence. Occasionally the rugged Teutonic guttural or the soft Italian lingual could be heard. From the distance came the sound of an accordion—the response of the instrument to a lingering caress before meal-time. Now and then there passed a bit of flaming color, but most of the costumes were poor and soiled. Here came the woman with two children, tired, but no longer grief-stricken; here came the stowaway, wearing the same smirk; here walked a couple of Russian Jews, each with a long coat and wearing a little narrow-brimmed derby hat on the back of his head; at the last and quite alone walked serenely the woman with the pale, sensitive face, carrying in her arms the tiny citizen of two nations. All made their way to the dining-room. There they lost no time in disposing of the big bowls of soup, the generous plates of fish and potatoes, and the cups of steaming coffee. Some, especially the women, made decent, even dainty, use of spoon and fork; others,



"THEN PASSING ANOTHER DOCTOR"

especially the men, recklessly poured down soup and coffee, and crowded fish and bread into their gaping mouths. The only sound was that of clinking dishes and of eating. This was no time for social conversation. A red-headed waiter looked on with a smile that was benignant and almost paternal. His interest, like every one else's, was decidedly less professional than human. Even when he made a man pick up the potato-skins he had dropped on the floor in slovenly haste, he was not the martinet, but rather the proud father who really could not indulge his child too far.

So long as the immigrant remains on the island he is fed and maintained at the expense of the steamship company that brought him over. The Government arranges for the supplies; the company pays the bills. In view of the fact that so many are excluded and sent back at the expense of the companies, and that so many others are detained because they are not properly equipped with funds or otherwise protected, it is somewhat surprising that the companies do not exercise more care in accepting immigrants for passage. The explanation is probably that it is cheaper to have the United States do the work of sorting out the unfit and then to carry them back in the steerage, otherwise nearly empty, than to undertake the work of sorting them out with scrupulousness on the other.

The agents of the immigrant societies have many interesting things to tell. Almost every nationality has its society. Three of them co-operate in maintaining near the Barge Office a free labor bureau for the use of every race—except the Italian. The Jewish societies are very vigilant in looking after the Hebrew immigrants. The Italian society has a labor bureau of its own in the city. The different races have different ways of migrating, and the various societies have to take this into account. The Italians, for instance, have learned that it is best not to come earlier in the year than March. Then they begin to arrive in large numbers. The Jews, on the other hand, migrate only when conditions in their native country drive them out. The Italian immigrant is coming with a positive conception of what his life in America is to be, and is almost sure to know of some former fellow-townsman, at least, who is in this country. The Jew, on the other hand, is coming with only the negative idea of escaping from circumstances that can no longer be borne, and he has only the general solidarity of his race upon which to depend for help when he arrives. Just now, because of anti-Semitism in Rumania, there are large numbers of Rumanian Jews coming to America. Consequently there is a special society organized to aid Rumanian as distinct from other Jews. When the troubles in Rumania end, the society will probably dissolve. There is much to tell of the religious characteristics of the different races; the piety of the Slovaks, the formalism of the Italians, the wide differences among the Jews. But these are endless stories, and there are many more besides.

It was about noon when the announcement was made that a boatload of Italian immigrants that had been transferred from a steamer just come to port was landing at the island. Along the wharf they came trudging, the men staggering along with heavy bags and bundles in their hands, the women either carrying children in their arms or walking along upright and steady under the weight of bundles on their heads. The great hall on the second floor, all marked off into passageways by railings, was ready for their arrival. The doctors, detailed by the army for this work, were standing in position with their hands already dipped into antiseptic. Up the stairs came the immigrants in single file—turned to the right past one doctor, then, passing another doctor, turned to the right again. The trained eye of the physician in most cases was satisfied with a glance. Now and then, however, he would examine the eye of a man or woman, turning the lid back with his skillful fingers. One old man, as he came along, he turned by a motion into a cage at his right. The man looked hungrily, but in vain, for some sign of relenting from the officer. The others were sorted out—those whose names appeared together on the same manifest being kept together. Each group was sent past an inspector who verified the statements made on the manifests filled out by the steamship company. There was no time for leisure. The inspector rattled off his questions sharply in Italian; the immigrants, crowding closely and leaning forward, anxiety depicted in every face, answered breathlessly. Here a boy, all alone, was detained because he gave no name in answer to the question whether he knew any one in America. The inspector explained that the boy was undoubtedly following directions that had been given him; that he might have in his pocket the names and addresses of seven or eight friends, and that now he would be looked after. Here was a young girl carrying on her head a big roll of burlap. A man came hurrying back to the desk.

"My five lire!"

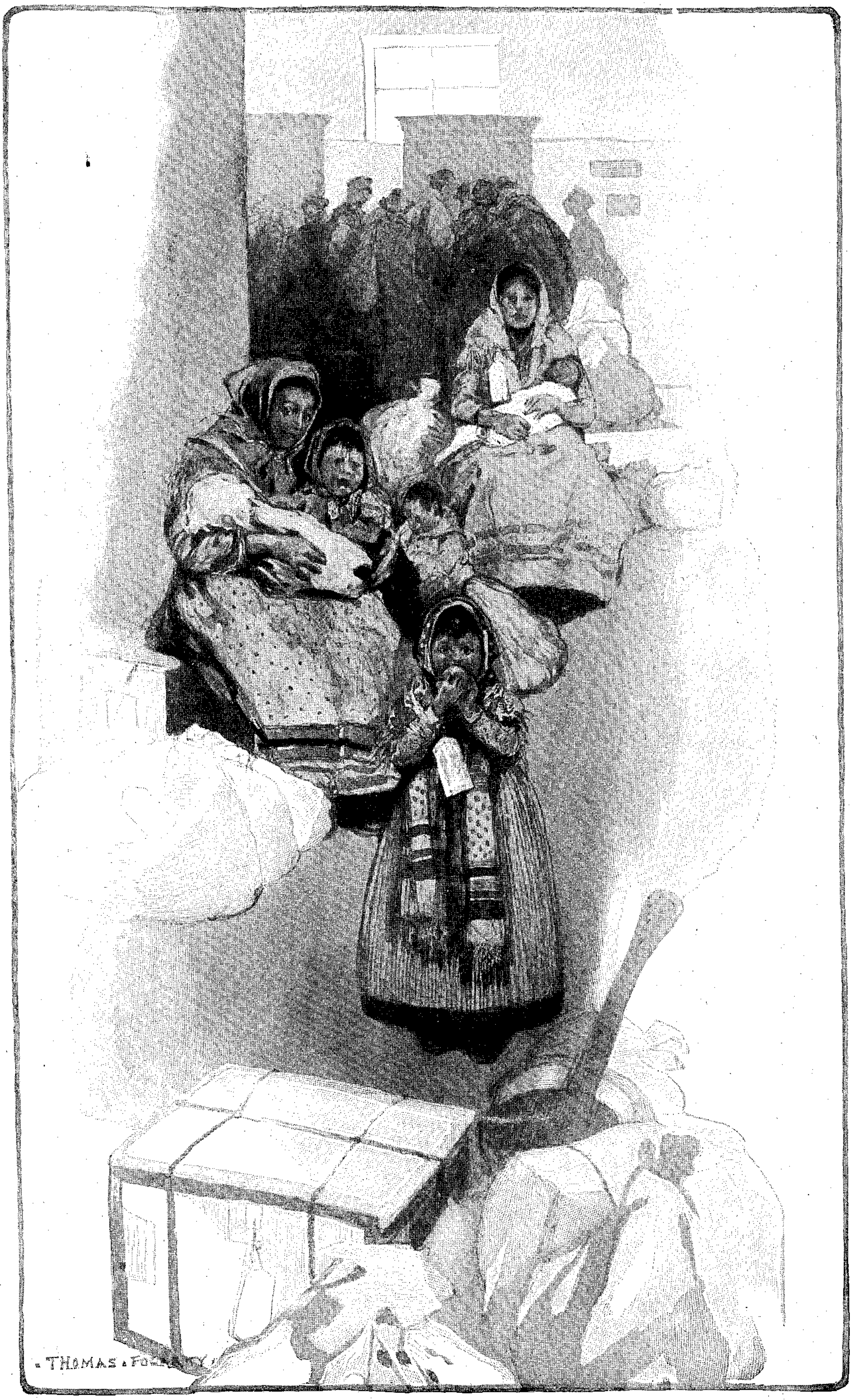
"You've left no five lire here. You're mistaken. Here! let's look at your card. You're at the wrong desk. On! presto!"

The volley of questions was renewed.

"How much have you in this envelope?"

The man questioned showed him some money in his hand.

"How much have you *in this envelope?* Quick, answer."


THOMAS FOGARTY

"THE ROOM WHERE THE RAILWAY COMPANIES HAD THEIR AGENTS"

The man again went through his dumb show. The inspector tore open the envelope and poured out the money.

"Eighteen dollars! That's what I wanted to know. All right. Go on. Don't delay. Next!"

And so the lines passed, the inspectors outwardly gruff, but every now and then smiling at some little incident that amused them or excited their sympathy. Of the immigrants who had passed the lines, some were buying their railway tickets at a window, others changing money at another. Some were going down the staircase to the right to the room where the railway companies had their agents, passing on their way the lunch counter, where for very small sums they might buy good food for their long journeys. The immigrant aid society here has an opportunity for assisting them in their purchases. Down the staircase to the left were going others who likewise were not detained, but instead of continuing their journey by rail were to remain in New York. It is only among this class of immigrants, independent and self-reliant, that the victims of the padrones and the runners are to be found. Those who were going down the middle staircase, to be either temporarily detained or finally excluded, had the best protection. To the alien who comes to America the surest defense is defenselessness; his greatest protection is his weakness. He will be released only when the Government has evidence that he will be cared for.

An incident will illustrate how much freedom depends upon beneficent control. A number of Hindus arrived one day at Ellis Island. A newspaper reporter desired to take a photograph of them, and obtained permission from the Deputy Commissioner. But the Hindus refused. The reporter appealed to the Deputy Commissioner, but received as the only answer, "I am very sorry." He was astounded to learn that the protection which was denied to the President of the United States was accorded to the apparently defenseless Hindu immigrants.

Downstairs the agent of the Italian immigrant society was hastening back and forth through the corridors, seeing that the immigrants were delivered safely into the hands of their friends. His work involved an elaborate system of record in books and on cards. After much calling of names and asking of questions, a woman was allowed to receive her sister-in-law, with considerable kissing; a stalwart, middle-aged man was happily put in charge of his pretty-faced granddaughter; a rough-looking laborer was permitted to meet his sister. At last the cards of this group of visitors were all accounted for. But there remained near the desk a young, fair-haired, well-dressed Americanized Italian. After some questioning his card was found, and a woman, prematurely aged by labor, and wearing peasant costume, accompanied by a little boy of five or six years, was taken into the cage opposite the desk. Immediately there was a joyful start of recognition simultaneously from the man and the woman, and much bobbing about to catch sight of one another. The woman held the child high up in the air. "Relation?" "Husband." "Name?" "Giuseppe Rosario." "Address?" "14 Macon Street, Jersey City." There was a rush. The cage door opened. The clerkly-looking young Italian had his peasant wife in his arms. Then in a moment he was carrying the boy on his shoulder. They had scarcely gone around the corner when the man reappeared, a troubled look on his face. His wife, in her rustic innocence, had given her baggage over to some man, she knew not whom. Here was more work for the Immigrant Society. The man sat down and waited anxiously alone on a bench.

The sun was shining now. From the ferryboat, on her way to the Barge Office, could be seen the rich green of the verdure on the Battery, rising above it the wine-colored red of the Produce Exchange, and above all the soft browns and yellows of the high buildings—all blended into a wonderful harmony of colors under the western light. On the lower deck stood the young Americanized Italian, with apparently not a care in the world; on his shoulder his boy, now fast asleep, at his side his peasant wife. At a distance, surrounded by three women, who were gayly dressed in honor of the occasion, stood the woman of pale, sensitive face, placidly talking and looking very happy. By her side a friend was holding the little citizen of two countries.

# SEEN IN TURKEY

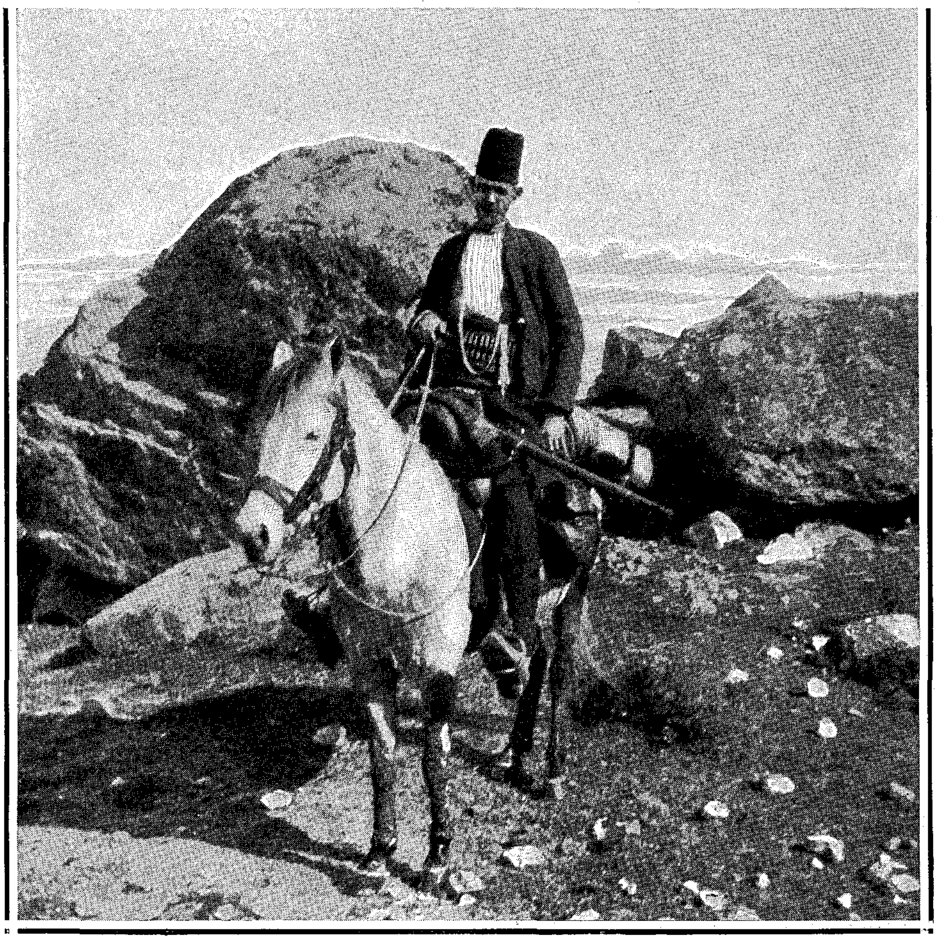
### BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

THOUGH my first experience on Turkish soil was not of a nature to be comforting, it was at least highly illuminative; a glimpse through the doorway gave a pretty clear idea of the disorder of the house. The boundary station at the Servian frontier was a substantial stone building set in the midst of a wide, rolling plain that somehow recalled our own lonely Montana prairie. The moment the train stopped, a strapping fellow in wide trousers and a sash filled with knives came and carried off my luggage, and I soon found myself entangled in a perfect maze of officials, all in fezes, but wearing many sorts of uniforms. I had been somewhat prepared for a customs ordeal—the familiar bugaboo of every frontier—but here were new experiences, typical of the strange country into which we were now being initiated—and initiated is the word that applies most appropriately to our adventures. First, an officer in a gorgeous though tarnished uniform (all uniforms in Turkey are both gorgeous and tarnished) came and demanded my passport, the strong armor of the stranger in Turkey. Two or three others went into my luggage, and though they seemed to be intent on confiscating a good deal of it, they did their duty with unexpected politeness. I had a dozen or more books which they unceremoniously gathered up and carried off, including several notebooks which could not be replaced. My camera they carried into an adjoining room, and by the condition of some of the films when I had them developed the officials must have opened it to make sure that it contained no dynamite. Every scrap of printed matter, even to the old newspapers in which I had wrapped my shoes, was confiscated. When they had ransacked my bags and made sure I had no more printed matter which might be seditious, no revolvers or bombs, no tobacco or spirits, and so on, I was allowed to pack up again. Then I made a plea for my camera, and a very polite little man in a fez led me into an adjoining room where an old gray Turk, also politeness itself, was sitting, legs drawn up under him tailor-fashion, in a low armchair. He was surrounded by five or six clerks. With my camera before him on the table he filled out a blank and pasted several stamps upon it. I held out a handful of Austrian money, and when he had picked out what he wanted he returned the camera with a low bow. He had charged me about a dollar duty. Then I tried for my books in the other office. Here I found another half-score of officials arranged around a small, close room. A few were smoking cigarettes, and several had the inevitable Turkish coffee-cups on the table before them. My books were distributed about among a number of the inspectors. I explained that they were perfectly inoffensive books, that they contained nothing derogatory to the Osmanli Government or the Mohammedan religion; but they seemed in no hurry to return them to me. Indeed, they appeared to be wholly unable to understand what I wanted; and as the train was now ready to start, I resorted to the universal language—the usual method by which the stranger in Turkey gets what he wants: my hand went into my pocket. It was amusing to see with what alacrity my books were now gathered up—all but three, selected apparently at random—and returned to me. Several weeks later I succeeded, by applying through an American Consul, in getting back even these confiscated volumes. I now applied for my passport, upon which the officers had written an indorsement in Turkish, and I was finally privileged to enter the Sultan's domain.

I have spoken of this common experience somewhat at length owing to its significance, for the methods here pursued were typical of all Turkey. Here in this little outlying station were four departments of the public service, each represented by a considerable force of men: first, the customs; second, the censor; third, the police; and, fourth, the soldiery. Excluding the military guards, of whom there were perhaps a score in immediate view, all armed and in marching order, there were twenty-five civil officials, perhaps more, employed to do work which in Germany or in America would easily be done by three men. The train on which I came contained not to exceed half a dozen passengers, and only two, so far as I could make out, had any luggage to be examined. Indeed, there were only two passenger trains every twenty-four hours, and perhaps a freight train in the same time, and yet here was a force of twenty-five officials to examine luggage, passports, and freight (or such of it as was examined before reaching its destination). Administrative officialdom and police supervision exist in Germany to the weariness of the American visitor, but they are of a wonderfully different sort. Germany is one of the best administered of nations, its machinery is the most complete and perfect, and, if there is too much of it, at least it runs with perfect smoothness. But Turkey, with infinitely more machinery, is quite the worst administered. Any one who wishes laboratory experience in political economy and sociology need only follow a visit in Germany with an experience in Turkey.

A little later, as I became more familiar with Turkish affairs, I began to read other meanings in all this officialdom. It is perhaps a common idea that Turkey is inhabited by Turks as England is inhabited by the English, or even the United States by Americans, and it comes as a surprise to find how few real Turks there are in Turkey, especially in European Turkey, in comparison with other nationalities; and that, of course, is one of the great sources of discord and disorder. In Macedonia, for instance, the real Turks—the Mohammedan Turks—are very much in the minority. Here dwell the remnants of half a dozen ancient and tenacious peoples, not only of differing nationalities, but even of diverse race and religion. Bulgarians in great numbers live side by side with Greeks, Servians, Albanians, Wallachians, Spanish Jews, Armenians, and scattered representatives of other peoples—all jealous, all now awakening, under the spreading influences of education, to national pride and hope, and all subject to the ineffective and often cruel domination of the military Turk.

All the officials of the frontier post of which I have spoken, therefore, were real Turks, and their great surplusage in numbers was due to the fact that only two occupations are open to the young Turk of good family—the army or the civil government. The Turk has no business or professional ability or ambition. He is just what he was when he conquered the country centuries ago—a rude and successful soldier; though representatives of a better class of Turks are sometimes thinly veneered with French culture. The warrior blood of the Osmanli keeps them still in the ascendency, though they have never acquired the art of civilized government. Flocks of young Turks crowd into the civil service every year and begin plotting for advancement. Many of them serve without even a nominal salary, and in cases where there is a salary attached to the more important offices, it is rarely paid by the bankrupt government. Consequently the only way in which this vast number of officials can get a living is to steal right and left, directly and indirectly. The average Turk regards it no sin to take what he can from the Christian, who is ever a dog. But not only does he accept bribes from outsiders, but he steals with equal facility from the Government which he serves; not without excuse, it is true, for the Government always owes him. Every Turk of high rank maintains an expensive establishment, a harem, and an endless number of servants, and he must have money from some source and have it regularly. Therefore, if he is buying supplies for his regiment, for instance, half the money sometimes goes into his own pocket, besides the bribe which he gets from the German or the English or the Austrian merchant who sells him undergrade goods. If he is building a road, he skimps on the bridges so that they soon fall to pieces, he saves on the grades, pares away wages, and all the surplus goes to swell his own income. Naturally, this system cannot exist except in an atmosphere foul with suspicion: every official watching every other, trying to make his way into the favor of the Court so that he may obtain better places and steal more money. And the Sultan in his palace suspects and fears all. Of the twenty-five officials at the frontier post,



A TURKISH IRREGULAR SOLDIER

A TYPICAL TURKISH BEAUTY

several, at least, must have been spies. I might, indeed, have enumerated the spies as a fifth class.

There are two sorts of real Turks, or Osmanli, for the Turk never calls himself Turk. The first is the official or governing class already mentioned—corrupt, proud, ignorant, hospitable, polite, cruel. The second are the Mohammedan peasants, mostly herders and primitive farmers, in many respects an admirable people—indeed, the rock on which the Turkish Government really rests. To their deep and usually fanatical religious belief, to their loyalty to the Sultan as the head of the church, and to their fatalistic intrepidity as warriors, the Osmanli in a large degree owe their survival as a power. They are a patient, honest, frugal, temperate, hospitable, even merry people, though ignorant and often fanatically cruel. Between these two extremes of the Mohammedan Turks are the great masses of the other peoples, from Armenians to Bulgarians, largely Christian or Jew, who conduct the business and fill the professions of the Empire, and from whom the parasitic official Turk takes his living. The Turk is no match in business or in wit for the Armenian or the Greek, and he knows it. Even in the government offices Armenian or Greek clerks often do all the real business, and in cases where a Turk appears as the nominal owner of a business house it is practically certain that the manager and all the clerks will be Christians or Jews. Even the large Turkish landowners employ Christian managers and borrow money of Jewish bankers. It is a mistake to infer that the Turk hates the Christian or wishes he were out of the country. By no means. The attitude of the Turk is one of supreme contempt; to the followers of the Prophet the Christian is a dog, but a very useful dog, one who earns the money which the Turk makes it his pleasure to get as best he may. He is so contemptuous that he does not even persecute the Christian for his religious beliefs; he simply does not care what the Christian believes. I have sometimes heard it said in the Turk's favor that he tolerates the missionaries, but (I confess my ignorance) I was surprised to find that the missionaries in Turkey do not attempt in any way to reach or to convert the real Turks (Mohammedans). That would not be permitted for an instant; their sole work lies in raising the standard and converting to Protestantism the subject races of the Empire, who are already Christian (Greek Orthodox) in name. They are no more missionaries to the Turks than they would be if they were in Greece or in Russia. But while the Turks do not object to the missionaries on the ground of their religious teachings, they do fear their educational work, for education always means a revival of independence, a hope of political liberty. Bulgaria is said to have won its independence from Turkey as the result of the educational work of Robert College.

The Turkish army is made up wholly of Mohammedans; none of the great Christian population is armed or permitted to carry arms, for the Turks recognize the fact that what they have won by force must be held by force. And this Mohammedan army is constantly employed in putting down Christian uprisings. It is a mistake to say that the massacres in Turkey are the result of religious hatred, though the calculating Turkish official sometimes stirs to blood the deep-seated fanaticism of the peasant Turk, and accomplishes his purposes by inciting a "holy war." When ten thousand Armenians perish in a day or two in Constantinople, it is because the Armenian is beginning to feel his education, is growing too rich. The Turk uses the only argument known to the dull master of a clever servant—that of brute force.

Over all this diverse mass of Christians, the nationalities hating one another only less than they hate the Turks, and over the patient Mohammedan peasant, rules the small, corrupt official class of Turkey, living in shabby luxury and caring not the least what becomes of their country or their cities or anything else so long as they can get money to spend. As a result, the stranger in Turkey is impressed at once and everywhere with a profound sense of disorder, disorganization, decay, and the Turk reposing among his ruins with a serenity so monumental as to be almost admirable—the serenity of perfect self-assurance, religious infallibility, and fatalism. Indeed, serenity is to the Turk what stolidity is to the German, sprightliness to the Frenchman, and energy to the American—a sort of keynote to his character. Does his coffee come in cold, is his tobacco wet, has his brother been thrown into jail, is his country threatened with dismemberment; never mind, he rolls his cigarette, blows out a cloud of smoke, and goes about his business with a smooth brow. What is to be, is to be, and there is an end of it! And so his cities fall into disrepair, he has hardly a good road in the Empire, his railroads and other important public

TURKISH WOMEN IN STREET DRESS

Photographing women in Constantinople is not altogether safe.

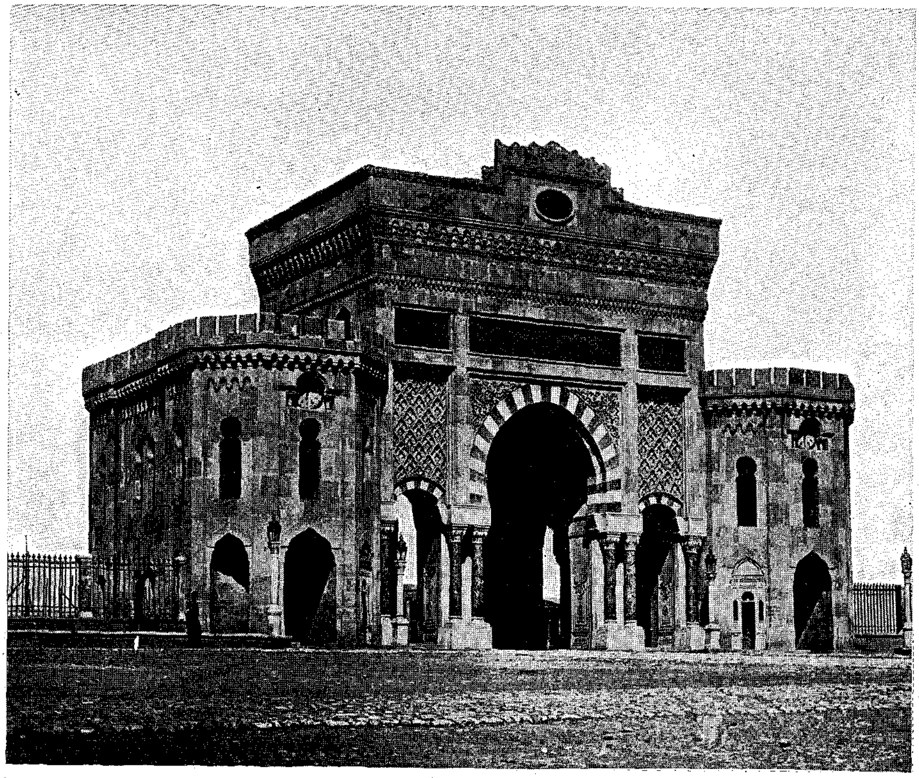
works are nearly all controlled by foreign companies, but he goes on living serenely, constructing nothing, creating nothing, his only works of importance being mosques, palaces, barracks, and fountains, and in all of these not a glimmer of originality in architecture. If the Turk were driven from his Empire to-day, he would leave absolutely nothing in art, science, invention, government, or even in military science to show for his centuries of occupation; nothing but a blot of misrule and a lowered moral resistance. So far as he is concerned, the country is worse off to-day than it was when the Sultans first crossed the Bosphorus.

Lacking administrative and executive capacity, the Turk has sought refuge in multiplicity of regulations, the enforcement of which by hordes of officials and soldiers not only cripples and limits business enterprise and the development of a naturally rich and fertile country, but arouses the antagonisms of the governed. Turkey is always on the verge of revolution. In Macedonia, for instance, the country districts are now practically in the hands of enemies of the Empire, though rebellion only smolders as yet, here and there breaking into flame. Turkish soldiers are everywhere. Armed guards patrol all the railroads; one often sees them standing at attention when the train passes. Every railroad station, every town, swarms with them. At night the policemen, even in towns as large as Salonica, go armed with rifles. A foreigner is not allowed to travel anywhere in the interior without a guard, for fear of brigands. Indeed, heavy penalties in the form of fees are set on traveling even for the natives, for no person is permitted to travel from one town to another or to leave the country without a *yol tezkereh* (traveling permission). When I wanted to go from Salonica to Seres and Constantinople, I found it necessary to apply several days in advance through the American Consul, tell where I was going, establish my identity as an American citizen, and pay a fee. When I was ready to take the train, I had to have my *tezkereh* examined and approved before I could purchase my ticket.

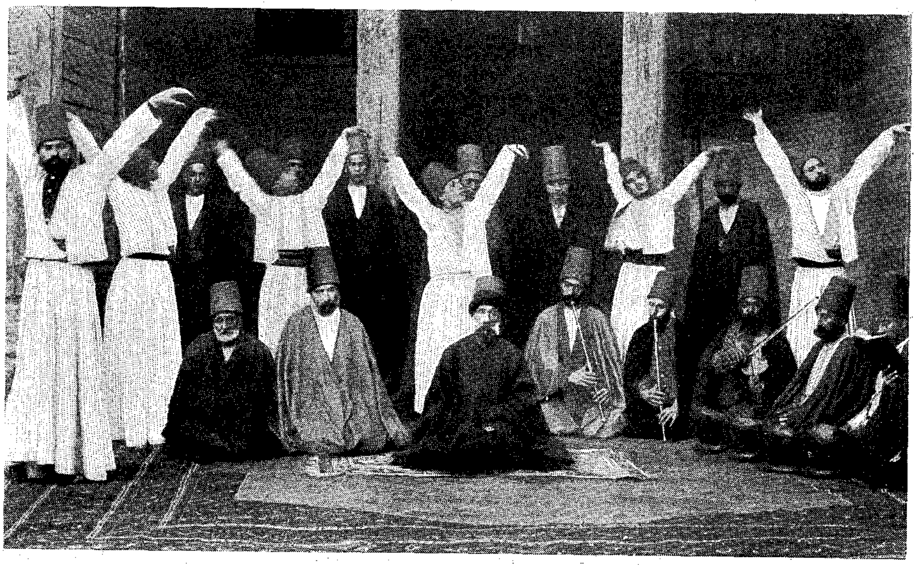
It is not difficult to imagine how such a system hampers business of every sort. And that is not the worst of it. One is not only hindered in his movements, but he is watched and spied upon continually, especially if he is connected with suspected Christians or his business in the country is not thoroughly known. The ordinary tourist sees comparatively little of these unpleasant phases of Turkish officialdom because he rarely goes anywhere except to Constantinople, where he lives in the European quarter and furnishes a profitable source of revenue to officials and merchants alike.

In short, the Turk suspects everybody and everything, and no private act, no seclusion, is safe from his intrusion. Every telegram sent from the public offices is at once reported to the authorities. No one can safely send a letter by the Turkish post unless he is willing to have it opened and read, and take the chances of having it confiscated if the censor finds anything that can be twisted into an insult to Mohammedanism. As a result of this condition and the inability of foreigners residing in Turkey to communicate with any certainty with their friends, some of the great European nations have established post-offices of their own in Turkish cities, in which they employ only Europeans, use their own stamps, and watch their mail-bags until they pass beyond the prying eyes of the Turks. In Salonica there are no fewer than five post-offices—British, Austrian, French, Servian, and Turkish; in Constantinople, six. If one wishes to be sure of his mail, he must inquire at four of them at least; and if he really wants to have his letters reach their destination, he must send them through some post-office other than Turkish. For the reason that the authorities cannot be sure of a complete knowledge of all the conversation that might pass, the telephone has been excluded from the Empire; and no Turkish city is electrically lighted because, it is said, the officials discovered the word dynamo in the applications for the necessary contracts, and, dynamo suggesting dynamite, the official Turk was paralyzed with fear! So all Turkey is still candle-lighted, or at best lamp-lighted.

Whatever is Turkish in Turkey is sure to be out of order, disorganized, dirty; whatever is foreign is, by contrast, well kept. The railroads, which are nearly all operated by foreign capital, are in good



GATE OF SÉRASKIÉRAT



DERVISHES

repair and the service is reliable. Occasionally the inert mass of officialdom is prodded into doing some public work. For instance, a road is projected, German engineers lay it out, the money is appropriated, and sometimes, if enough is left after it gets through the hands of the officials and the German is allowed to superintend the work, the road is actually built. And then it is absolutely forgotten. A very little work each year would keep it in good repair, but that little is never done. In the first place, there is never any money with which to do it, and in the second place the Turkish officials don't care. The military works fare a little better than the civic works, but this is usually the result of the prodding of the German officers, who are doing their best to reduce the magnificent raw material for soldiery in Turkey into some semblance of European discipline. As an example of the utter ineffectiveness of the Turk in the matter of public works, I recall a drive I took along a road which led out of Salonica. It had been built at large expense, broad enough to accommodate two wagons abreast, and once it must have been a splendid highway. Now, however, it had fallen to the exclusive use of donkey-trains and foot-passengers. We drove across the first bridge without falling through, though several boards had disappeared and many of the others were loose. The second bridge was still worse, and must have been impassable to a loaded wagon; at night it would have been dangerous even to a donkey—and this within two or three miles of one of the chief cities of the Empire. In the same way, the public buildings are out of repair, pavements are unspeakably bad, and even the mosques are falling into decay. I visited a very ancient mosque that had once been a Christian church. It had a magnificent mosaic dome, bits of which were continually falling away and no effort was made to put an end to the ruin. Indeed, the priest gathered up a handful of the gilded mosaic squares from the floor and presented them to his visitors as souvenirs, nor was he at all loth, upon our departure, to accept a few piasters as *trinkgeld.*

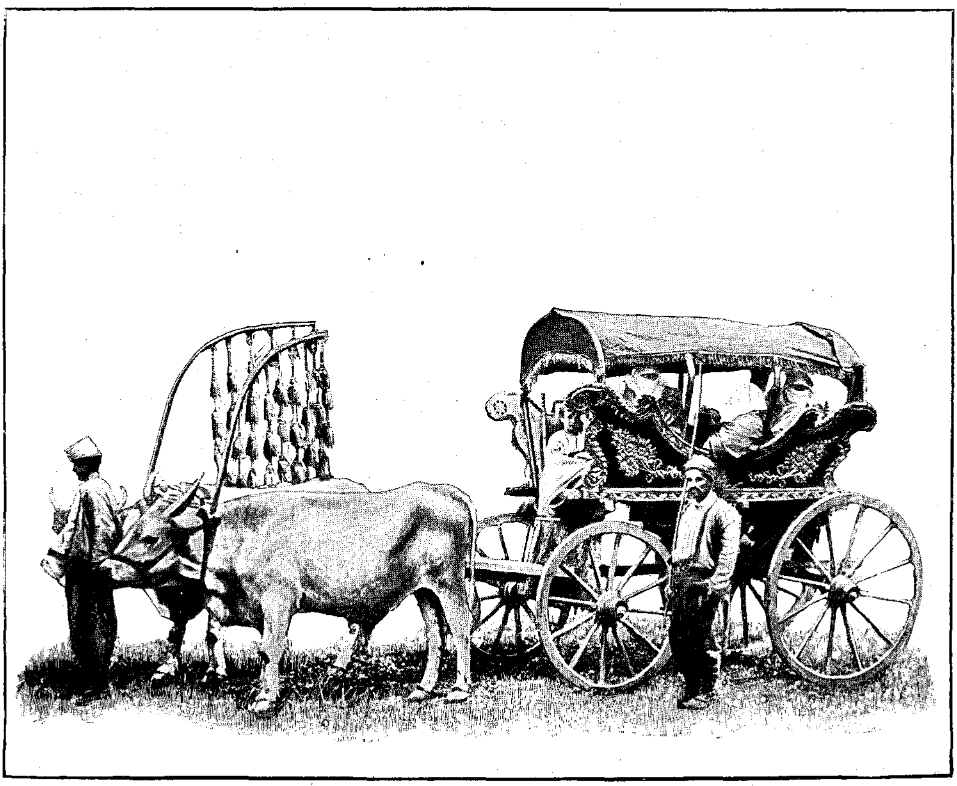
HOWLING DERVISH

In leaving the railroad station in Constantinople one is impressed by the sight of a building which stands out as a noteworthy sight on account of its air of good order. Upon inquiry I learned that this was the Public Debts building, controlled by foreigners. Surely nothing could better typify the decadence and demoralization of the Turk than this—one of the finest buildings of his capital devoted to the control of the country's debts, and that in the hands of foreigners!

And yet, among all the disadvantages and abuses of Turkish life, there are offsetting advantages. For one thing, living is very cheap—probably cheaper than it is anywhere else in Europe. If it were not so, indeed, the Turk could not exist at all. The tourist in Constantinople, staying at one of the hotels in Pera, does not find it out, but in the smaller cities a traveler can live at a rate that astonishes him. I remember my first experience in making a purchase in Turkey. I got out of the train at a little station in the interior to get something to eat. The only thing I could see that looked really clean was a basin of boiled eggs. I thought I would buy one or two to take with me on the train, so I handed the man a small silver piaster piece, about four and one-half cents in American money, and motioned that I wanted its worth in eggs. I thought he looked a bit surprised, but he counted them out, and to my astonishment I found myself returning to the train with both hands full—almost a setting. He had given me eight. At the best hotel in Salonica I had a very large and comfortable room opening to the waters of the Ægean Sea, with a splendid view of Mount Olympus rising in the distance, for sixty cents a day. One can get a good table-d'hôte meal for from twenty-three to forty-four cents, wine included. A few cents will pay a porter to carry one's luggage a long walk, and a beggar is glad of a tenth of a cent. For one cent one may obtain a cup of incomparable Turkish coffee. And these, it must be borne in mind, are the prices at which a stranger may live; the native, of course, spends a much smaller amount. It is said, indeed, that the poorer people live for a few cents a day.

A few of the eatables in Turkey—I mean the real Turkish dishes—are tempting even to the foreign palate, though most of the native cooking is bad enough. In Constantinople the visitor scarcely escapes the ordinary French cooking, done by Greeks, but in the smaller towns he may try the native dishes to his heart's content—if not always to his stomach's. The most famous of all Turkish dishes is, of course, Turkish coffee. The Turks certainly know how to make coffee, as the Viennese know how to make chocolate and the English tea. Coffee is, indeed, the national drink of the Turk. Whatever may be his other faults, the Turk is not a drunkard, though he is an inveterate coffee-tippler. As soon as he gets up in the morning he has his cup of coffee; he has another with his breakfast, another when he sits down to work, and thereafter at regular intervals all day long. The Turk's idea of solid contentment is to sit with one leg drawn up under him, a cup of coffee on the low table at his side, and a big bubbling water-pipe near at hand—a water-pipe or a cigarette, for the ancient water-pipe is not seen as often as it once was, and the cigarette is literally everywhere, smoked by women as well as men.

But I was speaking of Turkish coffee. It comes in the smallest of china cups, and it is almost as thick and sweet as syrup. Each cup is made separately in a



TURKISH CARRIAGE

small, long-handled tin dish over a charcoal fire, and is served boiling hot. In the bottom there is always a thick sediment of grounds. A cup makes hardly more than one good swallow, but, as a stimulant, it is quite as effective as a much larger cup prepared as we make it.

The Turk is famous also for his sweet tooth. He is a great maker and eater of candy, rich preserved figs, dates, fruit, and olives.

One gets mixed up over the methods of keeping time in Turkey. The Turk counts his day from sunset, and as sunset changes every day he must also change his watch if he would keep the right time. When the railroads first entered Turkey, the natives complained because the trains changed time every day, when in reality their watches were changing. Some of the more advanced Turks now carry watches with a face on each side, one regulated for Turkish and the other for "Frank" time, as they call it.

But one of the principal purposes of time in Turkey seems to be for whiling away. One of the odd things that impressed me when I first arrived was the strings of beads carried by many of the men, not worn at the waist or around the neck, but held in the hand, the fingers constantly at work telling them over. At first I thought it had some religious significance; perhaps they were saying prayers as the Roman Catholics do; but I soon saw that Jews and Mohammedans as well as Christians were addicted to the habit. I finally inquired the meaning of the custom.

"Oh," was the answer, "they want something to help pass the time."

Afterwards I saw this custom practiced everywhere. Once on a railroad train a fine-looking Turkish officer got into the compartment with me. He had a string of amber beads which he told back and forth for hours. I observed also that he had allowed the nails of his little fingers to grow more than an inch beyond his finger-tips. Evidently he cultivated them carefully, for they were fine and white. Think how much work such a man must do!

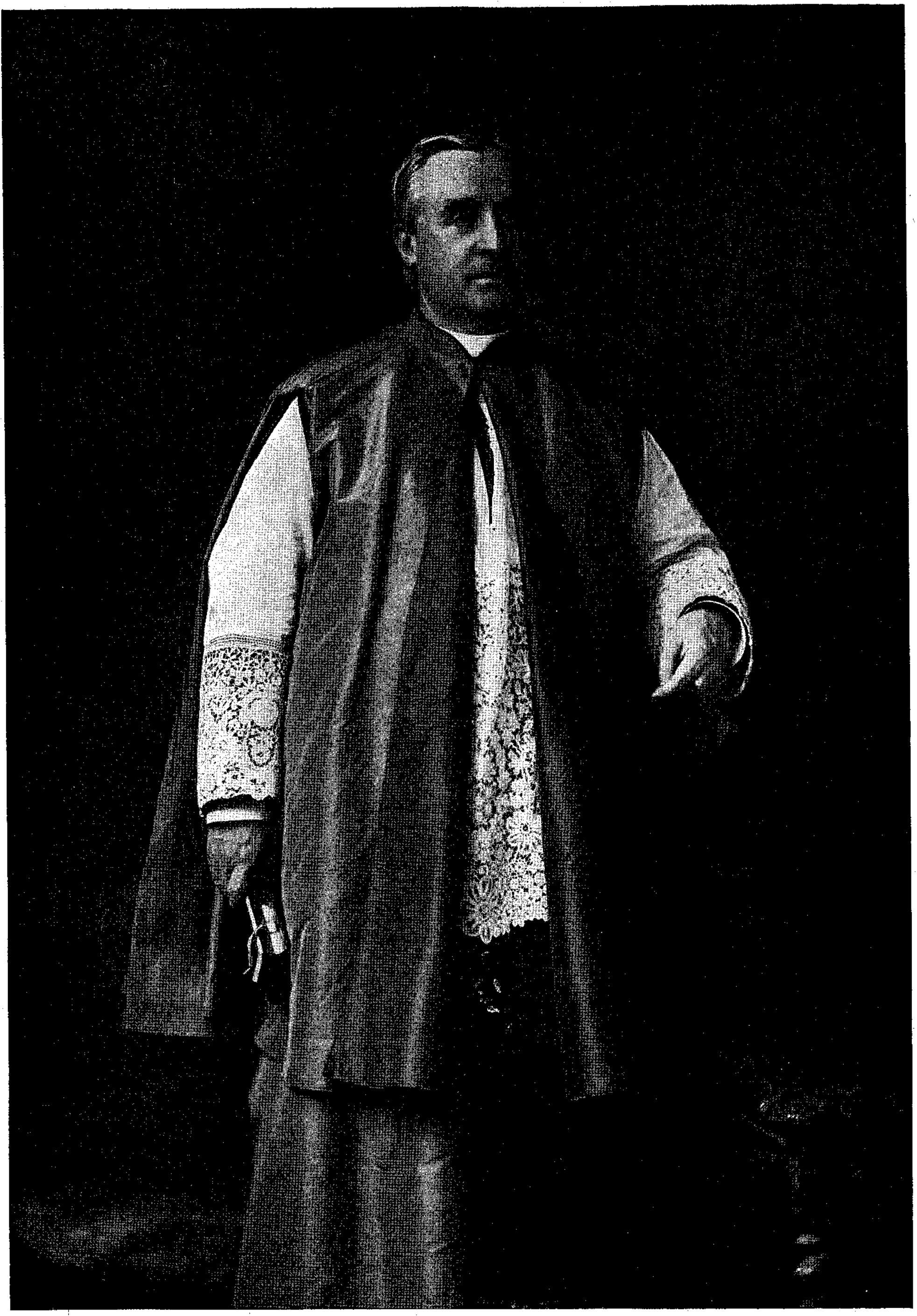
Taken as a whole, the impression left on the Occidental visitor in Turkey is one of the utter hopelessness and incurability of present conditions. The internal corruption is so deep-seated, the problems are so complex, the international relationships so delicate, that there seems no way out. A long-time resident in Turkey, who has been closely connected with the greater affairs of the Empire, said to me:

"Those who have been here longest are the most hopeless. One thing is certain: reform can never come except through rivers of blood."

If there is a glimmer of hope anywhere in the darkness, it is the peasant herder and farmer, at present ignorant, downtrodden, even stupid, it is true, clinging to ancient and time-wasting customs with perverse tenacity, but honest, industrious, frugal, patient, and healthy. Let the light touch the souls of these men of the hills and the fields, and they may yet rise up and cleanse their country. I shall not soon forget a boatman on the Bosphorus, a real Turkish peasant who had come to hope. I had been attracted to him because among all the boats his was the neatest and cleanest, polished until it shone, seats carefully carpeted, rowlocks shiny and newly oiled. For himself, he was a fine, sturdy, frank-eyed fellow about thirty years old. No sooner were we seated and he had begun to row in long, steady strokes down the blue Bosphorus, than he asked my dragoman if I were not an American. Upon receiving an affirmative answer, his face lighted up, and he said that he had a brother and a sister in America, the former a railroad fireman. He told me how much his brother made—a small fortune, a year's savings, every month, it seemed to him. I asked him if his brother was not homesick.

"No," he replied; "it is a good country, America."

He told me that he was saving money himself to go to America. He had just paid the last that he owed on his boat, and it was worth nearly enough to take him to New York. As a last expression of his idea of escape, he told me that his brother no longer wore a fez. He was free. Even here in this benighted land has reached the inspiration of a free country; and there are many signs that the leaven of hope, filtering in by way of railroads, newspapers (censored though they are), and schools, is at work deep down among the downtrodden but vital peasant classes of the Empire.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN M. FARLEY, D.D.

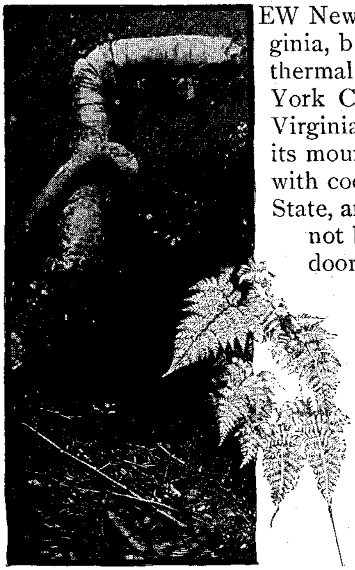
The new Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York.

AN OLD-TIME VIRGINIA HOME

# ROUND ABOUT IN VIRGINIA

### BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

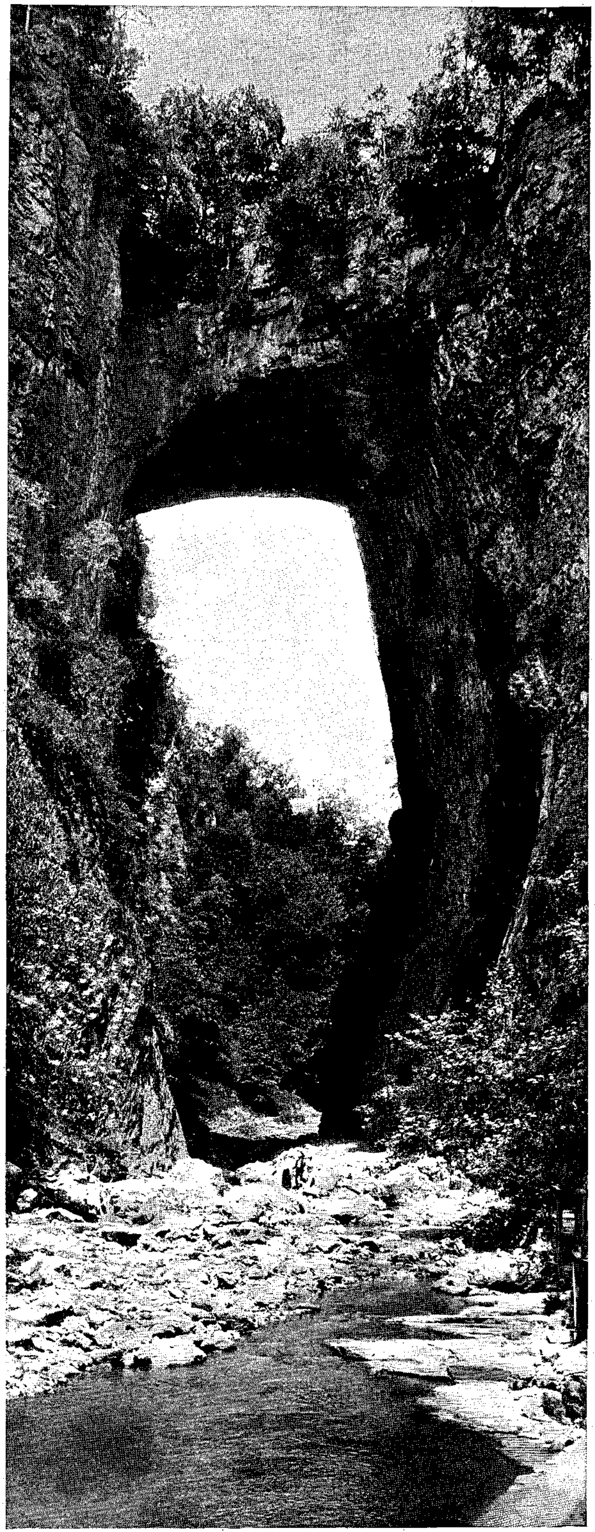
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



FEW New Yorkers would think of spending a vacation in Virginia, but then few of them probably remember that the isothermal maps show a higher extreme of temperature for New York City than for large parts of the Old Dominion, or that Virginia is still an empire in itself, severed though it be from its mountainous western half. There are plenty of high lands with cool breezes in the northern and western portions of the State, and not a few very respectable mountains, which might not be altogether ashamed if they were set down as next-door neighbors to the Green Hills of Vermont or the White ones of New Hampshire. Furthermore, there is a certain class of Americans who are constitutionally somewhat indifferent to hot weather so long as it doesn't reach the boiling point, but who are periodically seized with a desire for exploration of some new place, to them so far unknown. This "trekking" instinct manifests itself about vacation time with me, being held in stern abeyance the rest of the year by the primal curse of labor. It gets redoubled force through the influence of my camera, which is ever seeking new material for the benefit of the dry-plate makers. Any one who is fairly infected with the photographic fad feels that he simply must start off for some new place to picturize whenever he is fortunate enough to get a day or a week off from his regular stint.

We are all more or less insular, and in our travels are constantly meeting the unexpected. This, indeed, is one of the reasons why it does us so much good "strange countries for to see." We find that things are somewhat different from what we supposed they would be, and so we get enlightened both as to our own ignorance and as to the realities of the world—and which does the average man the most good it would perhaps be hard to say. When I started on my trip, I had a vague impression that I was going to "the South" and to see "Southerners." I found that there was a wide range of individuality both in the country and the people, and that there are many "Souths" and quite a variety of "Southerners," and that, indeed, the Virginians do not call themselves Southerners, reserving that appellation for people from "'way down South, in the land of cotton."

My first glimpse of Virginia was of the Loudoun Valley. This is in the northern part of the State, and one actually has to go north from Washington to get to it. I dropped down here into an interesting community of Southern Quakers. Their town had an uncompromising abolitionist name, and most of them had strongly sympathized with the Union cause during the war. The Friends are to me a peculiarly interesting people—they seem to have learned so thoroughly the lesson of "the irresistible might of meekness," in respect both of living harmoniously with their neighbors and of getting their share of the good things of life. A notable illustration of this was the story told to me by an elderly Quaker lady who had seen many stirring events during war times. Virginia is still full of war reminiscences, but the story-tellers, as well as the marks of battle, are passing away. On the road in front of this lady's door great armies had marched. The Union and Confederate troops seesawed through the country, first one and then the other being in the ascendant. And always the farms suffered from these visitations. The first army that went through burned up all the fence rails for camp-fires and corralled all the "broilers." The next



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THE NATURAL BRIDGE

levied seriously on the horses. Horses finally became extremely scarce, and lucky was the farmer who had more than one. A phenomenal horse, "Old Bill," belonged to my Friendly friend's father. Seven times was he "lifted" by warriors of either side, but he had resolved to abide a true Quaker and take no part in the war, and each time he managed to escape from his captor and return, sometimes a distance of many miles, to his master's stable. In the last year of the war, when this horse was very much needed on the farm, he was carried off by a trooper in Uncle Sam's service, while a large detachment of cavalry was in the neighborhood. The owner was in despair, but his daughter said, "We must get Old Bill back again somehow, father. We'll borrow So-and-So's horse and buggy and follow the army." So they did. They went by a short cut and headed off the division in which the young Quakeress was confident she would find Old Bill. They drew up the buggy at the side of the road and prepared to pick out their horse from the four thousand that were cantering by, four abreast, in the dust and dirt of the country highway. Troop after troop went by, the bright-eyed girl scanning the ranks eagerly but without result. Finally, "There he is, father! There's Old Bill!" she cried. There he was, sure enough, but how to get him? The astute young woman did not forthwith appeal to the trooper to surrender the stolen horse. She let the cavalrymen gallop by, and waited for the officer in command. Finally he appeared, large and pompous, in brave uniform, on his fine charger. She halted him, and with him the army. "If you please, General, one of your men has taken, *by* *mistake*, our only horse. Without our horse we will starve. I can pick him out if you will please give him back to us." "Follow us to where we halt for dinner and I will see about it," was the General's answer, and the army moved again. A mile or two further on the cavalry halted, the trooper was summoned from the ranks, forced to give up the horse, and the diplomatic Quaker girl and her father went back to their farm with Old Bill, after politely declining the General's invitation to lunch with him. Only a woman, and perhaps a Quaker woman, could have done it.

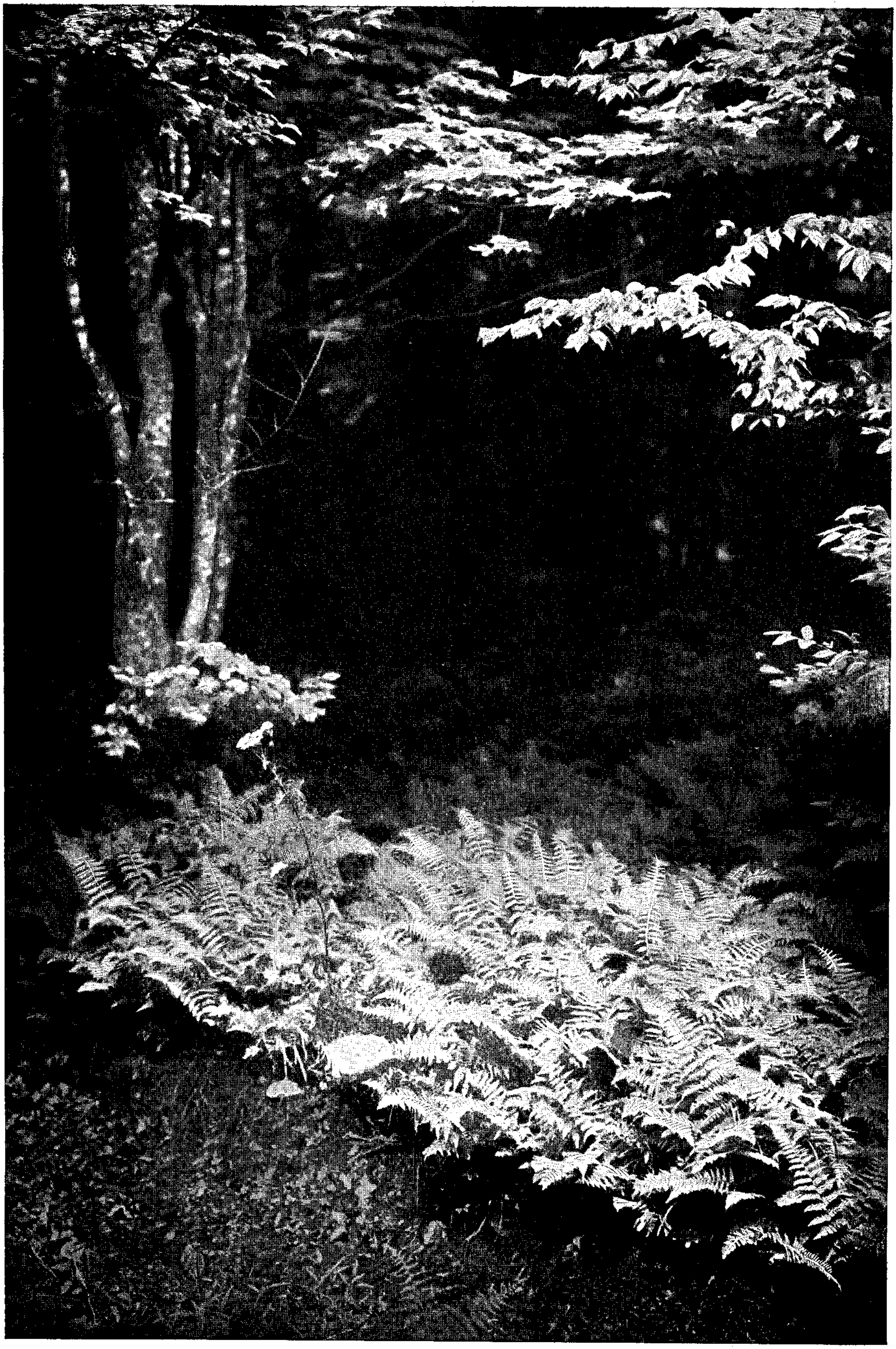
We often hear it said that the old-time negroes were quite different from those of the rising generation, and I was interested in noticing the difference. Not so many of the older ones are left, but there are plenty of the younger generation, and one can observe their conduct and contrast it with the stories told of the others. Just after the war there came to this Quaker community a young Northern woman to teach the negroes. The school was filled with grown men, and they fairly worshiped their young instructor. As an illustration of their devotion, I was told that during the winter when she taught there was a heavy snow-storm, and that her scholars got out early on that morning and tramped down the snow carefully for the entire distance from the house where she boarded to the school-house, so that their beloved teacher might have easy walking and they should not miss their lesson. Was not this Sir Walter and his cloth of gold translated to emancipation days? But now, in some conversation with one of the residents—a radical of the old days—I was surprised to hear him say, "I don't think the influence of these ordinary schools is especially good on the negro children. They don't seem to want to work when they think they've got book learning. And it's a fact that for some reason the young lads are often impudent and 'sassy.' I always used to salute them as I met them on the road. But I've given that up, except when I know them well, for I won't give them the opportunity to be impudent." One certainly notices this aggres-

AN OUTDOOR KITCHEN IN OLE VIRGINNY

sively independent attitude on the part of the younger negroes; if I had the privilege of philosophizing in this article, I should characterize it as a reaction from the servility of slavery days. The cure for it, I think, is in more education, not less; and possibly in more respectful conduct toward their elders on the part of the white children whom the negro children emulate; for I have a faint impression that I have heard some talk about the forwardness and irreverence of our own children in these last days, as compared with the quiet respectfulness of our forebears and ourselves when they and we were young. And there is surely a grand movement further South away from the mere scholastic education which my Loudoun County friend deprecated, toward the industrial usefulness for which he thought the ordinary common schools were unfitting the negro.

As I went further South I was struck with the solidarity of view which seems to be developing on the part of the white people of all parties with regard to the negro. My abolitionist friends of Loudoun County could have shaken hands with my secessionist friends of Charlotte County as to the merits of the new Constitution. In Charlotte County I visited the home of a Southern gentleman of the old school. His plantation consisted of over a thousand acres, and his house was of the old-fashioned, roomy sort, with wide hall in the center, opening from a portico shaded by century-old oaks. He had helped to make history in his time, and had had an influential hand in the recent Constitution-making. He thanked Heaven that he had lived to see the day when the white man ruled again in his dear Virginia, though he had never expected to see such a consummation. Strangely enough, this was almost the identical expression of one of the abolitionist Quaker women whom I had just left in northern Virginia. She had thanked the Lord that the illiterate ex-slaves whom she had befriended all her life had been deprived of the suffrage. There was perhaps something of a woman's pique in her feeling on this matter. She said that she could never bear to go near the polls on election day, to see those ignorant negroes chuckling and grinning at the thought that they were making the laws of the land, while she, with her conscious intelligence and good judgment, was debarred from any voice in matters which rested heavily on her conscience.

The old plantation was extremely interesting, with what was to me a somewhat pathetic interest. The house was nearly a century old, and I could not but people it with its bright, gay denizens of the old days. What happy scenes had its spacious rooms, its great hall, its wide lawn under the old oaks, beheld—what gay parties, entertained with hospitality how much more lavish, if not more open-hearted, than characterized it to-day—what gallant cavaliers and charming maidens had here plighted troth—and now—Ichabod! the glory has departed; though with the departing glory has gone, too, the unrighteous institution out of which it flowered. The old families have left or are leaving, the sons have gone into business in the cities, the daughters have perhaps won distinction in literature or pedagogy in the North, the old houses are being closed and falling into decay, the "Roanoke" which John Randolph was proud to associate with his name is no more, the land in some places is exhausted and some of it is actually being sold to the representatives of the despised race. The genial owner of this fine old place told me that at first he was bitterly opposed to selling land to negroes, but that he had changed his views on that point, and that he had divided up parts of his various plantations and sold them in small plots to negroes, who were generally "good pay" and very anxious to own a home. He took, on the whole, a rather hopeful view of the future of the negro, saying that many of them were very thrifty and industrious, and were steadily learning how to "get along." This broad-minded man was really a kind of Southern Puritan, and I cannot forbear telling a little war story to illustrate the unbending integrity of some of the men who fought for the South. During the last year of the war the Confederacy found it necessary to send trusted agents to Mexico to buy mules for the army. Each man was supplied with five thousand dollars in gold to make purchases. After Lee's surrender one of these agents reported to my friend, as his superior in the service, turning over his money-belt with the $5,000 in it, still intact. This Southern Puritan, utterly ruined by

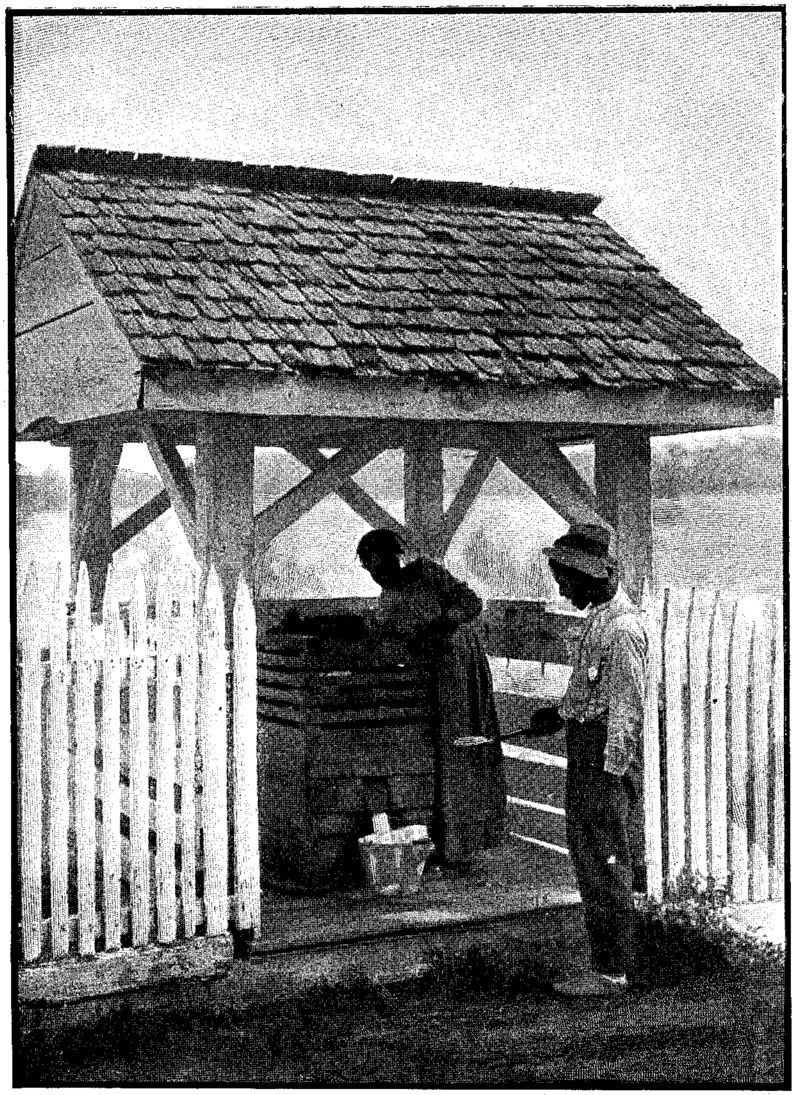

ON THE EDGE OF THE DEEP VIRGINIA WOODS

the war as he was, took that $5,000 to Richmond and surrendered it to the United States Government, regarding it as captured property, and as such not being available even for the succor of the penniless widows and orphans by whom he was surrounded, to say nothing of keeping it himself. Asked if he would not put in a claim for expenses in connection with the surrender of the money, he replied, "No, sir; I was obliged to come to Richmond on private business, and you owe me nothing." Can we be too generous in our thought of such men?

Going over to see an old "mammy" in the "quarters"—what there was left of them—I came upon an evidence of the up-to-dateness of Virginian farming. While tobacco is the chief money crop of this section, a good deal of wheat is raised, and it was being threshed by a steam thresher, with a white man for engineer and negroes for harvest hands. Arrived at the old cabin, I was introduced to "Aunt Beth" and "Aunt Jane," and had the pleasure of hearing the genuinely affectionate conversation that always takes place between an old slave mammy and a representative of "her white folks." This old mammy, "Aunt Beth," had gone blind with cataract, and she was cared for by "Aunt Jane," with assistance from "de bes' white folks in de lan'." The young lady who accompanied me brought out the story of the blindness. "And did you ever try to have your sight restored, Aunt Beth?" "Yes'm, yes'm, I went to Richmond and saw de doctor, and he was goin' to cure me; but on de mornin' when I was to go to see him again, I heard dat he was goin' to take my eyes out o' ma haid, and so I done stole away and came home; for, bless de Lord, I'se goin' to take my eyes wid me w'en I goes to heben." The picture shows Aunt Beth clasping a bottle of home-made wine which her friend from the great house had brought to her for her stomach's sake. Charlotte is a prohibition county, and the negroes cannot buy stimulants; hence Aunt Beth was very grateful for the benefaction. The cabin was small but very clean. The cooking was done outside, as a fire within doors would have made the one room oppressively hot.

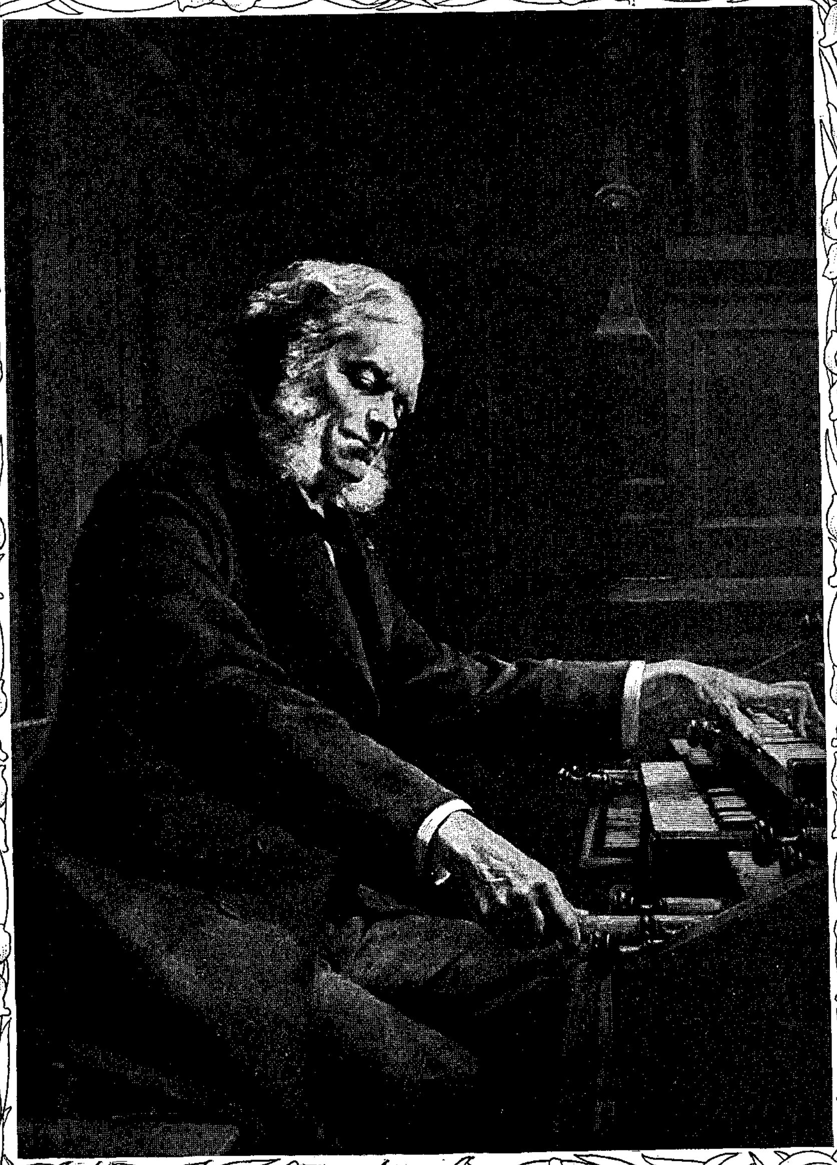
No one visits Virginia without seeing the Natural Bridge. Anything that has two stars prefixed to it in Baedeker is worth seeing, and one is well satisfied to spend time and money to get to the Bridge. But what a time Washington must have had in reaching it, in those old days before the railroads! Nevertheless, he may have reached his destination on horseback with less delay than one finds almost inevitable now on Southern railroads. No, that is unfair: it is only the through trains that are *always* late in Virginia; the local trains are usually on time. But Washington's hand, I have discovered, had lost its cunning in the interval between the cherry-tree-cutting at the old homestead and the name-cutting on the Natural Bridge. He cut the tree down so thoroughly that it has never grown up again, to my knowledge, to be labeled "Washington's Cherry-tree;" but he did not cut his name on the Natural Bridge so that it can to-day be discovered by the naked eye. But probably the Father of his Country would not bemoan the fact that his name has disappeared from the high place where he carved it; in later life he must have regarded this exploit as of a piece with the cherry-tree episode, if he ever heard of *that*. I had supposed that with this illustrious example before them "the Southerners" had embellished their beautiful bridge with scrawls and initials and dates, not to say advertisements of elixirs and nostrums, after the fashion of some Northern places of pilgrimage. But no; the Bridge is almost absolutely free from defacement; and the names of the old-time worthies, if there are any written on the rock walls, must be found with the aid of a guide and a glass. This fact speaks volumes for the good taste of the South. It is a goodly sight, that bridge—and a challenge to the camerist. I found difficulty in getting a position that would include the entire bridge in the picture with satisfactory results. Some of my friends said I couldn't; the reader may judge.

Besides its wealth of river and forest, upland and lowland scenery, its beautiful valleys and its wonderful caves, its traditional hospitalities and its reminiscential veterans, Virginia awakens the traveler's interest in many places by a thoroughly modern spirit. One doesn't like to see too much of this spirit on one's travels in search of the picturesque—except in the matter of hotels, perhaps—but it exists



REBECCA AT THE WELL

and helps to enlighten one. For instance, I came across a "boom" town in western Virginia. True, the boom had collapsed, but while it lasted a Western mining camp could not have been worse hit by the fever of speculation. The hotel, indeed, which was closed, was a fine example. It was built at a cost of $125,000, I was told, and on the day of my visit it was sold to a benevolent order, which wanted it for a home for its aged members, for $12,100! I don't know what Bedford was like when the boom was on, but the day I was there it was a quiet, restful place, beautifully situated among the hills, with the fine Peaks of Otter for a background, and seemed a good place for the aged or any one else to live in. Why such delightful villages should ever want to take on the name or characteristics of a "city" is a mystery that I cannot solve on this trip. But Virginians point with pride to some of these still booming towns as an evidence that the Old Dominion is not by any means in a decadent state. And it is not the only evidence.



CÉSAR FRANCK

FROM A PAINTING OWNED BY M. GEORGES FRANCK
AND REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

# Two Modern French Composers

## II.—César Franck

By Daniel Gregory Mason

WHEN we turn from the brilliant Parisian we have been studying[1] to that obscure and saintly man, César Franck, the only French contemporary of Saint-Saëns who is worthy to be ranked with him as a great composer, we can hardly believe ourselves in the same country or epoch. It is as if we were suddenly transported from modern Paris into some mediæval monastery, to which the noise of the world never penetrates, where nothing breaks the silence save the songs of worship and the deep note of the organ. In the presence of this devout mystic the sounds of cities and peoples fade away, and we are alone with the soul and God. We have passed from the noonday glare of the intellect, in which objects stand forth sharp and hard, into the soft cathedral twilight of religious emotion; and putting aside our ordinary thoughts we commune for a time with deeper intuitions. Or, again, it is like closing a volume of Taine and taking up Maeterlinck. From the streets and the drawing-room we pass to the cloister, where dwell no longer men and things, but all the intangible presences of thought and feeling. We close our eyes on the pageant of experience, to reopen them in the dim inner light of introspection, where, if we may believe the mystics, they will behold a truer reality. The temperament of Franck is thus at the opposite pole from that prehensile Gallic temperament so well exemplified in Saint-Saëns, and we should find the juxtaposition of the two men as the greatest French composers of their time highly perplexing did we not remember that, in spite of his almost lifelong residence in Paris, César Franck was by birth and blood, like Maeterlinck, with whom he has so much in common, a Belgian. Exactly how much the peculiar characters of these men were inherited from their race it is of course impossible to say; but any one who has seen the placid faces of the Belgian peasants, with their calm, almost bovine look of contentment, must recognize there a trait that needs only the power of articulation to produce a natural religion of feeling, or mysticism, like that of César Franck and Maeterlinck. It was the same sort of self-sufficient serenity, the antithesis of Saint-Saëns's busy worldliness, that determined the course of Franck's life, so obscure, so uneventful, so dominated by high spiritual purpose.

César-Auguste Franck (it was an inapt name for so pacific a being) was born in 1822 at Liége, Belgium. There he made his first musical studies, but went to Paris at fifteen to study in the Conservatory. Though without the precocity of "le petit Saint-Saëns," he must have been a solid musician at sixteen, for in a test that took place in July, 1838, he transposed a piece at sight down a third, playing it "avec un brio remarquable," and was awarded the first grand prize of honor. At his graduation in 1842, foregoing the career of a concert pianist, which his father wished him to pursue, "repudiating with horror and disgust," as one of his biographers has it, "the brilliant noise-making that people long mistook for music," he turned for a livelihood to that laborious work of teaching which he pursued all the rest of his life with patient fidelity.

He seems to have been an almost ideal teacher, long-suffering with the dull pupils, painstaking and generous with the able ones, provoking enthusiasm in all by his contagious love for art and his receptivity to ideas. In a degree that is rare even among the best teachers he combined endurance and vivacity. Giving, all his life, from eight to ten lessons a day, many of them, even after he had made his reputation, in girls' boarding-schools and *pensions* of the usual wearisome sort, he yet retained vitality to impart to the best minds of the present generation of French composers. Although, after teaching all day, he often did not return home until supper-time, he would in the evening give correspondence lessons to pupils in the provinces, and though even the Sundays were filled with his duties as organist and choirmaster, still he often found time to assemble his favorite pupils, and to discuss with them, as if with perfect equals, their exercises and his own works. One of these pupils, M. Vincent d'Indy, has described how "père Franck," as they called him, would play them his choral compositions, singing all the vocal parts in "a terrible voice;" and how he would sit at the piano fixing with troubled gaze some offending passage in an exercise, murmuring anxiously, "Je n'aime pas . . . Je n'aime pas," until perhaps it grew to seem permissible, and with his bright smile he could cry "J'aime!" Thanks to this earnest desire to appreciate whatever was good, controlled as it was by a severely classical taste, he could make his students good workmen and stern critics without paralyzing their individual genius. He was thorough without being rigid, and respected learners as much as he revered the masters. Naturally, the learners, in their turn, felt for their "Pater seraphicus," as they named him, an almost filial affection. Emmanuel Chabrier, speaking over Franck's grave in Montrouge Cemetery, voiced the feelings of them all when he said that this was not merely an admirable artist, but "the dear regretted master, the most gentle, modest, and wise. He was the model, he was the example."

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[1] See the article on Saint-Saëns in The Outlook for September 6, of which the present paper is a continuation.

For thirty-two years, that is to say from 1858 until his death, Franck was organist of the Église Ste. Clotilde, where his playing must have been an endless inspiration to all who heard him, though his modesty kept him personally inconspicuous. One likes to think of this quiet, devout musician, animated by the purest religious enthusiasm, advancing year by year in mastery of his art, producing without ostentation works of a novel and radical beauty. Few of his listeners could have conceived that one so benignant and courteous, but so easily forgotten, was making himself a force that modern music could not forget. They, who saw only the husk of the man, could not guess what treasures of humanity and genius it concealed. M. d'Indy well describes the two aspects. "Any one," he says, "who had encountered this being in the street, with his coat too large, his trousers too short, his grimacing and preoccupied face framed in his somewhat gray whiskers, would not have believed in the transformation that took place when, at the piano, he explained and commented on some beautiful work of art, or when, at the organ, he put forth his inspired improvisations. Then the music enveloped him like an aureole; then one could not fail to be struck by the conscious will expressed in the mouth and chin, by the almost superhuman knowledge in his glance; then only would one observe the nearly perfect likeness of his large forehead to that of Beethoven." And M. Derepas has the following paragraph in the same tenor: "It was there, before the keyboards, his agile and powerful feet upon the pedals, that it was necessary to see César Franck. His beautiful head with its finely developed brow crowned with naturally curling hair, his profound and contemplative expression, his features marked without exaggeration, his full, well-cut mouth breathing health, . . . all wearing the aureole of genius and of faith—it was like a vision of another age in strong contrast with the turbulences of the day." If one is sometimes sorry that Franck had to spend so much time teaching, one cannot, in the face of such descriptions as these, regret the hours he passed in the loft of Ste. Clotilde. Its atmosphere was native to his genius, which was not only religious, but even ecclesiastical. In hearing his "musique cathédralesque," as Saint-Saëns well called it, one can almost see the pillars and arches, the pure candle-flames and the bowed peasants at prayer.

It was in the spare moments of this full life that Franck found time to write his extraordinary music. Every morning, winter and summer, rising at six, he set aside two hours for what he expressively called "his own work." Then, after breakfast, came the day's teaching, in the course of which he would jot down ideas that occurred to him, recording perhaps eight measures and turning again to the pupil. In the evenings, when there were not correspondence-lessons to write, or rehearsals, he often got out his manuscripts once more; and his short summer vacations were given entirely to composition. All the more remarkable is this indomitability when we remember that he lacked not only the stimulus of public success, but for a long while even the impetus of having definitely succeeded in his own eyes, so new were his ideas and so difficult the technique they required. Very few composers have matured so late. Though he wrote in his youth some trios, and later a Mass, his first really individual work, "Ruth," was written when he was nearly fifty; "Les Éolides," his earliest orchestral composition, was produced in 1877, when he was fifty-five; "Les Beatitudes," in some respects his masterpiece, was not finished until 1880, though begun more than ten years before; and all his most characteristic work in pure music, as for example the Prelude, Choral, and Fugue, and the Prelude, Aria, and Finale for piano, the three wonderful Chorals for organ, the Violin Sonata, the Quartet, the Quintet, and the Symphony, date from the last decade of his life. In a day when every harmony-student itches to give the world a symphony, it is hard to admire too much the artistic self-respect that kept Franck a nonentity for years, to make him at last a master.

Meanwhile, of course, he had to endure neglect. Probably most of his acquaintances shared the impression put into words by a Paris publisher to whom M. Servières offered an essay about him. "Oh, monsieur," cried this gentleman, "I remember César Franck perfectly. A man who was always in a hurry, always soberly dressed in black, and who wore his trousers too short! . . . Organist at Sainte Clotilde. It seems he was a great musician, little known to the public." Rather harder to explain is the lack of appreciation which in 1880 led those in power at the Conservatory, where Franck was already organ professor, to give the chair of composition then left vacant, not to him, but to Léo Delibes, the writer of ballet-music. But perhaps the most pathetic result of the general indifference to Franck was that his masterpiece could never be given a complete performance during his lifetime. "Les Beatitudes" was first given entire in 1893, three years after his death. When he received the Legion of Honor in 1886, he said sorrow- ly to a friend, "Yes, my friend, they or me—as a Professor." That is the epining word of his that is recorded.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that Franck's fellow-men noticed nothing but his short trousers, or that in his high artistic effort he was entirely without sympathy. Few men have been more fortunate in their friends. The love and veneration of his many pupils, and of such men as Chabrier, Pierné, and Fauré, made an atmosphere in which his heart expanded and his ambition grew. One of this group of admirers tells how they would surround him on his return to Paris in the autumn, to ask what he had done, what he had to show. "Vous verrez, repondait-il"—the French alone can render the endearing vanity and *naïveté* of his reply—"vous verrez, repondait-il en prenant un air mysterieux, vous verrez; je crois que vous serez content. . . . J'ai beaucoup travaillé et bien travaillé." It was a similarly frank and guileless self-satisfaction that made him apparently unaware of the coldness of his audiences, who were generally puzzled or bored. Happy, as M. d'Indy records, in having given his friends the pleasure of hearing him play his own compositions, in spite of the scanty applause he never failed to bow profoundly. Thus untroubled by the indifference of the crowd, surrounded by a few men who gave him their warm and discriminating admiration, and inspired by a genius peculiarly exalted and disinterested, bent on beauty alone, and superior to petty jealousies, César Franck lived his quiet, fruitful, and happy life. He died at Paris in 1890. The last anecdote we have of him tells of his finding strength, four days before his death, to praise the "Samson et Dalila" of Saint-Saëns, then running at the Théâtre Lyrique. "I see him yet," says M. Arthur Coquard, "turning towards me his poor suffering face to say vivaciously and even joyfully, in the vibrant tones that his friends know, 'Tres beau, tres beau.'" The words, expressing that pure love of art which animated his whole career, lodge in the mind of one who studies it, together with those other words of his, which none ever had a better right to use, "J'ai beaucoup travaillé et bien travaillé."

It has been necessary to dwell at some length on Franck's life and character because they throw so much light on his music. To an unusual degree it is the expression of himself, full of his peculiar contemplative emotion. The harmonic background is rich, somber, and vague, like the prevailing mood of a religious devotee; from it constantly emerge phrases of song, phrases of the most poignant aspiration, like passions in a dream, voicing those intense yet elusive feelings which irradiate none but introspective minds. They are like the cries of human lovers in a world of silence and mystery, or, better, they are the cries of a finite soul that yearns for God and finds him not. One feels always in Franck's music the tragedy of the finite and the infinite. Those groping, shifting harmonies, above which the pathetic fragments of melody constantly sound for a moment, somehow irresistibly suggest the great unknown universe in which men's little lives are acted. All is vague save the momentary feature, and that presses on towards a fulfillment that perpetually eludes it. All shifts and passes save only that never-ceasing mood of aspiration, that restless striving of the fragment for completion. Spiritual unrest is the characteristic quality of this music—the unrest of a spirit pure and ardent but forever unsatisfied.

Now, it is perhaps not too fantastic to find in the mingled vagueness and poignancy of this music the proper artistic expression of mysticism. So *must* a mystic express himself. For it is characteristic of the mystical temperament to yearn for ideal satisfactions, but to find none in finite forms. Mysticism, in fact, is one of the ways of solving, or perhaps we should say of ignoring, that primal and protean mystery of human life, the conflict between ideal needs and actual facts. Realism meets it by denying the needs and exalting the facts; idealism attempts to mold the real into conformity with the ideal, of course with very partial success. The mystic, too earnest to follow the realistic method, too impatient to endure the plodding progress of idealism, cuts the Gordian knot by discarding the actual altogether. He pronounces it too inelastic, too constricting, and dispenses with it. He hugs the ideal to his heart, but can see no virtue in the real. Actualities, objects, events, and forms, which to the idealist are precious if only partial expressions of spiritual values, are to him wholly recalcitrant, wholly external and illusory. The really precious thing, he says, is something transcendent, something remote, something that cannot transpire in events or body itself in forms, because it is infinite and complete, while these are finite, broken, and limited. Henri-Frédéric Amiel, a man peculiarly dominated by this way of viewing things, wrote in his Journal, "Nothing finite is true, is interesting, is worthy to fix my attention. All that is particular is exclusive, and all that is exclusive repels me. There is nothing non-exclusive but the All; my end is communion with Being through the whole of Being." Now, whatever may be the merits of this point of view, it obviously involves a certain degree of artistic failure. The mystic cannot be entirely successful in art. For art depends on organization in definite forms, and the mystic rejects all particular forms as finite. "Reality, the present, the irreparable, the necessary," writes Amiel, "repel and even terrify me. . . . The life of thought alone seems to me to have enough elasticity and immensity, to be free enough from the irreparable; practical life makes me afraid." Accordingly, men of this temperament are defeated in their search for beauty by an unconquerable shyness of all its incarnations. They fear that in defining their fancy they will vulgarize it. It is their fate to long for an all-inclusive form in a world where forms are mutually exclusive, to strive to utter truth in one great word, when even the shortest sentence must occupy time. Amiel himself is a pathetic example of the mystic's destiny in art. Haunted all his life by the vision of infinite beauty, the conception of absolute truth, he could never bring himself to accept the limitations of all human performance, and his talent was almost as unproductive as it was exalted. He never could embody his aspirations. Tantalizing him with the suggestion of supernal beauties, they resisted all his efforts to come up with and embrace them, because he denied himself the use of those definite forms in which alone, however inadequately, ideals can be realized.

In many respects, César Franck is the analogue in music of Amiel in literature
That vague richness of his emotion
tone, which like a dark background
night is constantly lighted up by mete

outbursts of passion, is strangely like the somber moralizings and speculations, in the "Journal Intime," among which Amiel's cries of spiritual pain, doubt, and longing stand out with such sudden, poignant pathos. Franck has in common with Amiel the mystic's longing for ideal satisfactions, and the mystic's distrust of all finite means of attaining them. He, too, is "afraid" of the forms of practical life, of the conventional devices of musical structure and the types evolved by tradition. He avoids always the obvious, the natural even, and gropes toward some unattainable ideal of expression. So great is his distrust of the understood, the accepted, the usual and intelligible, that he is always leaving the beaten track and roaming afield after some novel and untamed beauty. It will be worth while to get to closer quarters with this tendency, and to see exactly how it operates.

It is hard to make those unacquainted with musical technique understand how much of fixity there is in the musical idiom, how definite are the types of musical form, how potent the requisitions of musical syntax. Yet, without a sense of this fixity in the material, it is impossible to estimate justly those impulses and motives which may lead a composer to violate usages and to disappoint expectations. In the matter of harmony, for instance, there are certain types of procedure, certain progressions and sequences of chords, that are as stable and uniform as the types of animal or vegetable form. A horse, a dog, or a man is not a more definite organism than the two chords in the "Amen" of a hymn tune. This group or cluster of two chords, linked together by a common tone held over from one to the other, yet made distinct by progression of the other voices, is typical of a kind of harmonic form that long usage has established as part of our mental furniture. We are used to thinking of chords thus welded by a common tone, and we demand this sort of coherence in our harmonic progressions, just as we demand that a horse's body shall be furnished with a horse's legs, or that a transitive verb shall have an object. To be sure, this particular sort of cluster, in which both chords are, as we say, consonant, is somewhat less determinate than another sort which we shall describe presently, because, since all the tones of the first chord are equally important, any one may be selected as the link, and there will be consequently some latitude in the choice of the second chord, which completes the group. But within these limits this sort of harmonic type is definite and fixed; and that it is deeply ingrained in our mode of thought is proved by our horror of "consecutive octaves" and "fifths," those bugbears of harmony students, which are bad chiefly because not compatible with the retention of a common linking tone between the two members of the group.

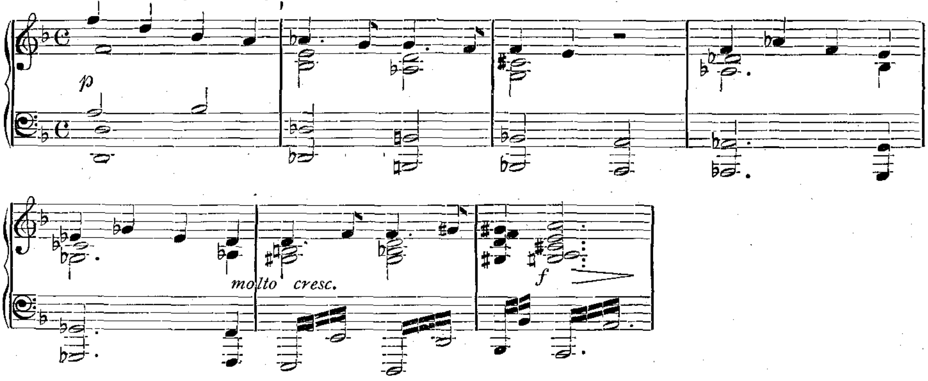
Here we have, then, one of those fundamental harmonic forms which are in music what idioms or phrases are in language. It is striking how sedulously César Franck, distrustful of the definite, the conventional, avoids them. Compared with the work of a keen rationalist like Saint-Saëns, his music is curiously incoherent, curiously loose-knit, groping, and indeterminate. His pages are studded with departures and evasions; he delights in going some other way than we expect, or in writing chords that do not give us even any basis of expectation. Consecutive octaves and fifths, so terrible to lovers of cogency and sequence, are an especial feature of his harmony, giving it that curious lapsing effect so characteristic and indescribable. His entire tone-mass has a trick of sliding bodily up or down, which disconcerts, even while it fascinates, one who is accustomed to harmonic stability. The student need only play over the opening of the Symphony or the first page of the String Quartet to feel that here is a man who treats traditions debonairly, and who thus suggests novel beauties without defining them.

Equally irresponsible is he in his treatment of another sort of harmonic form which is intrinsically even more definite than the clusters of consonant chords like the "Amen." When there is a dissonant tone in the first chord, a tone which, having slight justification for being, presses urgently toward a neighboring tone in the next chord, into which it is said to "resolve," then the cluster, as a whole, is even more determinate. The dissonance introduces a tension that must be relieved in one definite way. It involves its own resolution just as unstable equilibrium in

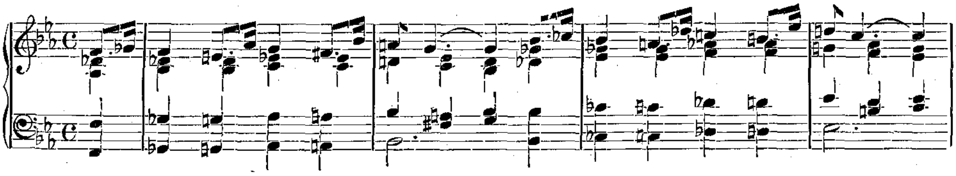
# FIGURE OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

César Franck.

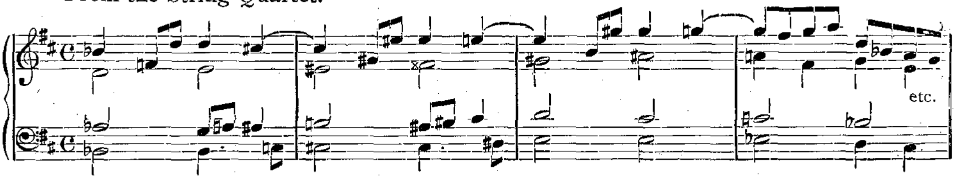
From the Symphony.


p
molto cresc.
f

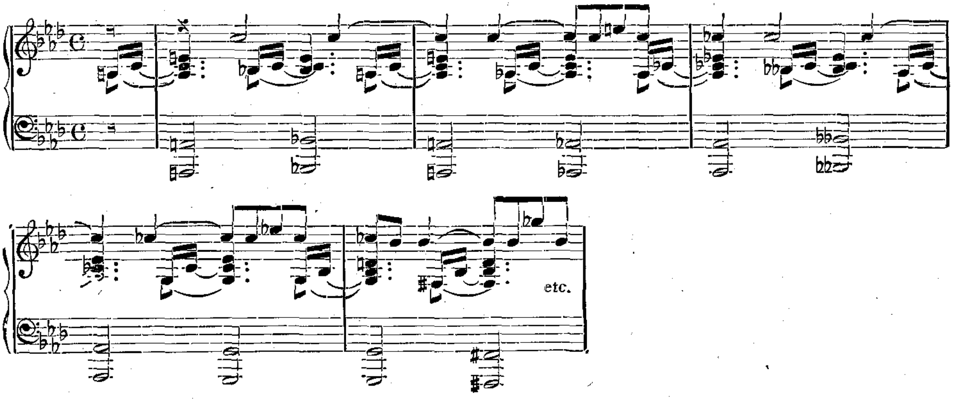
From the Prelude, Choral, and Fugue for Piano.



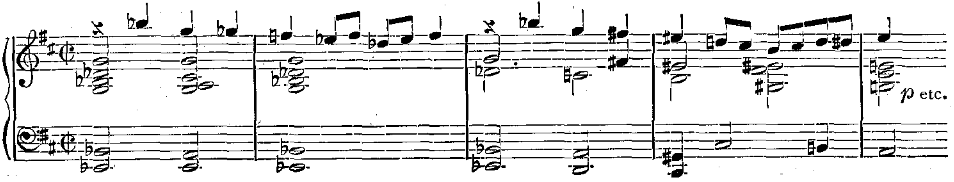
From the String Quartet.



From the Piano Quintet.



From the String Quartet.



a body involves its falling in the direction of the greatest pull. The alien tone in the chord is got rid of by the path of least resistance; it is a foreign element that must be discharged. So potent is this tendency of dissonant tones to resolve that it is one of the chief means of vitalizing the entire musical fabric. Unless music constantly got out of harmony with itself it would no more progress than a man would walk unless before each step he lost his balance. It would stagnate. Consider, for example, the last phrase of that highly vitalized tune "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." No one could attribute stagnation to this phrase, whatever other faults he might find in it; and its impetus is largely due to the vigor with which it lands on the dissonant chord next before the last, and the consequent pull of this chord into the last. Try to conceive of ending without that last chord, that resolution in which the foreign element is discharged and all comes to rest. It is told of Mendelssohn that he rushed down stairs in his night-clothes early one morning to resolve a dominant seventh chord (such as we have on the syllable "Car") which some waggish friend struck and left uncompleted. Mendelssohn was of course unusually sensitive to harmonic law, but it is not too much to draw from this incident the conclusion that a chord which can get a man out of bed in the morning to resolve it must pretty potently suggest resolution. Dissonant chords, in fact, are anything but inert elements in the chemistry of harmonic composition. They have strong affinities and combine powerfully.

Yet César Franck is inclined either to ignore these tendencies or to shift them into unexpected and circuitous channels. The dissonant chords, though they occur often in his work, seldom take their normal course. They are led into new dissonances, diverted to alien keys, subjected to ingenious modifications, and in all ways wrested from the realm of the obvious. Towards the end of the Introduction to the first movement of the String Quartet, for instance, the student will find dominant sevenths most interestingly unfaithful to their family tradition, and effecting modulation through distant keys. Similar treatment will be found on almost any page in this Quartet, in the Quintet, the Symphony, and the piano works. Thus, Franck not only goes counter to the less determinate harmonic types in which both chords are consonant, but he loves to disappoint our expectations when they are strongly established by dissonances. Nothing is more characteristic of him than the formal indefiniteness of his harmony. Full as it is of delicious and unwonted beauties, it lacks accurate organization, clarity, and solidity of chord sequence. It is a web of shifting tones, without obvious interrelationship and inevitable progression.[1]

When we turn to Franck's treatment of meter and rhythm, we get some new side-lights on the way his mysticism affects his music. He is, in the first place, noticeably lacking in that vigor of pulse, that strong accentuation, which is the delight of active temperaments. He sings constantly, almost never dances. After a while the intensity of the song-like phrases, so packed with emotion, becomes cloying, and we long for a little of the headlong, thoughtless progress of Grieg and Dvořák. We need the relaxation of muscular activity. It would be a relief to stop feeling for a moment and be borne along on a wave of perfectly unemotional "passage-work." But Franck never relieves himself and his hearer by passages of brisk motion in which the interest is entirely active; he is, so to speak, a very sedentary composer. And so the rare beauties that stud the page lose something by being set so thickly. The richness of Franck's emotional impulse is a disadvantage to his metrical structure. The same thing, again, is true of his rhythm or phraseology. We saw how elementary metrical groups—measures—were built up into phrases and tunes, and how the strongest synthetic minds got the greatest variety and breadth of phrase. Now Franck's phrasing, like Grieg's, is of the primitive kind that reveals lack of mental concentration, inability to build up wide and complex forms. Draw a line across his staff at every breathing-point, and your lines will fall pretty regularly after the measures whose numbers are multiples of four. Try the same thing with Beethoven, and there will be no telling where the lines will come, so varied is the phraseology.

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[1] Illustrations of Franck's harmonic methods will be found in the figure of examples on the preceding page.

In comparison, Franck's themes seem hardly more than bundles of motifs, loosely tied together. And of course this effect is unfortunately reinforced by the peculiarities of his harmony. How could a theme hold itself together in such a kaleidoscope? How could it sustain itself on such a tonal quicksand? Thus his tunes, rich as they are in single phrases of poignant beauty, seldom develop much breadth. They start out well, but soon lose themselves in the web or fall into poorly welded segments. In the larger structural arrangement of his material as well as in his primary metrical order he falls short of the perfect organization of more powerful minds.

Franck illustrates, then, in many ways, in his erratic treatment of harmony, in his metrical monotony, and in his "shortness of breath," the mystic's failure to master form. And yet, so beautiful are his effects, so arresting is his personality, one feels instinctively that there is in him something which destructive criticism cannot assail. The very inarticulateness of the mystic is, in fact, a sort of eloquence, perhaps all the more persuasive because it hints at beauties rather than defines them. However beyond his reach his aspirations may be, so long as they are genuine and ardent he will have his unique artistic message. His work will gain a pathetic appeal from the very fact that it suggests feelings it cannot embody, and his inarticulateness may even open up ways to new modes of utterance by reminding men that there are truths other than those their formulas so smugly stereotype. Thus a writer like Amiel, ineffective as he seems from one point of view, is not without his liberalizing influence in literature. In the same way, César Franck, the mystic among musicians, thanks to his profound insight and emotion, combined though they be with the characteristic shortcomings of the seer, will widen the scope of future musical technique and expression.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—The Prelude, Choral, and Fugue for piano are to be had in the Collection Litolff. The Prelude, Aria, and Finale are published by J. Hamelle, Paris. These are the only piano pieces of Franck that are easily obtainable. The house of Hamelle also issues a four-hand arrangement of the Symphony, and Durand, of Paris, publishes a four-hand arrangement of the three masterly Chorals for organ, as well as the original edition of these, and of two sets of organ pieces, one of six and the other of three. The "Beatitudes" has been reprinted, with English words, by G. Schirmer. A few of Franck's songs, particularly "La Procession," "Panis Angelicus," and "Le Mariage des Roses," will be found in the portfolios of most large music-dealers.

# My Fleet

By Edwin A. Schell

My gallant bark sailed out at morn,
Out on the tide;
Fair blew the wind, serene the skies,
I laughed in pride.
The welcome waves like faithful friends
Rolled in its track:
The ship was Youth—I watched in vain,
It came not back.

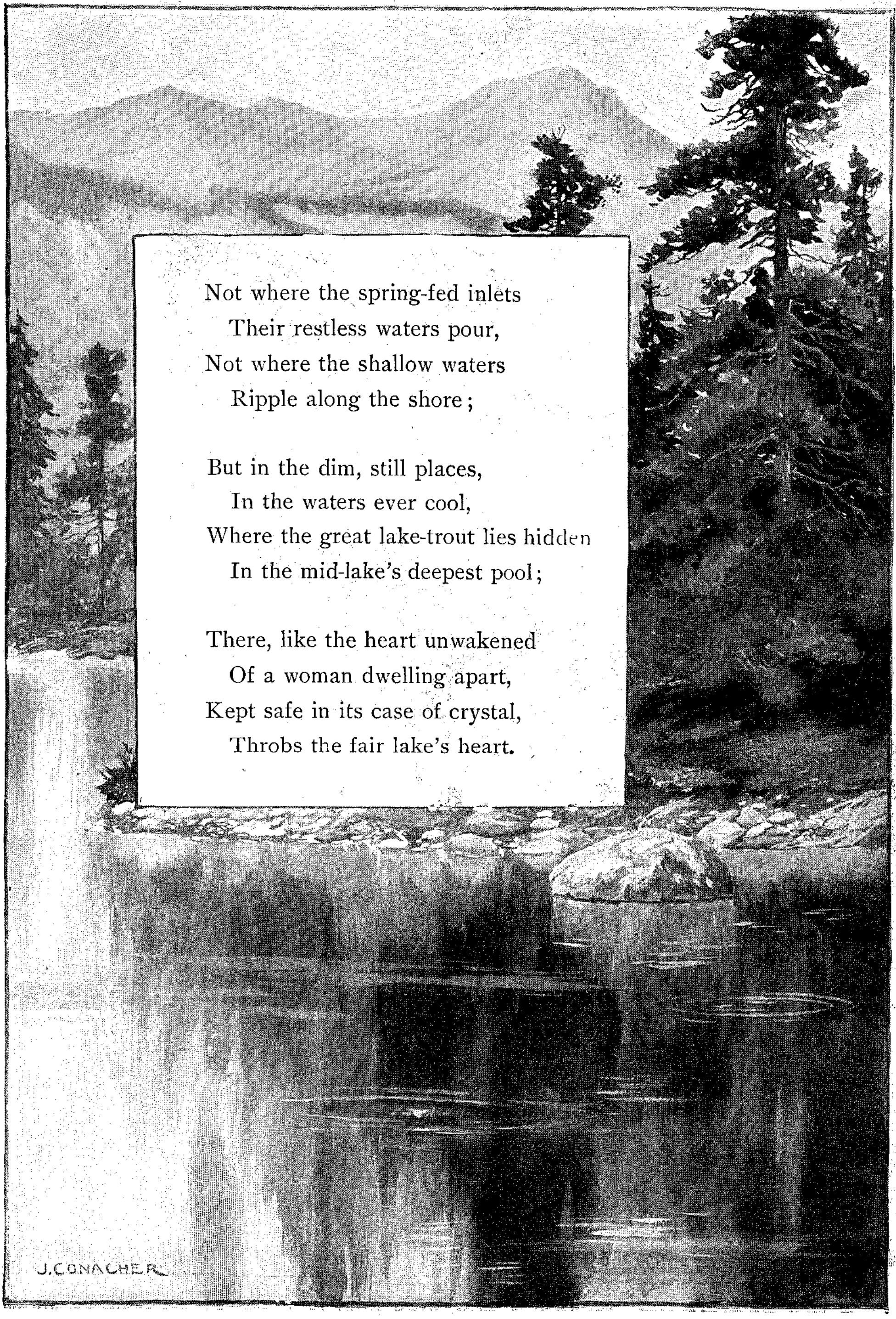
Still brave of heart, a second craft
I sent to sea,
Wealth, friends, and honor from afar
To bring to me.
A passing captain spoke it once,
Such is report:
Though signaled oft, my ship of Hope
Comes not to port.

Then, feeling deep, and anxious still
To do my best,
A loyal fleet, with captains bold,
Sailed to the west.
The big four-masters, "Industry,"
"Economy,"
"Ambition," "Fame," they too were lost:
Alas for me!

But faith unmoved persuaded me
To try again,
And so the ship of Love I sent
Across the main.
Quick the return, and loaded deep
With charity:
O happy ship, fitted to bear
Life's argosy!

# THE HEART of the LAKE

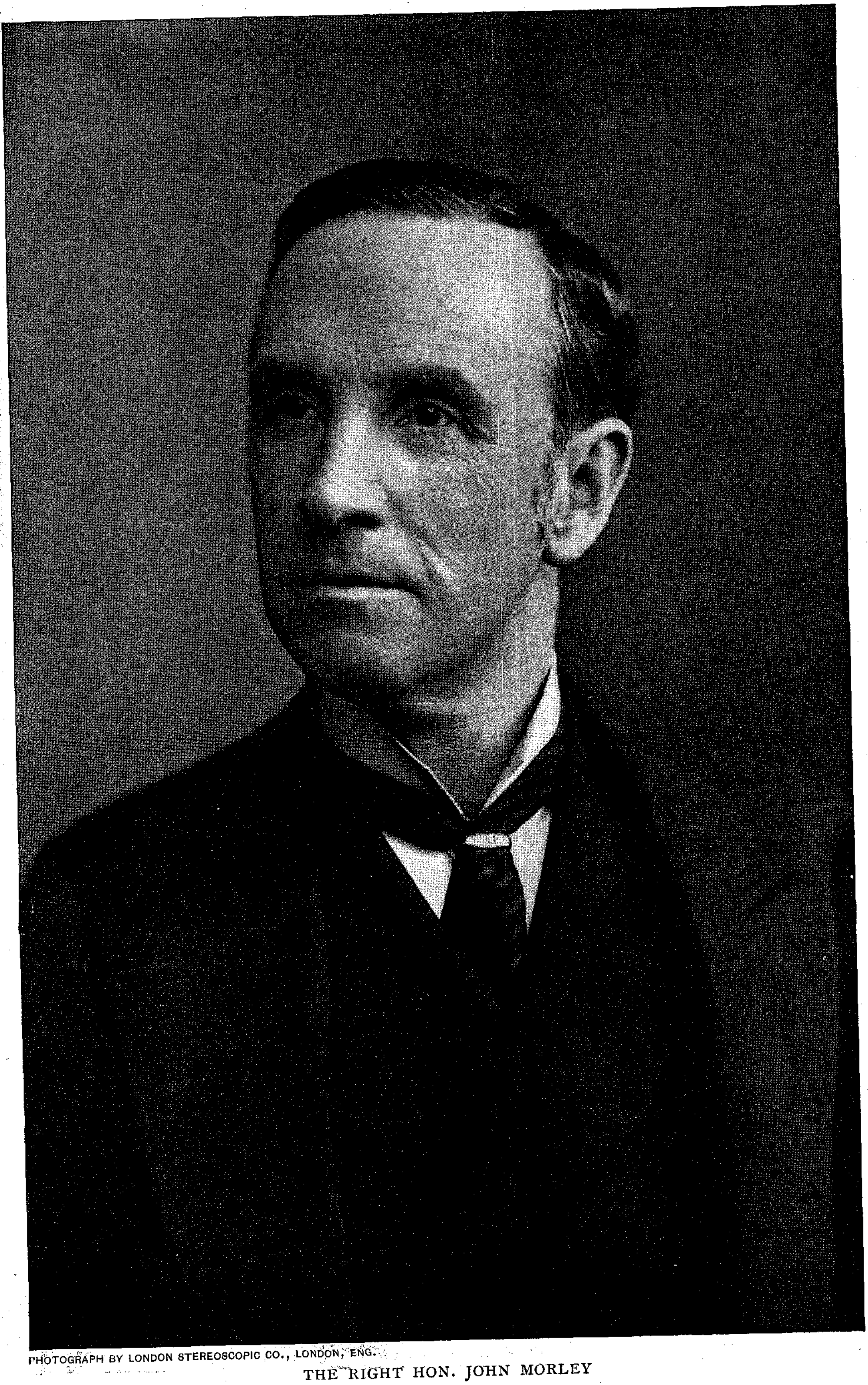
### BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER



Not where the spring-fed inlets
  Their restless waters pour,
Not where the shallow waters
  Ripple along the shore;

But in the dim, still places,
  In the waters ever cool,
Where the great lake-trout lies hidden
  In the mid-lake's deepest pool;

There, like the heart unwakened
  Of a woman dwelling apart,
Kept safe in its case of crystal,
  Throbs the fair lake's heart.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO., LONDON, ENG.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY

# John Morley[1]

### By Justin McCarthy

NO English public man of the present day has had a more remarkable political career than that of John Morley. Almost everything that could be against success in political life was against John Morley when he arose from the student's desk to take his place on the political platform. I am not now making any allusion to the difficulties set in a man's way by those accidents which the first Lord Lytton described grandiloquently as the "twin gaolers of the human heart, low birth and iron fortune." I am not quite certain what iron fortune may be, but if I assume it to be early poverty I do not regard it as a very formidable obstruction to human genius in our times. We have many successful men in public life just now who were born in humble station and had to struggle hard for a long time against poverty. John Morley was not born in humble life, as the phrase goes, and had not, so far as I know, to struggle against early poverty. He had an Oxford University education and was called to the bar, but did not make any effort after success in that profession. The difficulties to which I have alluded as standing in his way when he determined to seek a career in political and Parliamentary life had nothing to do with birth and with poverty—they were of quite a different order.

Morley had taken to literature as a profession, and had made for himself a distinguished name as a writer of books and an editor of reviews and newspapers before he obtained a seat in the House of Commons. Now, there is, or used to be, a sort of fixed belief in the British public mind that a literary man is not, in the nature of things, qualified for success in Parliamentary work. We are somewhat getting over this idea of late, and indeed there were at all times living evidences enough to shake such a faith. The generation which recognized the success won in Parliamentary debate by a Macaulay, a Disraeli, and a Lytton Bulwer might well have got over the notion that literary men cannot succeed in Parliament; but even up to the time of John Morley's election to the House of Commons the idea found still a very general acceptation. Another and much more serious difficulty in John Morley's way was the fact that he was a proclaimed agnostic in questions of religious faith. Now, the average Englishman can hardly be described as one imbued with profound and exalted religious convictions, but it may be taken for granted that he thinks every respectable person who is fit to be a member of Parliament ought to conform to some recognized creed and to attend some authorized place of worship. John Morley was at one time not merely an agnostic, but an avowed and somewhat aggressive agnostic, and his brilliant pen had often been employed to deal satirically with some established doctrine. In England there is little or no general objection to freedom of opinion so long as it is a question merely of opinion. We may know that a man holds freethinking opinions, but we feel no wish to inflict any manner of punishment or deprivation on him so long as he keeps his opinions to himself and does not endeavor to make them prevail with others. This, however, was what John Morley had got into the way of doing. When he felt a strong conviction on any subject which seemed to him important, he always endeavored to justify his faith by argument and to bring others round to his views of the question.

I can well remember that many of Morley's admirers and friends were but little gratified when it was first made known that he intended to seek for a seat in the House of Commons. Their impression was that he was just then doing in effective and admirable style the very kind of work for which he was best qualified, and that it was a pity he should run the risk of marring such a career for the sake of entering a political field in which he might possibly win no success, and in which success, even if won, would be poor compensation for the sacrifice of better work. Morley, however, seems to have made up his mind, even at an early period of his career, that he would try his chance in Parliament. So long ago as 1865 he became a candidate for a constituency in the North of England, but was not successful; and in 1880, after he had won genuine celebrity by his biography of Edmund Burke, that of Voltaire, that of Rousseau, and other books of the same order, he became a candidate for the great metropolitan division of Westminster. Here again he was unsuccessful, and it was only in 1883 that he first obtained a seat in the House of Commons as the representative of Newcastle-on-Tyne. I can well remember listening with the deepest interest to his maiden speech in the House of Commons. The general impression of the House was that the speech would prove a failure, for only too many members had already made up their minds, according to the usual fashion of the day, that a successful literary man was not likely to become a Parliamentary success. There was a common impression also that, despite his great gifts as a writer and his proved capacity as a journalist and editor, John Morley must be an impracticable sort of person. He had been at one time well known as an associate of the famous Positivist order of thinkers—the order to which men like Frederic Harrison and Richard Congreve belonged—and the average member of Parliament could see no chance for a disciple of that school, which this average member regarded merely as a group of dreamers, to make any mark in a practical assembly where the routine business of legislation had to be carried on. Morley's speech was, however, a distinct and unmistakable success.

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[1] This forms the third of a series of articles on living British statesmen. The first, on Mr. Balfour, was printed in The Outlook for August 16; the second, on Lord Salisbury, in The Outlook for September 6. Other subjects of articles will be James Bryce, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir William Harcourt, John Burns, Henry Labouchere, Lord Aberdeen.

What first impressed the House of Commons was the ready, quiet force of Morley's delivery. He had a fine, clear voice, he spoke without notes and without any manifest evidence of preparation, every sentence expressed without effort the precise meaning which he wished to convey, and his style had an eloquence peculiarly its own. What most men expected of him was the philosophical discourse of a student and a thinker no longer in his fitting place, and what was least expected of him was just that which he delivered, a ready, telling, and powerful Parliamentary speech. He had some unexpected difficulties to encounter, because he gave out his opinions so forcibly and so boldly that their utterance called forth frequent interruptions—an unusual event in the case of a maiden speech, which is generally regarded as a mere introductory ceremonial and is taken politely as a necessary matter of form. The House soon found, however, that John Morley's speech did not by any means belong to the ordinary category of maiden performances, and the very interruptions were therefore a positive tribute to the importance of the new member's argument. The interruptions were in every sense fortunate for Morley, because they enabled him at this very first opportunity to prove his ready capacity for debate. He replied on the spur of the moment to every interruption and every interjected question, and he showed all the composure, all the promptitude and the command, of a practiced Parliamentary debater. Every man in the House whose opinion was worth having at once recognized the fact that a new force had come up in Parliamentary debate, and when John Morley resumed his seat he must have known that he had accomplished a complete success. From that time onward John Morley has always been recognized as one of the most powerful speakers in the House of Commons. His voice is clear, resonant, and musical, the light of intellect gleams in his earnest eyes, his argument is always well sustained and set off with varied and appropriate illustration, and whenever he rises to speak he is sure to have a deeply attentive audience.

Morley is not in the highest sense one of the orators of Parliament. He is not to be classed, and has never sought to be classed, with such men as Gladstone and Bright. But, short of the highest gift of eloquence, he has every quality needed to make a great Parliamentary debater. When he addresses the House of Commons, one ceases to think of him merely as the scholar and the author, and he becomes the man who can command the House by the arguments and the eloquence which the House best understands. There are many men of high intellectual capacity who occasionally take part in a Parliamentary debate and who are always regarded as in the House but not of it. John Morley proved from his very first effort that he was of the House as well as in it. I have heard him make great platform speeches, and I think he comes nearer to the highest order of eloquence when addressing an ordinary political meeting than even when addressing the House, but it is quite certain that at the present time the House of Commons has no member who can more completely command its attention. It must be said, too, that the character of the man himself, his transparent sincerity, his absolute devotedness to principle, his fearless and unselfish consistency, count for much in the commanding position which he has obtained. The integrity of Morley's career is absolutely beyond criticism or cavil. It never entered into the mind of his bitterest opponent to suspect for a moment that Morley could be influenced by any personal consideration in the course which he took or the words which he uttered. Other men of high position in Parliament are commonly set down as having taken this or that course, modified or suppressed this or that opinion, for the sake of personal advancement, or at least for the sake of maintaining the interests of a party. But everybody knows that John Morley has never sought for office, and could never be induced to make any compromise of political principle even for the sake of maintaining in power the political party to which he belongs. The universal recognition of that great quality in him has added unspeakably to his influence in Parliament. He was not at any time a frequent speaker in the House of Commons, and of course he never was a mere talker. He speaks only when he has something to say which he believes ought to be said and to be said by him, and he never seems to have any temptation to enter into debate for the mere pleasure of taking part in the controversy. If a man is really a good speaker, the House is always ready to listen to him no matter how often he may speak, for the plain reason that debate has to go on for a certain number of hours each day, and it is more pleasant to listen to a member who talks well than to one who talks badly. But, no matter how effective and eloquent a speaker may be, it is quite certain that the House will give him a more attentive ear if it knows beforehand that whenever he rises to take part in debate it is sure to hear something which up to that moment has not been spoken. John Morley, therefore, very soon became one of that small body of men in the House of Commons whose rising to speak is always regarded as an event of interest and importance.

In the retrospect of John Morley's career one is brought up with something approaching to a shock of surprise when he remembers that at the opening of Morley's Parliamentary life he was closely associated with Joseph Chamberlain. I remember having heard people say at the time that Chamberlain took much credit to himself on the ground that he had urged and prevailed upon John Morley to persevere in seeking a seat in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain was at that time an extreme and uncompromising Radical. He was an avowed and constant supporter of the Home Rule party; was in close alliance with Parnell; took a leading part in the arrangement of the so-called Kilmainham Treaty, and delivered a warm panegyric on Parnell himself and Parnell's policy to a crowded and for the most part an indignant House of Commons. There was, therefore, nothing surprising in the fact that Morley and Chamberlain were at that time friends and allies in political affairs, nor had any one then the faintest reason to believe that Chamberlain was ever destined to undergo a sudden and miraculous conversion to ultra-Tory principles. When Mr. Gladstone came into office in 1886 with what was known to be a Home Rule administration, John Morley obtained the position of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with a seat in the Cabinet. It is not by any means a matter of course that the Irish Chief Secretary should be a Cabinet Minister. Sometimes the Lord Lieutenant himself has a place in the Cabinet and the Chief Secretary is merely an ordinary member of the Government; sometimes, when the Chief Secretary is regarded as a very strong man, he is invited to a seat in the Cabinet and his official master remains outside. John Morley was recognized from the first by Gladstone as a man of the highest political capacity and character, and when the new administration came to be formed Gladstone made evident this estimate of Morley by offering him a place in the Cabinet. The keenest interest was felt alike both by political friends and political enemies in Morley's management of Irish affairs. The new Secretary for Ireland was entering bravely on an enterprise the immediate success of which was, under the conditions, absolutely impossible. I have no doubt whatever that success could have been easily and completely accomplished if John Morley had been allowed his own way in dealing with the whole Irish question—if, for instance, he had been placed in such a position of dictatorship as that which was given to Lord Durham when Durham was sent out to deal with the rebellion in Canada. Durham saw but one remedy for the long discontents and troubles of the Canadian populations, and that remedy he found in the system of Home Rule which has since made Canada peaceful, prosperous, and well content with the place she holds in the British Empire. If John Morley could have been invested with such powers as those given to Lord Durham, he might have made of Ireland another prosperous and contented Canada. But Morley had to administer the affairs of Ireland at a time when the opinion of the English majority had not yet risen to the principle of Home Rule, at least so far as Ireland was concerned, and without such recognition it was beyond the reach of statesmanship to satisfy the national demands of the Irish people. Every Irish Nationalist knew perfectly well that John Morley's heart and intellect alike were with the cause of Irish Home Rule. All that Morley could do to mitigate the troubles of the country and the people he did bravely and steadfastly. Ireland was then the victim of an accumulation of coercion laws which made almost every popular movement, every attempt to maintain an oppressed tenant against an oppressive landlord, every protest against despotic legislation, liable to be treated as an offense calling for the interference of the police. John Morley did all that could be done to mitigate the rigors of such a system, and to administer Ireland on something like the principles of civilization and freedom. He had in this task the full support, encouragement, and sympathy of the statesman who was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—the Earl of Aberdeen, a man of the most thoroughly Liberal principles and a sincere friend to Ireland. But, of course, neither Lord Aberdeen nor John Morley could abolish at a word of command a whole system of penal legislation, and all that could be done was to take care that the laws should be administered in a temperate and reasonable spirit, and that the rulers of Ireland should show themselves to be at heart the friends of Ireland.

There comes back to my memory a somewhat curious illustration of the difficulties which then stood in the way of any cordial intercourse between the representatives of English rule in Ireland and the representatives of the Irish national cause, and I cannot resist the temptation to tell the story here. During Morley's first term of office as Chief Secretary I made some visits to Dublin. I had many meetings with Morley, of course, and he invited me to dine with him at the Chief Secretary's Lodge in Phœnix Park. Now, there had been during all my time a rigorous rule among Irish Nationalists not to accept any of the hospitalities of those who exercised imperial authority in Dublin. No true Nationalist would make one at any social gathering in the official residence of the Viceroy or the Chief Secretary. There were more than merely sentimental reasons for such a principle. In former days the Irish people had in several well-remembered instances seen how some vehement advocate of the Irish National cause had been won over by the promises and the blandishments of Dublin Castle to take office under the Government and to renounce the political faith the profession of which had won for him his seat in Parliament. Therefore it was above all things necessary, in order to maintain the confidence of the Irish people, that the national representatives should show themselves determined not to be drawn into any familiar social relations with the representatives of English rule in Ireland. This was especially a part of Parnell's policy, and on it Parnell laid much stress. John Morley came over to Ireland in a spirit of full friendship towards the Irish people, and he had every reason to believe that the Irish people thoroughly understood his feelings and his hopes. He and I had known each other during many years in London, and when we met in Dublin, he, being still new to the conditions of the place, invited me to dine with him. I explained to him that, however delighted I should be to dine with my friend John Morley, it was quite impossible that I should dine with the Chief Secretary at his official residence in Dublin. I assured him that if I were to accept such an invitation the Tory papers of Dublin would be certain to make characteristic comments on the fact that the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant and the Vice-Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party had been dining together in the Chief Secretary's official home, and that we should both alike find ourselves the objects of something approaching to a public scandal. Morley was surprised at first and then a good deal amused, but he accepted my explanation, and thoroughly understood that it was not any want of friendly feeling which led me to decline his invitation. So we parted as good friends as ever. We still met frequently and talked over questions relating to Irish administration. One day Morley came to see me at the Shelburne Hotel, which was then my home in Dublin. We had a long talk, and, as the hour was growing late, I asked him to stay and dine with me, not remembering at the time that the eye of the public was supposed to be on our movements. One of Morley's happiest gifts is a delightful sense of humor. He rose to the situation at once. Addressing me in solemn tones, but with a gleam of the comic in his eyes, he informed me that if my principles did not allow me to dine with the Chief Secretary in Dublin, so neither did the Chief Secretary's principles allow him to dine there with me. Thus, as some newspaper writers would say, the incident terminated, and we made no further effort at convivial meetings in Dublin.

John Morley's quick sense of humor is not one of the qualities which a stranger would naturally look for in him. Those who have not met him and have known him only through his writings are apt to think of him as a grave and even an austere man, a man wholly immersed in the serious contemplation of life and history, and, if endowed with any sense of humor, only with a sense of its more grim and saturnine aspects. The man himself is altogether and curiously unlike the impression thus formed of him very commonly by those to whom he is not personally known. John Morley has a quick, keen, and delightful sense of humor. He can talk on any subject from grave to gay, from lively to severe. He is one of the most charming of companions, and he is a great favorite among women, even among those who do not greatly concern themselves with the question of woman's political emancipation. There is nothing of the stern philosopher about his manner of comporting himself in social life. Indeed, for all the clear composure of his philosophic contemplations, he has a temperament far too quick and sensitive to allow of his meeting all life's vexatious questions in the mood of stoical endurance. He is by nature somewhat nervous, is decidedly quick in temper, frankly acknowledges that he is rather impatient of contradiction, and is likely to become overheated in the course of an eager argument. I feel the less hesitation in noticing these little peculiarities on the part of my friend because I have heard Morley himself speak of them with perfect frankness as some of his troubles in political controversy. I must say that, so far as I know, these unphilosophical qualities of Morley's temperament only tend to make him all the more a charming friend to his friends. We may admire the marble-like composure of the stern philosopher who yields to no passing human weaknesses of temper, but it must be very hard to keep always on friendly terms with so superhuman a personage.

Mr. Morley goes into society a good deal in London, is often to be seen at the theaters on first nights, seems to enjoy a dinner party or an evening party as well as the most commonplace among us might do, but I do not believe that he has any liking for great shows and pompous celebrations and the other formal demonstrations of Court festivity and Ministerial display. In his quiet London home he leads the life of a man of culture, a scholar and a writer, so far as his political and Parliamentary engagements allow him leisure for such recreation, and he neither seeks the madding crowd nor shuns it. It has always been a wonder to me how such a man can find time for his many and diverse studies and occupations, and should never either neglect the work of his life or shut himself away from its reasonable enjoyments. John Morley is indeed a rare and almost unique combination of the philosophical thinker, the vivid biographer, the Parliamentary debater, and the practical administrator. His life of Richard Cobden is one of the most complete and characteristic pieces of biography accomplished during our time. There would not seem to have been much that was congenial between the temperament of Richard Cobden and that of John Morley. Cobden was not a laborious student of the past; he had no widespread and varied literary or artistic sympathies; he did not concern himself much with any scientific studies except those which have to do with the actual movements of man's working lifetime; he was a great practical reformer, not a scholar, a philosopher, or even a devoted lover of books. I do not know that John Morley was personally well acquainted with Cobden, and I am rather inclined to believe that in his biography of the great free-trader he relied mainly on Cobden's correspondence and on the information given to him by members of Cobden's family. Yet he has created a perfect living picture of Cobden as Cobden's friends all knew him, and he has shown to coming generations, not merely what Cobden said and did, what great reforms he accomplished, and what further reforms he ever had in view, but he has shown what Cobden actually was, and made the man himself a familiar figure to all who read the book. So far as I can judge, he has achieved the same success when telling us of Burke, of Voltaire, and of Rousseau, and has made us feel that with his guidance we come to know the men themselves as well as the parts they performed in politics or in literature.

Morley has for a long time been engaged in preparing his life of Gladstone, and the mind of England, which has long been distracted by the vicissitudes of war, is now free to turn to quieter thoughts, and to look with eager expectation for the completion of the book. No other living man could have anything like John Morley's qualifications as the biographer of Gladstone. He is one of the greatest masters of lucid and vigorous English prose. He has been what I may call a professional student of the lives of great men; he is a profound political thinker; and he has the faculty of describing to the life and making his subject live again. In addition to all these claims to the position of Gladstone's authorized biographer comes the fact that Morley was for many years intrusted with Gladstone's fullest confidence. To no one did Gladstone make his feelings and his purposes on all political questions more fully known than to John Morley; and I think I am justified in saying that at more than one critical period in his later political history Gladstone chose Morley as his especial and, for the time, his only confidant. I can say of my own knowledge that in the later years of Gladstone's active political life there were momentous occasions when John Morley acted as the one sole medium of private communication between Gladstone and the leaders of the Irish party. I know, too, how careful and methodical Morley showed himself on all such occasions, and with what ample and accurate notes he preserved the exact record of every day's intercommunications. This is, indeed, one of Morley's characteristic peculiarities—the combination of exalted thought with the most minute attention to the very routine of practical work. That combination of qualities will display itself, I feel quite certain, with complete success in Morley's history of Gladstone's life. John Morley has still, we may well hope, a long political career before him. When the Liberal party next comes into power, John Morley will unquestionably have one of its most commanding offices placed at his disposal. Meanwhile he has ample work on hand even for his energy and perseverance. He is just finishing his life of Gladstone, and is to take charge of the magnificent library which belonged to the late Lord Acton, the greatest English scholar and book-lover of our time. Mr. Carnegie's gift of this great library, lately bought by him, to John Morley is an act which does honor to the intellect as well as to the heart of the generous donor. Whatever positions, honors, or responsibilities may be yet before John Morley, it may be taken for granted that he has already won for himself a secure place in the literature and the political life of his country, and that his name will live in its history.

# Memories of a Hundred Years[1]

## By *Edward Everett Hale*

## XIII.

### LITERATURE

NO, we will not deceive ourselves. The physical power at almost every man's hand in the United States is now a thousand times greater than it was in 1801.

Thus, there were then only five steam-engines in the country. All together they did not use as much power as is used in one large locomotive to-day.

Two "power-houses in Niagara" utilize fifty thousand "horse-power" where within ten miles in 1801 there was not so much as one horse serving man or God.

An ocean steamship in her six days' voyage from New York to Liverpool develops more power than Cheops had at his command when he built the great Pyramid.

But these are only physical victories.

They are second to the victories or steps of advance which the country has won in its knowledge of the Eternities—in men's progress in Faith and Hope and Love.

My father was a printer. As printing-houses go, his was one of the very smallest. But it was a printing-office. He printed a daily newspaper also for fifty years.

When he died in 1863, I calculated that he had printed more words in that half-century than would have been found in all the libraries in the world the day the century came in.

Or compare colleges and schools. Massachusetts has stood as well as any State in arrangements for education. In 1800 she had two colleges, and in both there were hardly two hundred students. In the same State there are now thirteen colleges, of which the largest has 5,124 students and teachers, and the smallest, I suppose, four hundred. The average attendance of collegiate students is probably one hundred times as large as it was then.

In more than twenty towns in Massachusetts there are now well-equipped buildings for high schools, each more costly and on a larger scale than any building which Harvard College had when I graduated in 1839.

In 1775 there were thirty-seven newspapers in the United States; one was published twice a week, the others were all weeklies. It would be an overestimate if we guessed that the weekly circulation of them all was forty thousand copies. One New York paper now prints more than five hundred thousand copies every day of the three hundred and sixty-five, and every copy contains more of what is called "matter," by a certain satire, than any one of the 1775 journals printed in a year. Twenty-two thousand newspapers are now regularly published here.

The increase of population in the same time is fourteen-fold. The census of 1800 showed a population of five million three hundred thousand, that of 1900 showed seventy-five million.

These fragmentary statements are enough to show that the enlargement of the life, whether of individual men or women or of the country, has advanced in directions which are utterly outside of the mechanism of statistics. Now one does not pretend that reading, writing, and arithmetic are the signs of spiritual life or moral victory. But they are excellent tools for a child of God to handle, and we who are trying to study the century, so as to find out whether the kingdom of God or the chaos of the devil made headway, may pay some such attention to the tools which men and women have had in hand as the century went by.

Without counting words or pages, it is enough if you will try to read the publications of 1800. Compare the exhibition which they give of the real life of men and women against what we know of the lives of men and women now, and we shall begin to see how it is that the living men

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[1] Copyright, 1901, the Outlook Company.

and women of to-day can control the senseless giants of physical power which in a hundred years God and his children have called into being.

Among a hundred illustrations, the change in literature is one of the most interesting. Its importance must not be overrated, but it is not to be slightly spoken of.

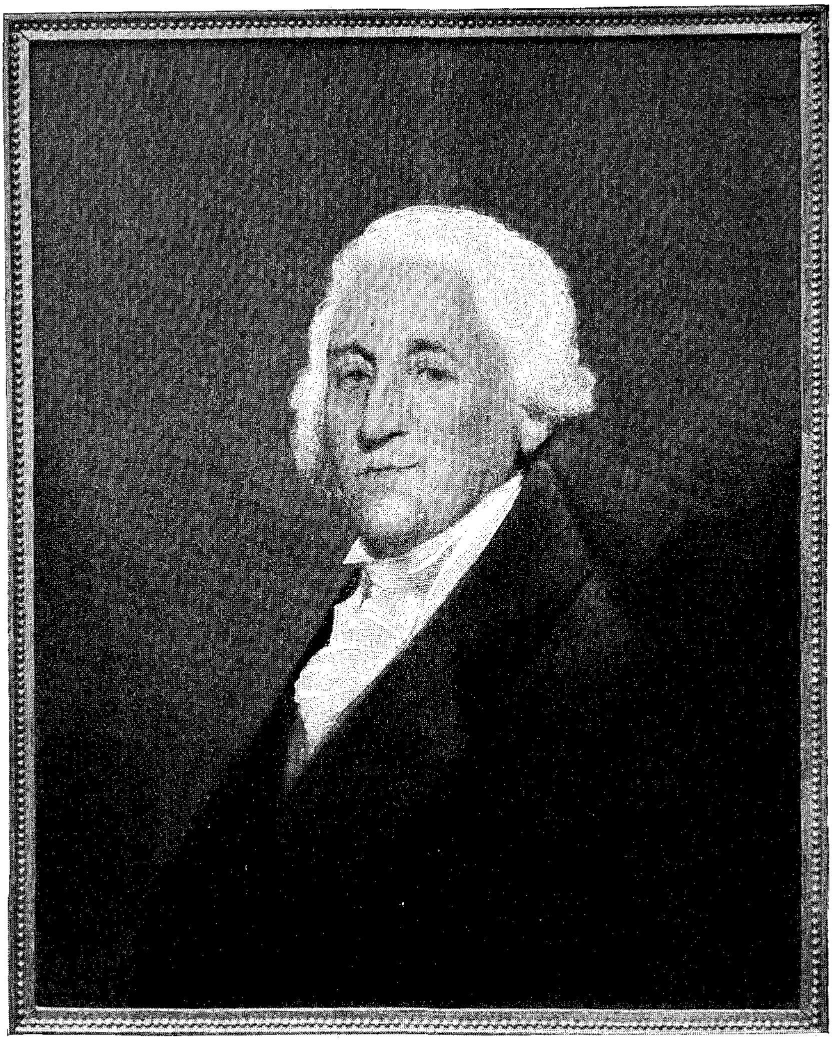
It is, for instance, easy to see that whenever an American wanted to enlarge his life in study, he went, of course, to England. It was precisely as Martial went from Spain to Rome.

Washington Irving, as soon as he had felt his own power, went in 1804 to the south of Europe. At Rome he made the friendship of Washington Allston; and in eighteen months he had traveled through the Continent of Europe. He came back to America and tried to live here, but after eight years, in which he joined in the Salmagundi and published Knickerbocker, he went to Europe again. He then lived there seventeen years. Simply, this means that he could not live here. For a man like him, the intellectual, spiritual, æsthetic, and literary life of England and the rest of Europe offered advantages, not to say temptations, which America could not offer. That is one instance, which could be multiplied indefinitely, which shows the intellectual desolateness of our own country for the first quarter of a century.

Joel Barlow, as a matter of course, had published his poem in London. As late as 1821 Alexander Everett published his "Europe" in London and reprinted it in his own country. The remark of Sydney Smith's, so often cited, "Who reads an American book?" has been bitterly resented here. But it implied what was substantially true, and it is a convenient enough guide-post to show where the roadway of that time led men. One has only to look at the early American book catalogues and advertisements, say at the droll list which the great house of Harper published in its first five years, to see that in truth there was no important American literature.

I have given a former chapter to the historians, or to a few of them whom I knew. I did not speak, as I would be

STOUGHTON HALL, HARVARD COLLEGE
Built after Old Stoughton was burned down in 1775.



ABIEL SMITH

Founder of the Smith Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard College.

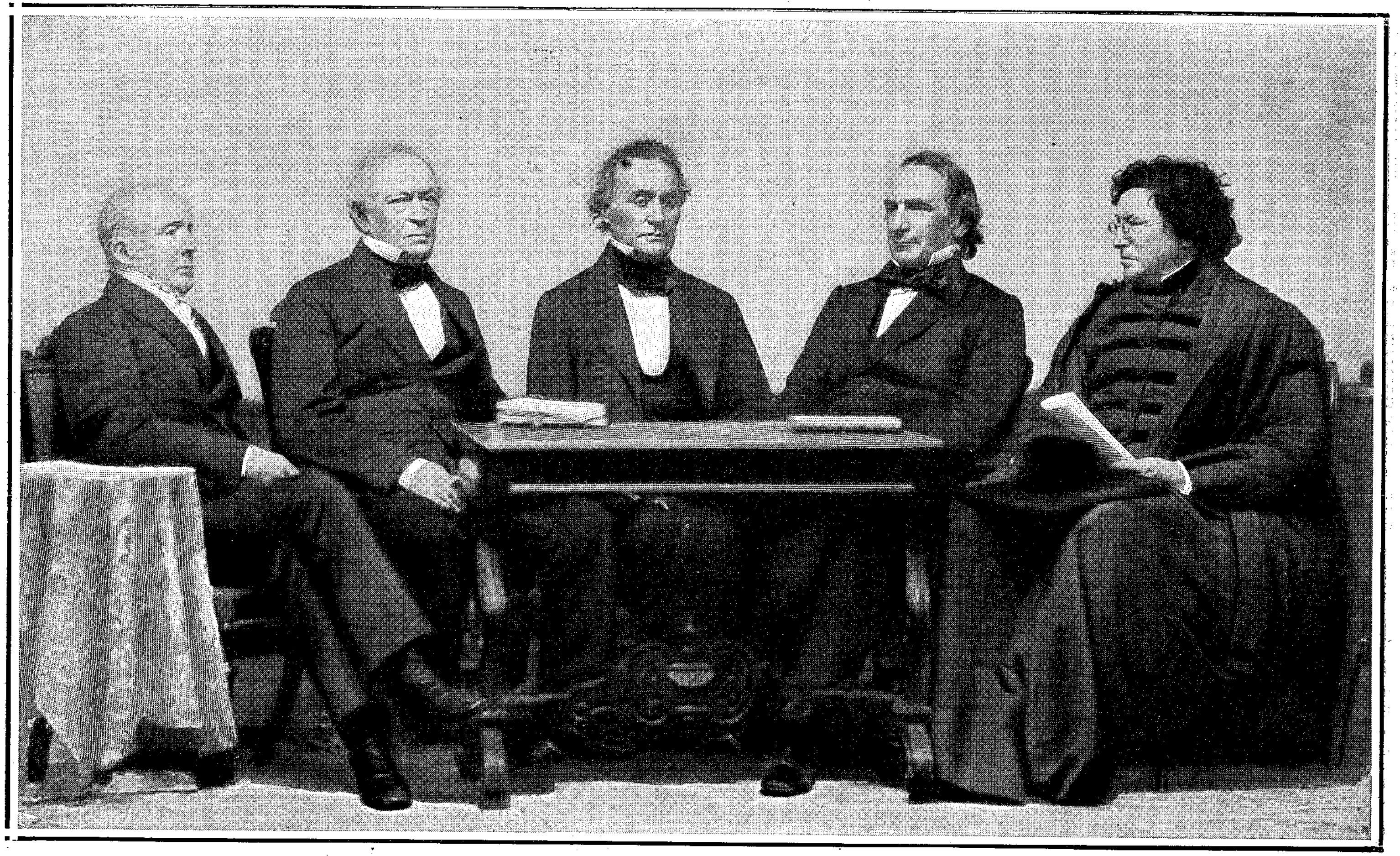
glad to do, of Lothrop Motley, or of Francis Parkman, or of John Fiske, all of whom I knew. It is wholly fair to say that there is now a school of American History.

Of the poets we can in this number give only a few words to one little company of American poets, who, as it happened, were near personal friends and lived close to each other and ought to be spoken of together.

## EMERSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson returned from his first visit to Europe in 1833. It was soon made known that he would be a lecturer rather than a preacher, and, under the admirable arrangements of the old Lyceum systems, he was engaged to deliver some lectures in Boston in the course of what was called the Useful Knowledge Society. I heard those lectures, of which the one which I remember was that on Mahomet, the substance of which is included in "Representative Men;" and it must have been at that time that I first saw Emerson to know him by name.

I first spoke to him at the college exhibition of his cousin George Emerson, a young man who died too early for the rest of us. Young Emerson had, for a few weeks before he entered college, read some of his preparatory Greek with me; and I had become very fond of him. At the Junior Exhibition, so called, in Cam-



FIVE PRESIDENTS OF HARVARD COLLEGE

Quincy, Everett, Walker, Sparks, Felton.

bridge, of 1844, he had the first oration in his class. College "exhibitions" are now unknown in Cambridge, but then they made a pretty part in the life of the time.

What happened was this: Three times a year there was an exhibition—one in May, one in July, and one in October, I think. The first twenty-four of each class first knew that they were as high in rank as this by the announcement of the exhibition parts. The first man in the class had the first English oration.

On such occasions the boys, or men, as they called themselves, who had parts, if they lived in Boston or had any circle of friends to invite, have a little party in their own room. Such parties are now called "spreads," but that word was then unknown. Eight juniors and eight sophomores would speak at one exhibition; then, as the junior class advanced, eight seniors and eight juniors would speak at the next, and again eight seniors and eight juniors would speak at the third.

Young George Emerson, as first scholar in his class, had the oration on this occasion. The chapel contained two or three hundred of his friends and the friends of his classmates. After the whole was over, and as the assembly broke up, I crossed the chapel that I might speak to Ralph Waldo Emerson, who stood alone, as it happened, under the gallery. I introduced myself to him, and I said I wanted to congratulate him on the success of his cousin. He said, "Yes, I did not know I had so fine a young cousin. And now, if something will fall out amiss—if he should be unpopular with his class, or if his father should fail, or if some other misfortune can befall him—all will be well." I was indignant with what I called the cynicism of his speech. I thought it the affectation of the new philosopher who felt that he must say something out of the way of common congratulation. But I learned afterwards, what he had learned then, that "good is a good master, but bad is a better." And I do not doubt now that the remark which seemed cynical was most affectionate.

In that same college he had been "President's Freshman." This meant that he had a room assigned to him, without paying for it, and perhaps some other privileges, in return for which the President sent him on his errands. I may say in passing that the room is now occupied by the bursar of the college; and when we "get around to it," as our fine Yankee phrase is, we are going to put up a bronze to say that Emerson lived here the first year of his college life; we are going to put up another at Hollis 5, to say that he lived there when he was a sophomore, and yet another at Hollis 15, to say that he lived there afterwards.

Mr. Cabot's charming biography gives several illustrations of Emerson's eagerness to relieve his mother, even in the slightest matters of expense; and it is pathetic to see how large was his gratitude for any opportunity to render her any pecuniary assistance. It was not many years before I came into closer personal intimacy with him than this story implies. Beginning with the year 1848, which was the year of the Irish famine, I saw and knew him personally in ways which did me no end of good. I have tried to make other people feel that he was a real man, who went and came with the rest of us and lived as the rest of us live. His simple accessibility to all sorts and conditions of men belongs to his philosophy of life as born and nurtured in the principles which make such easy accessibility possible. Lowell calls him the New England Plato, Holmes calls him the Buddha of the West—good phrases both of them. But everybody must remember that Plato or Buddha, in this case, was an out-and-out New Englander. He knew New England better than many of the politicians know her. He knew some essential things about her business and daily life which the scientific writers on politics do not know to-day; and he was never misled by mediæval or European analogies. In the midst of the Irish famine I told him that a poor Irish family threw out of the window the corn-meal which we had sent to them. And he stated the central principle of the whole business when he said, "You should have sent them hot cakes."

He would stand on the sidewalk of the Concord post-office before the mail came in that he might talk politics with the nurserymen or farmers. He worked in his own garden; he set out his own pear-trees; he did it very badly, as the rest of us do, but it pleased him that he did not belong to the Brahminical caste; and that he was one of the Concord people, that he touched elbows with the rest of them.

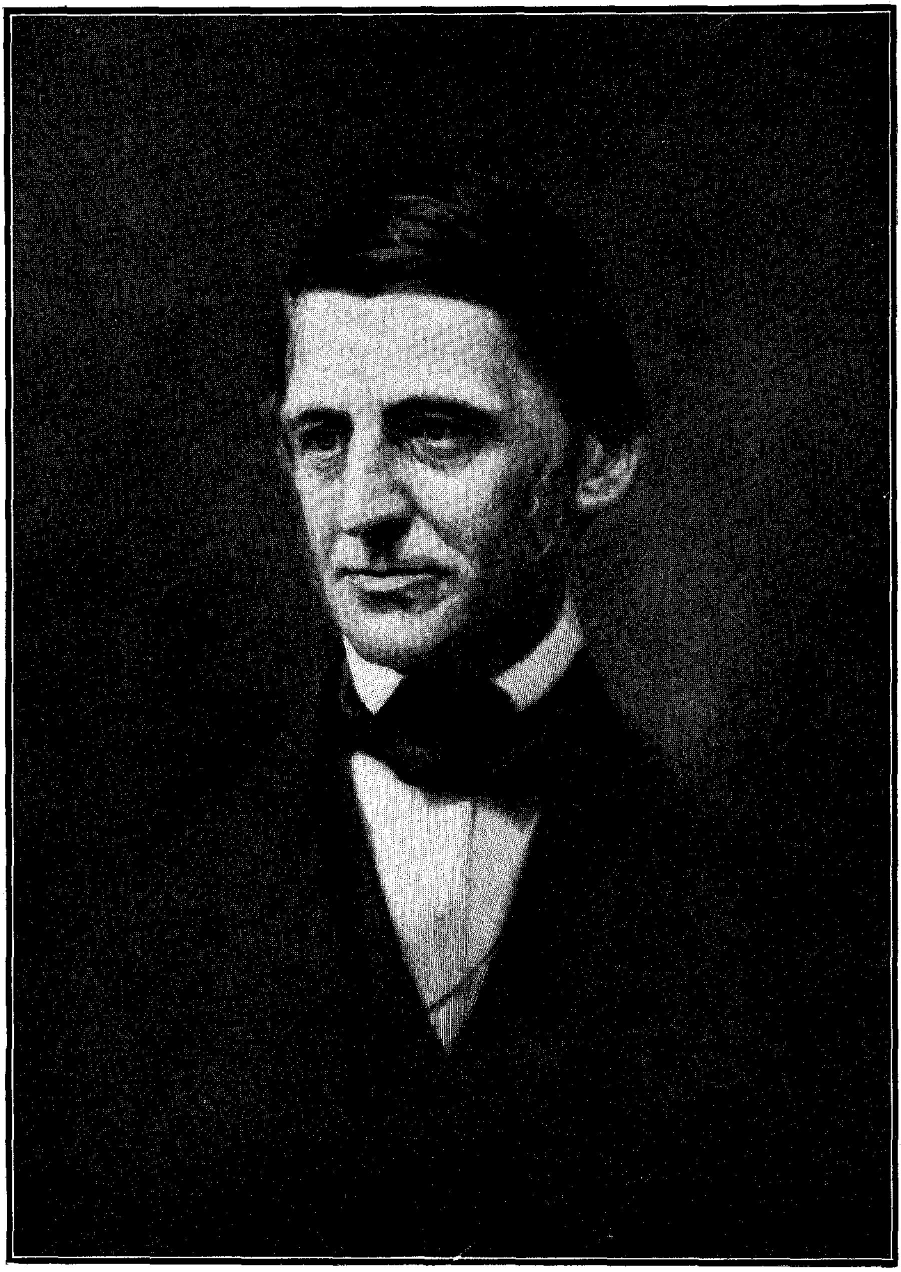
It would be ridiculous to call him a man of business. Yet one remembers that he sent to Carlyle the first money which Carlyle ever received for his books. He told me himself that the first money he received from any of his own books was that which Phillips & Sampson paid him in the year 1850 for "Representative Men." Mr. Phillips, of that firm, told me that Emerson wrote to him a note to say that a mistake had been made, and that he meant that the proceeds of the first sale were to be spent for the stereotype plates and the cost of the impression. Mr. Phillips replied to him that that was provided for and that what he had received was the balance which was due. On this he came into the counting-room of the young firm and asked if he could use the check for any purpose, as he had no printers' bills to pay with it. And Mr. Phillips had to explain to him how to indorse the check, which was made to his order. It was his first experience in that branch of finance.

I am writing these lines on the morning after I return from Hanover, where Dartmouth College has been doing itself honor by celebrating Webster's hundredth birthday. It has been thought necessary to justify Webster for the 7th of March speech; and that justification has been wrought out in the admirable address of Mr. McCall. In that connection it is a little pathetic to read the early letter from Emerson in which he speaks with enthusiasm of the choice of Webster to Congress in 1822. I have cited it in an earlier chapter of this series.

It is idle to say here a word about the influence which Emerson's writings have had in this country. I have already reminded the reader of Gladstone's interest in Emerson's early address. I was told the other day, by a man who seemed to know, that of the authorized editions and of the cheap editions published since the copyright expired on his early books, nearly five million copies have been printed in America of the first series of the Essays. I am told that in Scotland they are found on almost every table of the workingmen. I do not suppose that there are in America more than ten million homes. If the statement made to me is true, there is a copy of Emerson's essays for every two of these homes.

Dean Stanley said to President Eliot the day he left America that he had heard, while he was here, some of our most eminent preachers, generally "evangelical" in denominational position, but that it made no difference what the man's name was, the sermon was always by Ralph Waldo Emerson. This experience of Dean Stanley's states well enough the theological position of all the sects to-day. The immanent presence of God here and now, the kingdom of God is at hand—this is the essence of all the religion of America at this hour. Of Emerson himself it is interesting to say that while he declined to fulfill what were the formal functions of a clergyman, he always believed in churches and church attendance. He used to "go to meeting" regularly in Concord until very nearly the end of his life.

I have one or two memories of the impression which he made in such matters in the Board of Overseers of Harvard College. The graduates of Harvard College choose their own Board of Overseers, and from the beginning of this custom for nearly thirty years Emerson was a member of the Board. He attended the meetings very regularly, and gave a good deal of time to the details of the service. Many years before he died we had an enthusiast at the Board, Dr. Russell, who was very eager to abolish the rules, centuries old, by which students were obliged to attend chapel every day—compulsory chapel, we came to call it. Dr. Russell every year would introduce a movement to make chapel attendance voluntary. It would be favorably reported on by a committee, and would come before the full Board. The Board, however, generally speaking made up of men beyond Dante's middle point of life, were not very much impressed by the suggestions of this committee. However, there were plenty of young speakers to favor the motion, until near the end of the meeting Mr. Emerson would rise and say substantially this: "Religious worship is the most important single function of the life of any people. I derived more benefit from the chapel service when I was in college than from any, perhaps from all, other



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

From a painting by Alfred E. Smith, after an old daguerreotype. Copyright by Foster Brothers, Boston.

exercises which I attended. When I am in Europe, I go on every occasion to join in the religious service of the people of the town in which I am. For this reason, I should be sorry to see the attendance at chapel made to vary with the wishes at the moment of the young men." Perhaps in writing out this speech, which I have heard five or six times, I make it longer than it was. No one cared to speak after this, and as long as he lived compulsory chapel was maintained. I was a member of the Board myself through all those years, and I am sure that it was his influence which maintained that custom so long.

For myself, I thought then, and I think now, that attendance at prayers should be placed in our colleges where elective studies are placed. I think a man who attends chapel six times a week should be credited for three hours of public attendance, exactly as if he had elected Greek for the same length of time.

## LONGFELLOW

Longfellow came to Cambridge to be Smith Professor of Modern Literature in the spring of 1837.

I was a sophomore, and Samuel Longfellow, of my class, was my nearest friend. We lived in close friendship until he died, half a century after. Our intimacy began on that August day when we were examined for college. I have told how my father went on horseback from his father's home to Williams College thirty years before. I did not go on horseback from Boston to Cambridge in August, 1835. No! but we borrowed the horse and chaise of my uncle, who was a doctor in Boston—we rose at five—and presented ourselves, a trifle late, just after six o'clock, at the college, when the examination of freshmen was beginning. The other boys of my class at school had come in a special omnibus. But "Uncle Doctor" had offered us the chaise, and we took it. "We" means my brother and I.

I tell the story as an illustration of the simplicity of those times. For at about the same minute arrived at the steps of "University Hall" two other chaises, both from Maine. In one was Francis Brown Hayes, with his father, Judge Hayes, from South Berwick. In the other was Samuel Longfellow, with his father, Judge Longfellow, from Portland. Both boys had started that morning before sunrise for the last dozen miles of their journey. In such Spartan manner did they prepare for an examination which covered thirteen hours of that day.

The accident of our all being a little late brought us three into the twelfth or last section. And so began an intimate friendship—as of three musketeers, if you please. Hayes appears as Hayes St. Leger in one or two of my novels. He picked up that name as a sort of college joke.

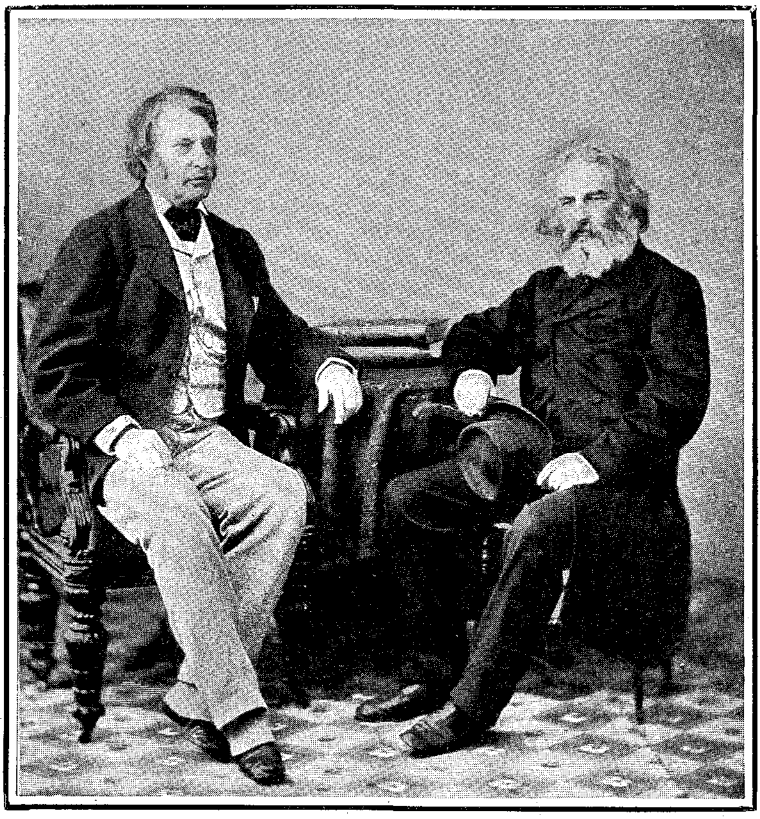
Samuel Longfellow and I walked together, studied together, recited together, wrote verses together, and thus, naturally, when his brother Henry came to be Professor, I came to know him—well—better than the average sophomore did.

The college, or "seminary," as the President used to call it, was then a little school of two hundred and fifty boys and men, whose ages ranged from thirteen years to thirty. They were taught in a sort of high-school fashion by two or three tutors, three or four instructors in French, German, Italian, and Spanish, by two professors in Greek and Latin, two in mathematics and physics, one in chemistry, one for rhetoric and English, and one for "Moral Philosophy." Into this snug little coterie came Henry Longfellow. As I say, I had a special opportunity to know him well from my friendship with his brother Sam. Perhaps this makes me exaggerate a little the sort of breezy life which, as I think, he brought into the older company. If they really thought there was nothing worth considering beyond the echoes of the college bell—and most of them did think so—this handsome young Smith Professor undeceived them. He was fresh from Europe. He could talk in French with Frenchmen, Italian with Italians, and German with Germans. The very clothes on his back had been made by Parisian tailors, the very tie of his neckcloth was a revelation to the sedateness of little Cambridge. Then he was dead in earnest in his business, which was more than some of them were.

This excellent Abiel Smith, who had given new glory to the name of Tubal Cain, had provided for a professorship of modern literature. Men say it is the first such professorship which was ever known in any university in the world; the business of colleges formerly having been to praise the past and to say that it was better than the present.

George Ticknor, a Dartmouth graduate, had been the first to fill this chair, and he had given it distinction. Now Longfellow, a Bowdoin graduate, had been called to take Mr. Ticknor's place. In the traditions of the "seminary" he was the overseer of the foreign teachers who gave instruction in their several languages, and he lectured on such subjects as he chose. But this young Smith Professor pushed all traditions aside. He meant to teach himself. He had his own views about teaching German, and when they told him there was no recitation-room for him, he said he would meet his class in the Corporation parlor in University Hall. This was a good deal as if some enterprising young Gamaliel had told a high priest that he would meet his class in the holy of holies. So Mr. Longfellow said, however, and so it was. He told Sam that he wanted to teach some boys German in his own way, and Sam recruited a dozen of us, who used to sit in the sacred chairs of the Corporation's guests, around the sacred table where we imagined that Constitution madeira or sherry of matchless brands was served for the sacred Seven of the Corporation. And there, with our friendly young professor, we recited German ballads which he had made us commit to memory.

All this meant much freer intimacy between us and him than we had had with any of our instructors before. You could take your constitutional walk with Longfellow, you could play a game of whist in the evening with Longfellow, you could talk with him with perfect freedom on any subject, high or low, and he liked to have you. I think myself that with his arrival a new life began for the little college in that very important business of the freedom of association between the teachers and the undergraduates. In the English Cambridge and Oxford, the theoretical relation of the graduates and the undergraduates is that of companions in the same society—what President Eliot calls "this society of scholars." Up to Longfellow's time the relation at Cambridge had been simply that of teacher and pupil, to a very limited extent that of master and servant, as when Waldo Emerson took President Kirkland's errands for him. From Longfellow's day to this day I think the sense of companionship has worked itself into the habits and etiquettes of the college. This is as it should be. At the English Cambridge I have heard a freshman who had not been a month in Trinity College read one of



LONGFELLOW AND SUMNER

the Scripture lessons in chapel. "He is one of us."

## HOLMES

Holmes was born in the parsonage where his father lived, the minister of the First Church in Cambridge. The house was an old-fashioned relic of the last century. He never forgot that Ward, the first commander of the Americans in the siege of Boston, lived there; no, nor that the detachment which marched from Cambridge to fight the battle of Bunker Hill stood at attention there, at sunset, while their chaplain offered prayer, on the 16th of June, 1775.

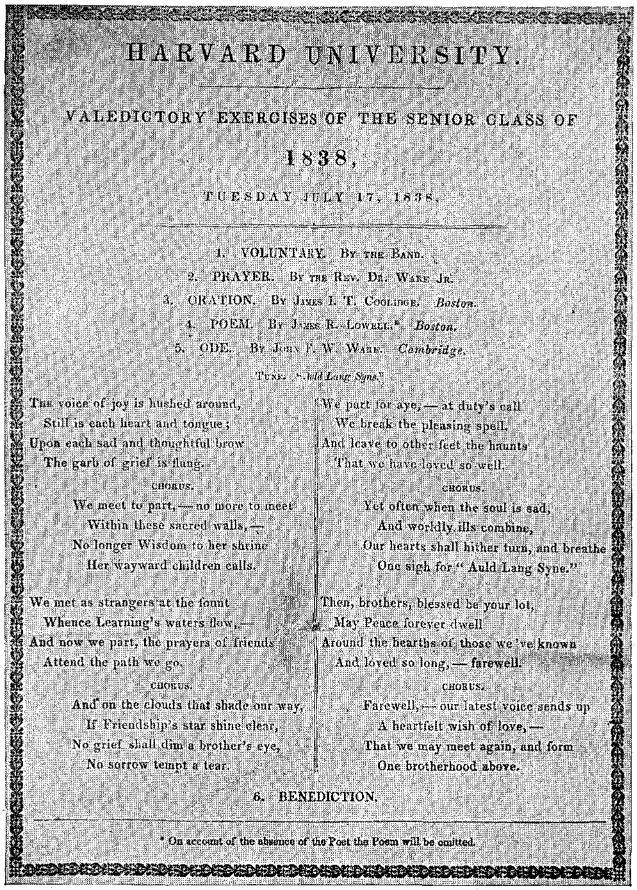
In his attic room, which had become his study and workroom, he wrote the ballad of "Old Ironsides," which saved from destruction the frigate Constitution—the pride of New England, and now the historical monument of the short English war, as the Minotaur at Athens was of the days of Theseus.

I used to tell Holmes that I thought I was the first school-boy who ever repeated that poem upon the school platform.

> "Nail to the mast her holy flag,
>   Set every tattered sail,
> And give her to the God of storms,
>   The battle and the gale."

Have we no young poet who will save the New Hampshire forests for us to-day?

This was nearly seventy years ago. In more than one spirited poem of those days of the end of the twenties and the beginning of the thirties of our century, Holmes showed what was in him and how much could be expected from him. Those who have studied his poetry would say that he never wrote anything better than those early lyrics which made men laugh or cry, as he chose, which he printed when he was almost a boy in the college magazine. I think if a boy of twenty did such work now, it would be almost certain that he would at once be ranked as a literary man, say as Kipling is to-day, with hardly a thought of any other profession. But in 1830 I suppose men thought of literature and poetry more as Ben Franklin's father did. When Franklin had achieved his first success in verse, still a boy, his father told him that poets were always poor and that he had better not risk himself in their ranks. I think it is better for Holmes and for the world that he had for twenty years the accurate and diligent training of his profession. And I think he thought so.



HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

VALEDICTORY EXERCISES OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF

1838,

TUESDAY JULY 17, 1838.

1. VOLUNTARY. By the Band.
2. PRAYER. By the Rev. Dr. Ware Jr.
3. ORATION. By James I. T. Coolidge. *Boston.*
4. POEM. By James R. Lowell.* *Boston.*
5. ODE. By John F. W. Ware. *Cambridge.*

Tune. "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

The voice of joy is hushed around,
  Still is each heart and tongue;
Upon each sad and thoughtful brow
  The garb of grief is flung.

CHORUS.

We meet to part,—no more to meet
  Within these sacred walls,—
No longer Wisdom to her shrine
  Her wayward children calls.

We part for aye,—at duty's call
  We break the pleasing spell,
And leave to other feet the haunts
  That we have loved so well.

CHORUS.

Yet often when the soul is sad,
  And worldly ills combine,
Our hearts shall hither turn, and breathe
  One sigh for "Auld Lang Syne."

We met as strangers at the fount
  Whence Learning's waters flow,—
And now we part, the prayers of friends
  Attend the path we go.

CHORUS.

And on the clouds that shade our way,
  If Friendship's star shine clear,
No grief shall dim a brother's eye,
  No sorrow tempt a tear.

Then, brothers, blessed be your lot,
  May Peace forever dwell
Around the hearths of those we've known
  And loved so long,—farewell.

CHORUS.

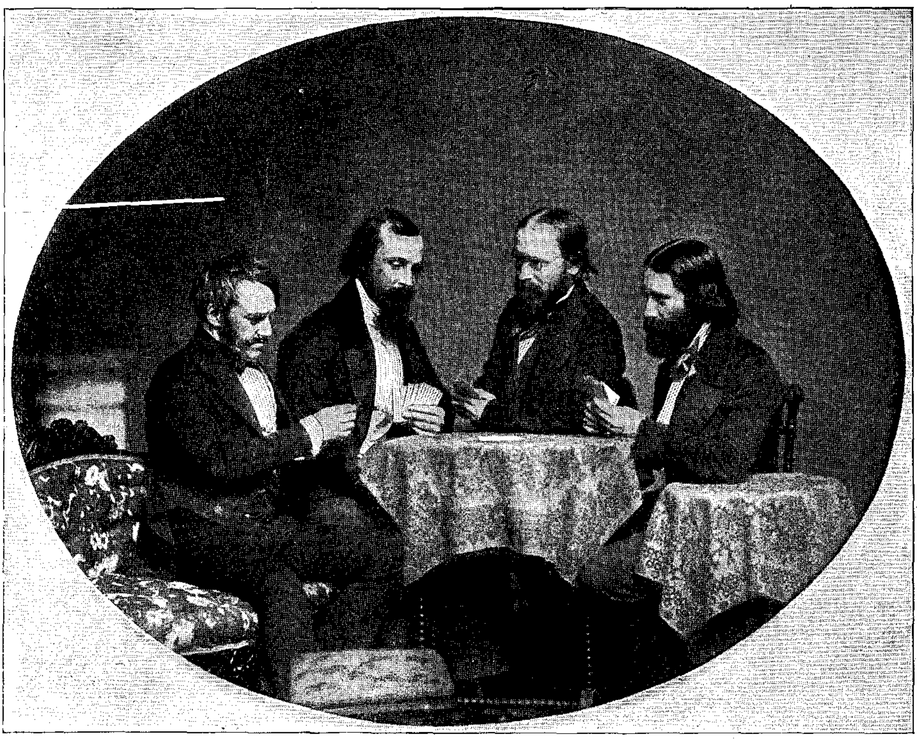
Farewell,—our latest voice sends up
  A heartfelt wish of love,—
That we may meet again, and form
  One brotherhood above.

6. BENEDICTION.

* On account of the absence of the Poet the Poem will be omitted.

A PAGE FROM THE VALEDICTORY EXERCISES OF LOWELL'S CLASS AT HARVARD

He says himself, more than once, that Lowell dragged him back into literature, when Holmes was more than forty years old, and was a distinguished professor of surgery. He had early chosen the profession of medicine, he had studied in the Harvard Medical School and in Paris,



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, JOHN HOLMES, ESTES HOWE, AND ROBERT CARTER AT A GAME OF WHIST

Photographed by Black in 1859.

and he entered upon the general practice of medicine in Boston. He is always spoken of there as Dr. Holmes, and this does not mean that more than one university had made him a Doctor of Laws. Very young to receive such an honor, he was made professor of surgery in Dartmouth College, and afterwards promoted to the same duty in the larger Medical College where he had himself studied.

No man ever won more delighted interest in his pupils than he did in his lectures on surgery.

The "New England Magazine," of late years revived to a very brilliant career, was founded by some young men named Buckingham, when Holmes was just beginning on his practice. He had begun to write in it a series of papers which he called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," when the magazine, for want of readers, expired. Twenty years after, when Lowell asked him to write for the first number of the new-born "Atlantic Monthly," he took the old pen and dipped it in the old ink, "As I was saying when you interrupted me." Those are the first words of the series of inimitable essays which, under different names, he then continued for many years, and which did so much to make him generally known.

One characteristic of those papers, and of all he wrote and said, is the range, one would say boundless, of his observation, and of the illustrations he draws from it. One feels as if he had read everything and remembered everything. Here are nine successive titles, which I have taken, in their alphabetical order, from the index to his collected works. They compass sea and land, the past and the present:

Agassiz.
Age, softening effect of.
A good time coming.
Air pump.
Animal under it.
America, The English.
Analogies, the power of seeing.
Anatomists.
Anglo-Saxons, do they die out in America.

The diligence, the accuracy, which belong to the duty and work of a great surgeon appear in all his work. There is no splash-dash about it. He never tells you that he threw it off thus and so (though he often did), but he never speaks as if "care, and the file," as Horace calls care, were disreputable. I am rather glad to say this as a warning to young writers. I think nothing is more sure to drive an office editor crazy than to have some young enthusiast say, "I threw this off last night," or "I send you fresh from the pen" this or that. People who print magazines for a million readers do not want to give them that which has been thrown off. It is much better to send them something which has seasoned in the back of your table drawer for one, two, or three years.

I said in a public address the other day that I wished the right person would bring together the ballads and songs and scraps from longer poems which illustrate the history of the country. Really it is pretty much all of the history of the country which people will need to know in the twenty-fifth century. I was sitting with Holmes one day, when, with a good deal of pride, he took down his own Pittsfield poem of the year 1849 and read:

O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time!
We stain thy flowers—they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasseled corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms
Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.
No! by these hills, whose banners displayed
In blazing cohorts autumn has arrayed;
By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests
The tossing hemlocks hold the eagle's nest;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines—
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
And, true to God, to Freedom, to Mankind,
If her chained bondage Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that bending even now
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plow,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run,
The sword has rescued what the plowshare won!

"Is not that good prophecy," he said, "twelve years before the time?"

And here I will say that all four of these men, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, were kindness itself to young authors. No one would believe me if I told how much time Holmes gave, day in and out, to answer personally the requests of young people who submitted to him their verses. I am afraid he was too kind. Of Emerson, in the same business, it used to be said that all his geese were swans. He was always telling you about some rising poet who was going to astonish the world. I ought to tell of the welcome which Longfellow gave to every tramp who came to his door, if only the tramp happened to speak a foreign language. And no literary wayfarer, however crude and unsophisticated, knocked at Holmes's hospitable gate who was not made welcome.

## LOWELL

Lowell was born within a mile of Holmes's birthplace, ten years after him. He never remembered a time when he did not know him, and about the time when he entered college he was among the eager group of boys who heard with delight Holmes's Phi Beta Kappa poem. Those who are familiar with the writings of both will remember the enthusiasm with which they turn back to their Cambridge memories. Lowell would cross-question the old negro who remembered Earl Percy's march from Cambridge Bridge to Lexington:

Old Joe is dead, who saw proud Percy goad
His slow artillery up the Concord road.

And he tells how that tale grew, from year to year, so that if the old white-headed negro could have lived a little longer,

Vanquished Percy, to complete the tale,
Had hammered stone for life in Concord jail.

His boyhood's home is but little changed—a beautiful old house of the kind which rich Tories lived in then, and which we are apt in New England to call colonial houses. His mother was not in strong health, and his training fell much into the hands of an older sister, a charming woman, who seems to have known early that she had a poet to bring up. At all events, the training was just such as one might be glad that a poet should have. Lowell's love of nature is not in the least manufactured, and his acquaintance with hangbirds and blue jays and brown thrushes is the friendship of a man who has known them from his childhood. So, in skating on Fresh Pond, in tracing up Beaver Brook, and in the freedom and ease of his knowledge of trees and flowers, you find, I do not say a country boy, but a boy who has been brought up in the open air.

Of Lowell I have written quite at length in the series of reminiscences regarding him and his contemporaries which I wrote for The Outlook three years ago. I will only speak here of one or two charming personal characteristics to which I think even Mr. Scudder in his interesting biography, and perhaps Mr. Howells in his charming reminiscences, do not quite call the attention which they deserve. This is not the place for criticising his work as an author.

When I entered college in 1835, I shared the rooms Stoughton 22 with my brother Nathan. We lived there two years. From the very beginning I found that Lowell was almost a third partner in our company. He was in and out at all times from quarter past six, when morning prayers were over, up to any hour you please of the night. His father's house was, as I say, rather more than a mile away. Lowell had a college room, but it was outside the yard, and he used our room almost as if it were his own, and I need not say that we liked to have him. I should say that he was at that time my brother's most intimate college friend. Their tastes were similar, their home life was similar, their friends in Boston and Cambridge circles were the same. From that time until he died I was on terms of the closest intimacy with Lowell. After we all graduated, until he married, my father's house in Boston was his home, somewhat as Stoughton 22 and Massachusetts 27 had been in our college days.

I came to know very soon of the very wide range of his reading and of his diligent interest in literature. His acquaintance with modern literature was far beyond what any of us had, even in the little circle of his friends. He was one of the charter members of Alpha Delta Phi, then a new-born literary society. It was really a literary society. We did our best work in the study of modern literature, not for the college classes, for there was nobody among our teachers, except Longfellow, who cared a straw whether we knew the difference between Voltaire and Valkyrie.

We studied such things for Alpha Delta Phi. At its evening literary meetings, as early as 1837, I must have heard Lowell's papers on Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, and the other English poets,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

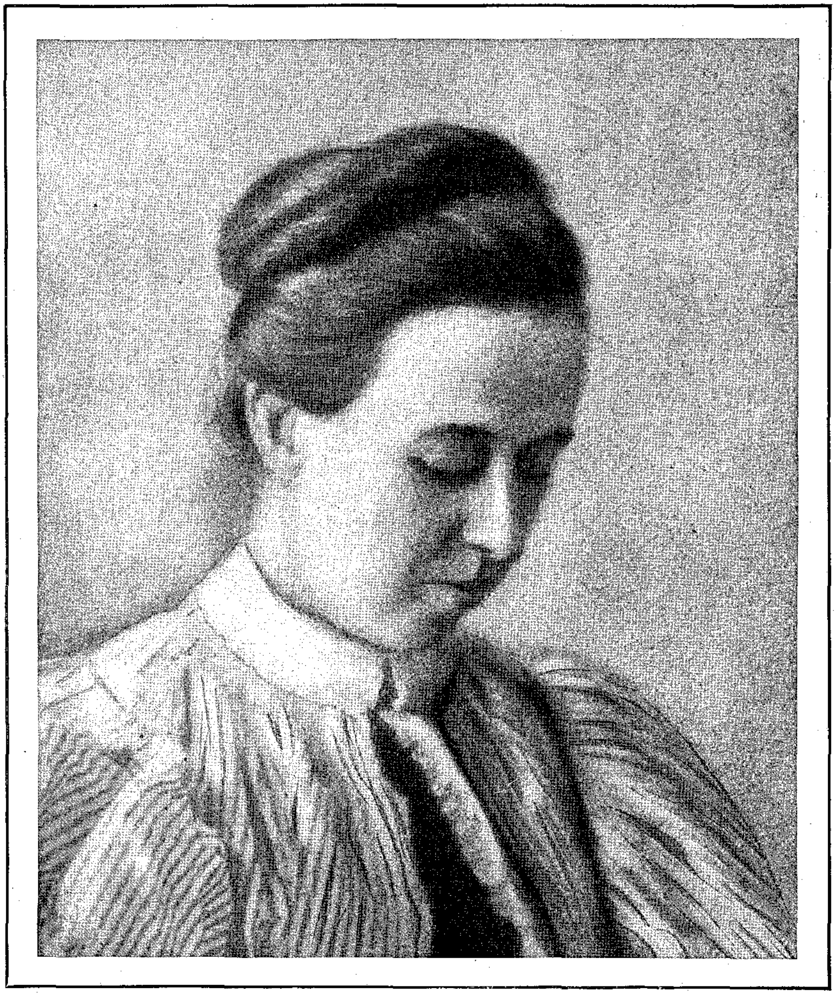
From a photograph taken in 1862.

which afterwards he printed in more completed form. When the time came for a Hasty Pudding Poem or for an anything else poem, he was always, as a matter of course, asked to write it. And when he graduated, we of that inner circle knew that he was to be the poet for the whole Nation, as we know now that that is what he has been. When, in Rome, in 1838, his poor old father was told that his classmates had chosen him class poet, he said: "Oh dear, James promised that he would quit writing poetry and would go to work." What father is there in a million who would not, on the whole, be glad if at seventeen years of age his son had made him such a promise! But, alas and alas! where would our world of 1902 be if James had been willing to hold to such well-meant intention!

I should like to correct definitely and squarely the impression that he was a lounger, loafer, or lazy in any regard. It is quite true that he was indifferent to college rank, and neglected such and such college exercises which he did not fancy, so far that he did not take high place in the rank list. But he was in no sense lazy. When he read, it was not superficial reading; and I am quite sure that he used the library when he was an undergraduate as very few of us did. In his after life he speaks somewhere of his working fifteen hours a day when he was at the same time editor of the "North American Review" and of the "Atlantic Monthly." At that time the exigencies of the Civil War called upon every man to do his best, and Lowell was not one of the shirkers.

Nor, in my looking back on Mr. Howells's reminiscences and my own, and Mr. Scudder's Memoir, and the two volumes of Lowell's letters which Mr. Norton edited, do I think that as much has been said as ought to have been said of his unselfishness and constant generosity. I could give instance on instance, if it were best, of acts of pecuniary generosity on his part such as Philistines would say were wrong for a man of his uncertain income. It seemed enough for him to know that another man was in need for him to find out how to relieve it. I have some very interesting letters which show the tact with which his generosity enabled him to help men who were working their way through college and whom he meant to help somehow or other.

It ought to be said, also, that his ready friendship for all sorts and conditions of men gave to him what he deserved, a world of friends. When my Outlook reminiscences of Lowell were brought together in a volume, I sat down one evening and wrote the names of two hundred and twenty persons, friends of his, who had given me their assistance in the composition. I do not believe there was ever any other biography which was written by two hundred and twenty people. But these papers had been published in twelve numbers. I thought when I began that I had a good deal of material drawn from old friendship, from my brother's correspondence with him, and from that of a great many friends. But the first number was hardly published before I began to receive notes, sometimes from neighbors, sometimes from distant strangers, who gave to me this anecdote or that, this picture or that, or sent me this or that bright letter. As I say, before the twelve numbers were finished there were in this way at least two hundred and twenty coadjutors in the preparation of those reminiscences. "A man who has friends should show himself friendly." This is the wise admonition of the Book of Ecclesiasticus, savoring a little in Israelitish fashion of the weaklier side of Jacob's character. Certainly Lowell justifies the reversing of the epigram. His life shows that the man who is friendly is sure to have friends.



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. L. BUNDY

DR. JANE E. ROBBINS

# An East-Sider by Choice

WHEN Dr. Robbins, formerly the head worker of the College Settlement in New York, went recently to Cleveland, Ohio, to take temporary charge of a struggling settlement among the Italians, her going was made the occasion of a complimentary dinner, which brought out strikingly the hold which settlements have obtained as an institution in our civic life, and still more strikingly the hold which her uninstitutionalized personality has obtained upon generous-minded men and women of all sorts and conditions. The dinner was given by the Social Reform Club, and among the speakers who paid their glowing tributes to the guest of honor were Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the "Century," who had made her one of his advisers in preparing the first Tenement-House Commission's Report; Mr. Jacob A. Riis, who had always retained her as a general counselor; Mr. Sporanza, who had found her his stanchest supporter in work for his Italian fellow-countrymen; and Mr. Edward King, the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of the trade-union movement in New York. With all of these people the influence which Dr. Robbins had come to wield rested upon the completeness with which she had identified herself with the people among whom she lived, and the imperturbable and irrepressible good humor with which she faced conditions. The rôle of one who made a sacrifice in living among the poor was never acceptable to her. Her life was much fuller when she was among those who were struggling than among those who were at ease—and not only was it full of events of absorbing interest, but fuller of scenes picturesque and amusing. The fact that she was among the poor from the motive of sympathy and not of science enabled her to get at the heart of things, and learn them as the mere sociological investigator never can. In fact, she learned them as the mere philanthropist never can; for in the establishment of neighborly relations a mere feeling *for* the poor "profiteth nothing," though it cause one to give all his goods to feed them. It is feeling *with* the poor which alone opens their hearts—just as it alone opens the hearts of people of other ranks, and transforms aliens into friends.

Dr. Robbins's identification with the East Side in New York began before she became a doctor, and before there was any organized young women's settlement.

When asked recently by a representative of The Outlook how she found her way into settlement work, her reply was substantially as follows:

"When I came to New York to study medicine, with a vague idea of being of some help to the poor, I was tremendously appealed to by the children. I had come from a life of open-air freedom and much riding horseback, and I myself felt that I had got into a prison, and the fate of the East Side children seemed unthinkably terrible. I began at once with a Sunday-school class in the Methodist Mission at Five Points, because a medical student said that teachers were wanted there, and before Christmas I had begun to assist Miss Fine in a children's sewing club which we started at the Neighborhood Guild under Dr. Coit's direction. He insisted that the sewing was simply a means to an end, and the end to be kept in view was to know each child intimately, and through the child to come to know the child's family. For a year and a half we went twice a week to Forsyth Street, and then I wanted very much to try living there. It took me some time to find some one who wanted to share rooms with me, but at last an Englishwoman was found who was willing to take me under her wing and put up with the children who were our frequent visitors. We moved into three rooms on the top floor of a little house, and I enjoyed the experience greatly. Some of the children danced up and down with glee at the very thought that we were going to sleep on their street. Once a strange child sitting on the curbstone said of me as I passed, 'There goes a teacher;' and the other one said, 'She is not a teacher either; I know where she lives.' In the Tenth Ward the teachers disappeared at the end of school hours and no one knew where they lived. The experience on Forsyth Street was comparatively brief, for the saloon wanted our rooms, and one night coming home from college I found a notice of eviction pinned to the door, addressed to 'Mrs. Michael Toppin, first name fictitious but name unknown to plaintiff;' and after a short struggle with the sheriff who appeared later, we were convinced that an immediate move was in order. The experiment had proved that taking rooms in a poor tenement-house neighborhood was a perfectly simple thing to do, and that all the mothers appreciated our liking for the children. While I was in Forsyth Street the question came up as to whether college girls in any numbers could be induced to go to live in a tenement-house neighborhood. I asked a woman who had had much experience in such work what she thought of this idea, and she answered gently, 'It is a dream, my dear—a dream.' I myself could not believe that many girls could be found who would make light of the problem of dirt and vermin and be happy in spite of these things. But before I was dispossessed from Forsyth Street the plan for the College Settlement had matured, and I moved my few household goods into the Rivington Street house, which opened with seven residents, October 1, 1889."

A year or two later, when she finished her medical schooling, she began her practice in Mulberry Street, in the center of the Italian quarter. When the first head worker of the College Settlement was married, Dr. Robbins, after a brief interregnum, was elected her successor. In 1898 she resigned her position to resume the practice of medicine; but a year ago she again returned to settlement work as the head of the settlement started by the Normal School Alumnæ Association. The establishment of this settlement by the younger teachers of the city is perhaps the most satisfactory evidence possible of the headway which the settlement idea has been making during the past thirteen years. The settlement was established to resist, as far as a few young women could, the separation of classes, and to restore in the city that community of knowledge and sympathy which renders village life democratic and wholesome. The point at which the poor had seemed to suffer most from the separation was, not in the removal of the rich to where they were out of sight or thought of the poor, but in the removal of those who ought to quicken and guide the higher life of the people—the teachers and the ministers. Absentee landlords seemed a minor evil compared with absentee teachers and preachers. The settlement among the poor of young women from the colleges served as a protest and appeal against the social separations of the spiritual leaders from those whom they would serve. The spread of seminary settlements indicates the response which this appeal is finding among the younger clergy, and the establishment of the Normal Alumnæ Settlement evidences the response it is finding among teachers. Among young men and women of the finer social spirit the ambition to get away from the poor is giving place to the desire to get nearer to them.

# How Margaret Came Back

## By Ethelwyn Wetherald

HE stumbled against me on Margaret's doorstep, and then begged my pardon in a voice so hopeless that I turned to look at him. He was a big young man, dark and muscular. His unseeing eyes were fixed on something very black in his immediate future.

"Who is he, Margaret?" I asked, pushing on into the little laundry, where a young woman with rusty-colored hair bent over an ironing-board.

"The plague of my life," said Margaret, shortly. Then, with a vindictive pound at the shirt-bosom she was ironing, "Didn't you say yourself, Miss Wayne, that I was a real ornament to my profession?"

"Indeed you are, Margaret. No one can wash and iron as you do."

"Well, then" (another jab at the helpless male garment), "why should I give up being an ornament and making money at it, and go to cleaning his old floors, and cooking his old dinners, and walloping his old pots and kettles?" She flung off the two appealing shirt-sleeves, which had showed a tendency to assume the attitude of prayer, and ground the iron with all her strength into the prostrate bosom. "Why should I?" she repeated.

"No reason in the world, Margaret," I assented, cordially; "particularly as you are the only laundress in town to whom I dare intrust my rose waist." I untied my parcel, revealing a light bodice stamped with tiny roses. "Any one else would send it back looking like Swinburne's 'Ruined Garden.' But I can trust you not to let the pink run."

It was a June evening. Margaret's face was pale with fatigue until she chanced to look out through the doorway. "Margaret, Margaret," I exclaimed, "you *are* letting the pink run!"

She glanced at the waist in dismay.

"Into your cheeks, I mean." I followed her glance and saw at the gate one hundred and seventy pounds of drooping misery waiting for me to depart. "Don't tell me he hasn't any chance!" I said, laughing as I retreated.

The young man took my place with promptitude. His forehead was so narrow that his thick locks grazed his eyebrows, and his chest so broad that his presence crowded the yard.

The next time I saw Margaret the fires of coquetry were burning brightly, while the stranger seemed as confirmed a part of the establishment as the ironing-board itself. Margaret's eyes refused to meet mine in those days, but there was something in the pose of the rusty head that did not suggest the idea of surrender. The enemy was dogged rather than cheerful, and I observed that his jaws were constructed on a scale to match his chest, not his brow.

For several weeks thereafter I never saw the pretty laundress apart from her black shadow, so it was without surprise that I learned in September that Margaret was shortly to be married. "I've got to get him out of my sight some way," said she. "I can't have him *always* under foot."

"Do you think he is the sort of person to make you happy?" I asked; for I had a prevision that furniture would be broken before the end of the honeymoon.

"Oh, Jake's got his faults; but then"—with magnanimity—"so have I. We'll get along as well as the most of married folks." Margaret's tone was willfully prosaic; her eyes were intentionally matter-of-fact; she put an expression of determination on the soft, rosy curves of her lips. By these means she effectually concealed—according to her own notion—the fact that she was very happy. As for Jake, he went whistling up the street directly under my window next day, and it was as if a brass band in full blast had gone by, playing the air that conquering heroes most delight to hear.

It must have been some time in the following spring that I sent for Margaret's husband to aid in the preparation of some flower-beds. He was an excellent gardener, but it was plain to be seen that he had reverted to his original condition of impregnable gloom. There was something in his immediate vicinity less pleasant than the smell of newly upturned soil.

"Jake," I said, "why is it you have been drinking? Margaret told me you never did such a thing."

"It's her that's driven me to it," he declared, savagely, making a fierce thrust with the spade. "She's enough to drive a man to the devil."

I buried three bulbs in earth and covered them carefully. Then I said, "You were not made to be driven, Jake. Don't you know what Longfellow says?

'Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.'"

"'Tisn't so easy to be a hero every day," he muttered. "I can't stand her aggravating ways. And I guess I won't have to any longer," he added, forlornly. "She's gone off and left me."

"Gone off and left you?" I echoed.

"Three days ago," he said, with dry lips.

"Oh, she'll come back to you, Jake. She'll be sure to come back. Give her a week to cool off in."

Jake went on with his spading so vigorously that the beads stood out on his brow. Then, as though activity of the pores had communicated sympathetic life to the organs of speech, he told me the whole story.

"I come in on Saturday noon feeling just as peaceable as I ever felt in my life, but tur'ble hungry, too; for I'd been workin' at Dr. Harkinson's lawn ever since sun-up, with only a snack for breakfast. So when I came in and found Marg'et down on her knees scrubbing the kitchen floor, and not a sign of dinner on the stove, though 'twas after twelve o'clock, I said, 'Marg'et, I wish you'd stop that work and get me some dinner, for I'm starving hungry.' 'I guess you can wait till I get this floor done,' said she. 'I guess I can't,' said I. 'I guess you'll have to,' said she, in a kind of a sneering tone. 'Well, I guess I won't, then,' said I. 'I'll go to the pantry and get my own grub;' and I started across the room. Marg'et was up like a flash. 'You sha'n't go across my clean floor in your muddy boots,' she screamed. 'You sha'n't mess up my pantry shelves.' I didn't pay no attention—just strode right on—and the first thing I knowed, she'd slung a dipper of her dirty suds right in my face. The soap in them stung my eyes so I couldn't see for a minute, and then I was boiling mad. I just pounced on her, and lifted her straight up in the air and set her down good and hard on the wash-bench, and held her there. She couldn't move her arms, for I had 'em gripped tight, so she made an ugly face at me. And then I held her wrists with my left hand, and hit her a clip across the face with the other. I didn't strike her hard enough to make her cry—not near as hard as I *wanted* to hit her—but 'twas the first time I'd ever struck her in my life, and it seemed to turn her just raving crazy. She grabbed up the whole bucket of scrubbing water and threw it at me. I dodged, and it all went kersplash on the clean floor. Then I laughed; for the hotter she got the more devilish hateful I felt. She stood up by the wood-box and fired sticks of wood at me. I dodged 'em all, and laughed every time she missed. One of 'em broke a window; another crashed into a cupboard with glass doors where we kept our pretty wedding china. 'Stop that, you maniac!' I yelled, and she did stop; but she did something that hurt me a good deal worse than if all them hickory sticks had hit me straight between the eyes.' She turned all hard and white as though she had froze solid, and says she, in a slow, awful tone, 'Jake—Bundy—I—will—never—darken—your—doors—again.' And then she went."

"It was a pity that both of you were angry at the same time," I said, in the usual platitudinizing style of unfettered virginity.

Jake's great chest heaved tumultuously and sank again. "I never felt so mean in all my life," he said, after finishing his work with a speed and strength that brought out a fresh collection of beads on his brow. "'Twouldn't have hurt me none to wait for my dinner, and the dipperful of suds didn't damage me—it made me cleaner, if anything."

"But," I exclaimed, rather surprised at this change of heart, "you said at first that she was enough to drive a man to—to—"

"I know; and that's the way I feel sometimes. But generally I wish to goodness I didn't feel one mite to blame—not one mite. Then I could hold up my head. She'll never forgive me," he added, hopelessly; "she'll never come back."

"Oh, yes, she will, Jake," I said, with the easy optimism of an outsider who has nothing at stake.

But as the months went on it became evident that Jake was right. Margaret did not come back. She resumed her old business of delicate laundering. I confess that the sight of her pretty head and round, satisfied, saucy face, bent over the ironing-board, filled me with deep disapproval. There was no sign of remorse here, no gnawings of conscience, no surge of self-condemnation. If Margaret entertained a poor opinion of her own part in the recent unpleasantness, she certainly had a genius for concealment.

"Why, Margaret," I said one day, stopping in at her little laundry on my way uptown, "how well you are looking; and your husband seems so miserable."

"It's his own fault," she snapped, setting down the iron with a bang.

"I think so, too. I can't imagine what he is dreaming about, keeping away from you all this time, when he might be wooing and winning you all over again."

"Him?" Her blue eyes blazed. Then she dropped them to the pillow-sham before her. "Woo me he can try," she said, with cool scorn, "but win me he never can."

"Well, Margaret," I said, after another survey of her flushed prettiness and a mental image of the stalwart young fellow pining for her sake, "if you were in a story, I know what would happen to you. You would take typhoid fever of a virulent type, and your parched lips would murmur 'Jake' several times before he would be given a chance to snatch you from the clutch of Death."

Margaret's tantalizing little laugh rang out. "Oh, but I'm not in a story," she declared, triumphantly. "I'm real flesh and blood. And what's more," she added, with intense satisfaction, "I'm my own boss."

There was no disputing these statements.

On summer evenings after that I seldom passed the house without a glimpse of a shapely black head drooping at the door-step. On the occasion when I invented an errand within, it was easily to be seen that domestic happiness was the subject of the visitor's remarks. Margaret was in her most coquettish, most unreasonable mood. She was as sparkling, snappy, and cheerful as an open fire. The sweets of independence and the bliss of being sought after were alike hers. But suffering was written on the white face and black brows of her lover.

When the first hard frost came, and Jake was removing my plants to winter quarters, I plead with him against the folly of humility. "Any man or woman," I said, "who turns himself or herself into a door-mat must expect to be stepped on. Show her that you respect yourself. Make her respect you."

He smiled sadly. "She knows she can twist me round her little finger."

"Well, then, stay away from her for two or three weeks. Give her a chance to miss your devotion, and perhaps to sigh for it."

He lightened up at the last suggestion.

"I'd go to Californy," he said, "if I thought she'd follow me."

Before the close of the fortnight I made a point of calling on Margaret. She was turning over a pile of cobweb-textured curtains with the intelligent touch of an artist. But her eyes were a little weary, and there was something about the curves of the mouth that suggested contrition. The penalty of being courted comes when courtship ceases.

"Have you seen your husband lately?" I asked, after a few preliminaries.

She made a gesture of dissent.

"I heard him say something last week about going to California."

Margaret lifted her hands from the light foam of suds in the wash-bowl before her. "And leave me?" she questioned sharply.

"Why not? You have left him."

"He'd never do that," she declared. "He couldn't get along without coming to see me." She rubbed a bit of lace with conviction.

"Apparently that is the way he *has* been getting along lately. I should think a gardener would do well in California. And there he could get a divorce—or perhaps marry some nice girl without one."

The white foam spattered on the table. "You don't *know* Jake! He's the most honorable, the noblest—truest—" she stopped suddenly and turned flame-red.

"But what good do his virtues do him when his wife won't live with him?"

She tightened her lips by way of reply and turned the conversation.

It was fully a month later when I called again on Margaret. A few minutes after my arrival the door opened to admit Jake. There was a new light in his eye, a new lift to his head. Margaret's face brightened with the coquette's inherent love of battle. She was prettily dressed in a crisp white muslin, and was leaning restfully back in a low rocker, a picture of bewitching femininity.

"I've come to take you home, Marg'et," said Jake, with resolution in his voice. "I can't stand it any longer without you."

"Oh, I guess you can," said she, with a laugh of flattered vanity.

"No, I can't. I've missed you every day since you left me, and I've loved you every day, and I can't stand it any longer."

"Oh, can't you?" with an indescribable intonation. "Well, what you goin' to do about it?"

"I'm going to take you back with me, Marg'et."

"Well, I guess you won't."

"Yes, I will. I've told you more'n a hundred times that I'm as sorry as I can be I treated you so, and I'm goin' to treat you white after this. But you got to give me a *chance* to treat you white. You've got to come back with me, Marg'et."

"Oh, I *have* to, have I?"

"Yes, you'll have to, because you won't come of your own accord." He approached her and laid his hand on her shoulder. She flung it off.

"How dare you touch me?" she cried. She was standing now with angry, insulted eyes.

"Because I love you—and you love me, Marg'et."

"I don't either. I can't bear the sight of you. Get out of my house!"

"Not till you're ready to come with me, Marg'et."

"I'll never be ready."

"Yes, you will. You'll be ready in five minutes."

He took out an old watch and laid it on the table. Silence settled on the room with the oppressiveness of a thunder-cloud. Then Margaret spoke with short, panting breaths. "It's a pretty story—if I'm to be—bossed by you!"

"'Tisn't me that's bossing you, Marg'et. It's love. And love has been bossing me ever since I first saw you."

"Well, then," said Margaret, with a tremulous smile, "you just put that watch away and quit your fooling."

"There's only two minutes left, Marg'et."

"Quit your fooling, I say," she repeated, angrily.

Silence again. I could hear the watch tick.

"There's only one minute left, Marg'et."

The tone in his voice was that of inevitableness. It was as assured as death—as assured as love, which is "strong as death." In a sudden tumult of resistance, she sprang to a door leading upstairs. He was there before her, his solemn figure barring the way.

"Leave me alone," she panted.

"I will not," he said.

Her flaming blue eyes met his tragic black ones.

"You must come with me, Marg'et; I can't live without you."

"I won't! I won't do it! I will not!"

"Yes, you will, Marg'et."

She whirled round to escape by the outer door, and he, while her back was toward him, put his arms around her waist, and bore her, struggling and vociferating, out of the house.

Down the street they went, not very rapidly, for Margaret was by no means a weakling, and progress was considerably impeded by the protestations of her well-developed muscles. "He's got her! He's got her!" shouted the small boys, who followed on as at a circus procession. "Oh, you brute, you villain!" screamed Margaret, beside herself with rage and shame, "let me go this minute!" Her voice rose to a shriek. "Let me go! Let me go!"

It was nearly twilight, and the streets were filled with home-returning pedestrians, who viewed the scene, some with smiles, some with outspoken indignation. Jake stopped for neither denunciation nor ridicule. "She's my wife," he said. "I can't live without her." "Oh, yes, she's his wife," sarcastically exclaimed a well-dressed woman beside me. "It doesn't matter how much a man humiliates his wife." "Shameful!" exclaimed another. "Pretend to care for her, and yet make her the laughing-stock of the town!" A murmur of wrath, mingled with a sense of outrage, rose from the crowd against the domestic tyrant. Jake paid no attention. "Oh, I hate you!" cried Margaret, gathering all her strength in a final burst of concentrated venom. "I *hate* you! I HATE you!" Jake, unmoved, pushed resolutely on.

At the busiest crossing, which they now approached, some miracle took place in the heart of Margaret. Her screams ceased. Her struggles ceased. Borne forward as she was with her back to her husband, she put up her hand in a gesture of pure wifeliness to his face—the palm pressed softly against his cheek. "Let me go, Jake," she whispered, "and I'll walk home with you." Instantly they were walking side by side. The crowd dispersed, for the show was over; and in a few minutes they were at their own gate. Jake's wet eyes were fixed upon his wife, who, throwing herself on the familiar doorstep, gave way to a storm of weeping. All the vanity, obstinacy, and bad temper that had infected her naturally loving heart were washed away in that tender flood. Then, blinded with tears, she rose and made her way slowly, hesitatingly, but surely, to the waiting arms of the man who stood apart, scarce daring to comfort her, and laid her head upon his yearning breast.

# Indian Summer

By Martha Day Fenner

When Summer birds their parting song
  A spirit sad engenders,
Dear Nature leads her child along
  A path aflame with splendors.
And, heart to heart, the blight and bloom
  One moment stand embracing,
E'er Autumn still, in shrouded gloom,
  Begins its stern effacing.

Then insects call with pipings shrill,
  The mellow sunshine wooing,
While from the copse beneath the hill
  There comes the lone dove's cooing.
And over all that soulful hush
  A waiting season covers,
When Autumn, with a parting blush,
  Says farewell to her lovers.

# With the Attacking Fleet: A Story of the War Game

### By James Barnes

Author of "Naval Actions of 1812," "Commodore Bainbridge," "Midshipman Farragut," etc.

"WE are to play pretend there's a war," said the Department, only saying it very seriously. "Fine idea, eh! All you land forces will be on one side, and you," here the Department indicated that it was looking in another direction, "all you navy chaps will be on the other.

"Of course," went on the Department, nodding to the man who fights on land, "you are to be the defenders of your country. Navy, he's going to attack, and you had better look out for him, or he may teach you a lesson." The Department smiled to itself, for that was just what it wanted, and, carrying the thought out, added: "I suppose that's what you are here for, both of you, to learn something. You see, it's this way—we will suppose that on a certain day war is declared between this country and, er—and Aurania."

"Never heard of it," interrupted Navy, impulsively.

"Never mind," replied the Department. "For a week you will be Auranian, and do the best you can."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"How are we going to arrange about all this business?" asked Army. "How will we know who's going to win? You see, my mortar batteries could knock out any hostile—"

"Now hold on," interrupted the Department; "we'll arrange all that, Mr. Gunner-Engineer, when everybody has a chance to talk, and we'll have a little set of rules drawn up to refer to in case of need, and then we'll have umpires and all that sort of thing, and play the game, and if we play it right we'll get much benefit out of it. At all events, it will attract attention and can do no harm."

"There'll be some objections raised by the Finance Committee, or somebody," suggested Army, "if they think it's going to cost any money."

"We've overruled all that beforehand," replied the Department. "There were bound to be objections, anyway. But let us get down to business: The Committee has arranged a method of marking the score, so to speak, that will make it more or less plain how the two forces stand at the finish. All games are decided on points, you know, nowadays, and so will this one be. A gun on shore, placed in a certain manner and throwing a projectile of a certain weight, is worth so many points at certain ranges, and the same on shipboard. The value of one of your vessels, Navy, as an instrument of attack, is the sum total of her armament—that is, the weight of metal she can throw in a given time."

"But my mortar batteries," began Army, "they will—"

"Be provided for," went on the Department, continuing the sentence. "Their maximum and minimum range shall be taken into account; their direction, position, emplacement, etc."

"He can't hit a thing with his old mortars," murmured Navy; "anyhow, not a moving ship."

"We'll see about that," returned Gunner-Engineer, hotly.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" interrupted the Department. "We have decided everything already; don't quarrel yet as to points. What we wish to find out now, as near as we can, is results. Actual war will be supposed to exist. There will be mines placed at the entrance to harbors, obstructions in channels, lookout and signal stations established along the coast, and searchlights and all devices known for detecting the presence of an enemy; all artificial aids to navigation are supposed to be removed, and in the short time left for preparation we will see what we can do."

"There isn't much for us to do," said Navy, sententiously, "except get together."

"That's true," returned the Department. "Individually you are ready for actual war any afternoon, which is a fact that a great many people don't realize. But nevertheless there's something for you to think about. Hostilities begin at midnight, August 31, and will continue until midnight, September 5."

Now, having settled this question, the Department smiled in rather a self-satisfied, mysterious way.

"We will burn real powder?" asked Army, sniffing expectantly.

"Yes," replied the Department, "that will be the music to the game. Music is a great thing to encourage interest and to keep up enthusiasm. We must have plenty of blanks and lots of noise. If any place is overwhelmed by the concentrated fire of ships, the umpires will decide whether it can take part in any future defense. If any signal station is captured or destroyed, it will remain out of action for twelve hours after the departure of the enemy. An attacking party landed from the ships and fighting on shore will have to outnumber by ten times the defenders of a position and will be supposed to suffer, in casualties, twice the number of defenders in taking it."

"So much learned from the late unpleasantness in South Africa," said Navy, "but, you see, on shipboard—"

"My mortar batteries," began the Gunner-Engineer, again interrupting.

"Are perfectly safe," was the Department's reply; "we have decided that they cannot be destroyed by gun-fire."

As the committee appointed by the Department had much work to do, and the Army, represented by Mr. Gunner-Engineer, seemed satisfied, this allegorical meeting is supposed to have broken up, and the newspapers began to describe the actual preparations, so far as they understood them, and betray all the plans of both belligerents, so far as they could find them out.

Preceding the actual declaration of war three days of final preparation were allowed, during which time the hostile fleet was supposed to be hovering off the coast.

In Menemsha Bight, on August 31, anchored a mile from the sandy shore of Martha's Vineyard, lay the hostile fleet—a stronger fleet than any foreign nation, or the United States for that matter, had ever gathered on the American coast.

Under the command of Rear-Admiral Francis J. Higginson were four first-class battle-ships, one monitor, two protected cruisers, one cruiser, and six armed vessels, converted from peaceful pursuits during the Spanish War and kept on the navy lists, and ranging from 5,000 to 80 tons. The Kearsarge (flagship), Alabama, Massachusetts, Indiana, Puritan, Brooklyn, Olympia, Panther, Supply, Montgomery, Mayflower, Gloucester, Scorpion, Peoria, and Aileen composed the hostile forces.

It was a very peaceful Sabbath day, suggestive of starch and best clothes; gigs from the various ships paid visits to the Admiral; the bands played music, and there was no hint of approaching hostilities in the air, nothing unusual to peaceful maneuvers except the presence of the special envoys from the enemy, who, contrary to usual habit in such matters, were allowed to fraternize with their foes on a friendly basis, for every vessel carried a member of either the Ordnance, the Artillery, or the Engineers. This was part of the rules of this particular war.

At 11:30 P.M. (Sunday night) the fleet began to get under way, and by twelve o'clock was in a line of two columns, with the flagship winking messages from her masthead lights, informing the fleet that she was going to the northward of Block Island. Looking back across the stretch of water to Buzzards Bay, the searchlight at Fort Rodman could be seen sweeping against the sky, and farther to the westward very soon there began to loom two other great patches of flickering white. At daybreak Block Island was close at hand. Hardly had the fleet dropped anchor when a force of marines and bluejackets was landed under the guns of the Kearsarge and Brooklyn, which were cracking their six-pounders at the astonished islanders, and the fleet of Aurania had established a base.

Now, on Block Island there was a wireless telegraphy station and a combined signal and telegraph station of the ordinary kind, and the first object of attack early in the morning had been this hill, the summit of which was topped by the strange-looking pole and wires. In a house near by was found an important paper, being no more nor less than a map of the signal stations, giving the position of range-finders and searchlights along the coasts and approaches to the Sound. Here was a find indeed! Now, in times of actual war the officer in charge should, by all rights, have swallowed this important document, or, if not forced to that dramatic extreme, he at least should have burnt it, or made way with it in some fashion; but not so with this particular officer—he left it hanging on the wall. Every bit of information was noted by the conquerors, and then the four trembling prisoners were released to go where they pleased at their own sweet will. They were even to be allowed to use the signal station and send messages, if these messages were of an innocuous character and contained no reference to the movements of the Auranian fleet.

It seems rather strange that one of the enemy should be allowed to hold any communication with his own forces while ostensibly a prisoner. But a great deal had to be taken for granted and a great deal had to be accepted in a war that is purely imaginary. So far as work was concerned, however, and so far as living up to the actualities went, life with the fleet was the same as would actually exist in war time. The men stood to their quarters in the same way, the magazines were opened and the ammunition hoists were ready, and the doctors laid out their operating-tables and instruments; stretchers were ready to carry down the wounded, the hammocks were placed about the superstructure, and the captain entered the conning-tower (at least for a short time), and from there conned the ship as if in actual combat.

There was some excitement attending the early evening hours of September 1. Even before the daylight had faded the watchful searchlights to the northward began waving their long, glaring arms, or gazing steadily with their single eye, like great Cyclops guarding the distant shore.

It was two in the morning and raining slightly when the fleet got under way, but an hour or so previously the Brooklyn and Massachusetts had quietly got up their anchors and steamed off to the westward. It was known that the object of attack would be the Plum Gut passage, and that an attempt would be made to silence the forts on Gardner's Point, Great Gull Island, and Plum Island.

Headed by the flagship, the main attacking column, consisting of the Kearsarge, the Alabama, the Indiana, and the Puritan, steamed in the order named to the westward. The searchlights became plainer and plainer. At last there were seven distinct watchers alert and wide-awake on shore. A strange thing, the effect of these searchlights. They seemed to reach out through the darkness like the tentacles of some monster stretching, searching, and feeling, and ever on their guard. At a distance of seven miles the rays would sometimes fall upon the ships, lighting up the superstructure, the massive funnels, and the military masts, and even rendering it so light that one could tell the time by a watch held in the hand. All idea of distance was lost; it was hard to decide whether the light was two miles away or eight; to the uninitiated eye it seemed to be but a stone's-throw distant at times, floating just beyond the dark circles of the nearest visible waves. Soon there came dull, jarring reports from the northwest, and then there could be seen little darting spurts of red, like the sparks made by the snapping of a Leyden jar.

Some one on the bridge of the Alabama turned quickly.

"The Brooklyn and Massachusetts are catching it now," he said, and in the quiet tones of his voice there was a trace of that same undercurrent of excitement with which comments are made upon approaching an actual conflict. Despite the omnipresent idea of "play-pretend," there began to grow a feeling of newly awakened tension on the nerves. In the glare of a searchlight, that for a moment found the Alabama, and almost made us think that we had been discovered, I glanced at the faces about me on the bridge. The navigator, leaning over the map in its little shelter-tent lit by a tiny electric bulb, was moving a pair of parallel rulers across the map. He would have done it in the same manner had every gun been loaded with real shell and full charges, for he was that kind of a man. Near by stood a midshipman with a range-finder in his hand, and at the wheel, with the light from the little narrow slit, through which one looked into the binnacle, full upon his face, stood the quartermaster. Not the kind of a quartermaster that one might expect to find—grizzled, grim, and determined—but a young lad of about eighteen, with red cheeks and a keen, intelligent face—just the sort of a chap that one might expect to find playing end rush on a school eleven. Never for a minute did he take his eyes off that narrow little slit of light.

"Starboard a little," said a voice from the front of the bridge.

"Starboard, sir!"

"Steady!"

"Steady, sir!"

If the young quartermaster felt any sense of responsibility, any thrill of excited enjoyment, his face betrayed him not. He was one of the steady nerves that obeyed the mind of the ship, for the voice that had spoken was the captain's, and now it spoke again.

"Slow both engines!"

There were two heaves and a jerking stop at the indicators, and the effect could immediately be felt. Again the idea came to one how perfect it all was—the complete centralization of the power of force. A thought, a word, and down in the great bowels of the ship the huge engines felt and answered, for even the engines reply "Aye, aye," and the little pointer that moves across the illuminated face of the indicator responds in the same perfunctory manner, and with the same idea of duty done, orders obeyed, as did the young quartermaster when he said, "Steady, sir!"

Looking back over the bridge into the citadel of the armored superstructure, not a thing could be seen. There was a sound of whispering and low voices of the men as they stood about the guns. You heard one of the division officers ask in a low voice some question about the ammunition. Back of the military mast stood a group of signal-boys and messengers. The idea of expectancy, the excited undercurrent, grew until the whole thing appeared quite real. One of the signal-boys, who early in the evening had been so sleepy that he had fallen into a nap all standing, now wriggled with suppressed excitement.

"Say, this is great!" he said.

It expressed the feeling of even those sleep-struck bluejackets who had been turned out of their warm hammocks after a hard day's work. It was now four-thirty in the morning. From Fisher's Island two searchlights swept round to the eastward, feeling, feeling eagerly. One almost expected to hear the swish of the ray of light as it swept over the water. The cannonading to the westward had increased, there were sharp staccato barks now, and it was evident that the Massachusetts and the Brooklyn were replying. The Gull Island light and the one from Plum Island were turned upon the fighting ships that were invisible as yet from the battle-ships. Suddenly the gleaming eye on Great Gull turned on its axis and swept full upon us. The superstructure and every detail of the uniforms of the officers on the bridge stood out distinctly, but though the light was dazzling to the eyes and almost uncomfortable to look upon, it was still four miles away; and after resting upon us it swept back again and to all appearances found the flagship. Every line on her stood out silhouetted against the glare. Surely we must be seen! But the light swept on again and turned round to the westward again.

It was almost with a feeling of relief that one watched it go, for from what I gathered we were just then supposed to be crossing into the field of the mysterious and dreaded mortar fire, which no vessel in actual warfare has ever been called upon to face.

The vessels kept position by following a shrouded steering light that could be seen only when directly astern. But, as if they were no more than flower boats in a water pageant, they kept their distances; the engines had slowed down to half speed, and now the light from Gull Island was reaching round again toward us. The daylight had also begun to show a little gray in the east. The slight drizzle of rain had ceased entirely, and then somebody on the bridge pointed excitedly.

"See there! the fort on Gardner's point."

Broad off the port bow lay a long black line in the water less than a mile away. The flagship, three hundred yards ahead, had discovered it at about the same time. An instant later a red gash reached out from her side and the roar of her batteries began. The captain began to speak in sharp, clear tones. You could hear the clicking of the breech-blocks and some murmured orders. Searchlights had found the flagship now, but it was full two minutes later, when we were abreast the battery that had replied with three guns, before they caught the Alabama. Then how she lit up! The smoke from the battle-ship had drifted back to us, scenting the damp air. Beneath the bridge on the forecastle the great turret was grinding round with a ponderous, graceful swing, bringing the two thirteen-inch guns to bear. With their shoulders held tight against the firing-stocks of the six-pounders, the men stood ready. The range had been given as 1,700 yards.

"Commence firing," said the captain, quietly.

The bridge planks leapt with the impact of the sharp discharge beneath. The blood tingled. They had turned on the music without which the game would have been very dull indeed. The rattle of the empty cases sounded on the deck as the automatic ejectors tossed them out. The navigator, who had emerged from his little canvas lean-to, took a glance at the compass, caught a bearing, and then looked out at the fort. His eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

The Engineer-Colonel, who was Special Envoy from the land forces, took an angle-bearing with his forefinger and thumb, and then murmured some abstruse calculations. He appeared to gloat over something. And it was just at this moment, so we were informed afterwards, that the great battle-ship gave an imaginary heave and lurch and went to the bottom with all hands. For, according to points and rules, we had struck an imaginary mine.

The Indiana, just astern, began firing, and all I can say is this, that if there had been no mines, and we had not gone to the bottom, I would have hated to be in or about that little battery—the vessels would have sunk it; points or no points, they would have blown the top off it, anyhow.

The daylight grew and widened. From Plum Island, which was dead ahead, burst tongues of flame. Some of them shot up into the air; and now there could be seen the billowing white smoke-clouds. The mortar battery on the eastern point was firing heavily, but the ships were safe from it, as they were well within the safe zone of mortar fire.

The Brooklyn and Indiana could be seen closely inshore to the north of Plum Island. They were receiving the fire from the heavy guns and replying fiercely. Owing to the fact that no blank charges for anything but the six and one pounders were served to the ships, their sharp cracking broadsides were very different from the heavy detonations of the shore batteries. Plum Island developed unexpected strength. As the three battle-ships, which were soon joined by the monitor Puritan, circled about in the Bight, a battery opened from the Sand Spit on the western end of the island and three more heavy guns disclosed themselves by the puffs of smoke along the crest of the hill. At ten minutes of six the squadron withdrew toward the southeast, passing close to Gardner's Point again, and being fired at by Gull Island as they came in mortar range. Soon after the Brooklyn and Massachusetts withdrew and received the fire of Gull Island, and Fisher's Island also, as they passed between them. The fleet came to anchor south of Cerebus Shoal shortly after nine. All that day we lay there until a little after three the next morning; then, heading to the northward, we made full speed and were close in shore to Fisher's Island at dawn. The daylight attack that followed, while picturesque in a measure, lacked the dramatic qualities that attended the performance of the previous night. It was done in the old-fashioned way, much as one might imagine had been the bombarding of Fort Fisher during the War of the Rebellion. The vessels passed slowly in line within close range of the forts, sometimes within 1,700 yards—so near, indeed, that many riflemen could be seen hiding amid the rocks, and above the roar of the ten-inch guns the crash of the rapid-fires and the reverberating thunder of the heavy mortars there could be heard the popping of the Krags. The groups of spectators lining the crests of the hills, crowding the piazzas of the cottages and hotels, detracted from the reality of the scene. It was evidently so undangerous that the moving-picture man standing on the forecastle and grinding his yards of photograph film did not appear to be in the least out of place. The range-finders for the disappearing guns were conspicuous objects, and had the ships managed to keep afloat and fired at the range at which they were supposed to be, the little citadels of stone would soon have been reduced to crumbling ruin; in fact, the range-finders seemed to invite attention, and in case of actual war would have furnished excellent targets.

As to the number of points that were given to the credit of each in this action it would be hard to state, but had not the vessels been sunk, as I say, by mines or torpedoes, or disabled by the mortars or heavy guns, it is again safe to state that no forts not possessing disappearing gun-mounts could have withstood the fire of sixteen thirteen-inch guns, let alone the scores of others of no light caliber that would have been directed against them.

Once more the fleet anchored off Block Island. It was rumored that Aurania had lost the pride of her navy, and that again there were several fine vessels down on the bottom between Race Rock Light and Gull Island, and that scores and scores of brave bluejackets were dank and brine-soaked carcasses. But all hands appeared cheerful for all of this, and the Auranian tars indulged in a smoking concert and boxing-match.

The dash through this race on the early night of September 4 was wonderfully picturesque, with the searchlights close at hand and the billowing clouds of powder-smoke. But perhaps of all of the days of the cruise, the night that the fleet entered Newport will stand out most vividly. Those who witnessed it from the ships, and I dare say those who saw it from the shore, would not give up the experience, or the recollection, for a great deal. There had been what might have been called a reconnoissance in force on the afternoon of September 5, and I believe that the umpires agree that the range and position finders, whose exact whereabouts were known, owing to the captured information, were destroyed. The landing party that was put ashore from the Montgomery near Price's Neck was captured, however, and the gunner-engineers ashore claimed that the mortar batteries had sunk at least two of the battle-ships as they slowly zigzagged in line south of the Lightship at a range of about six to eight thousand yards.

But to come to the real attack and the running of the gauntlet. I can see it now as I write: the slow approach toward the headlands, the passing by of a ghostly schooner with all sails set that loomed out of the darkness, passed the line of the incoming ships, and disappeared; the sudden glare and spurt of a rocket into the air, that showed that at last one of the far-reaching searchlights had found us, and then the steady onward rush to the Narrows, with four great glaring eyes, almost blinding in their intensity, watching our oncoming. It had been supposed that so many mighty searchlights, some sixty inches in diameter, turned full upon a ship would confuse and bewilder her management, hence signals had been arranged with those on shore, who would understand by means of whistle-blasts when to turn their light off. But, under certain circumstances, as it proved, the searchlight would be a great aid to navigation—close the bright spot out with the outstretched hand, and beneath it one could detect the wide, glittering wake of light reflecting from the facets of the waves. Soon the mortar batteries on Dutch Island, Fort Wetherell, and Fort Adams began to open fire; but, without replying, the ships went on.

Now, strange to say, there came again to every one on board the strange tension of excited interest that all had felt during the two previous night attacks. It was the influence of dramatic surroundings alone—the reflex of suggestive imagination that, owing to the darkness, threw in the element of danger and mystery. It was the pyrotechnical quality of the whole thing that would appeal to the onlooker. As to the officers themselves, they had their work to do, and the sense of responsibility sat upon their shoulders. But again I noticed that the signal-boys were elated and chatting in nervous little whispers. The bugler, standing on the bridge, began whistling an excited little tune into the mouth of his bugle. A Naval Reserve, one of the crew of the forward six-pounder, grinned and chattered his teeth with that mirthless grin which I have seen upon men's faces when about to go into actual fighting.

Soon the reports of the guns were so close that the jar of the reports could be felt. There was a perfect fog-bank of smoke drifting down upon the ship. It diffused and reflected the light, somehow, until all around was bright as day. The battle-flags flying at the mastheads could be seen in all their colors. The flagship, which was leading, had wisely not opened fire, for now the diffused glare became almost blinding, and the reports of the shore guns echoed back and forth from the rocks on either hand.

The Alabama was the first to fire in return, and the smoke from her guns swept upon her bridge and wafted across the decks, and for an instant there actually came a sense of danger, for not three hundred yards separated each ponderous vessel, and in the confusion of the glare the steering-lights were obscured and the distances were hard to judge. Engines were slowed down, and soon the pulsating masthead lights told of reduced speed all along the line. But a slight breeze springing up cleared away the smoke, much to the relief of a tugboat captain who, with his tow behind him, was making his way through all the confusion out to sea, tooting his whistle in a bewildered semi-anguish, as if requesting pitifully not to be sunk or run down.

Soon all the vessels except the flagship were firing, and the narrow passage was filled with a clangor of reports; and now a strange phenomenon. Close aboard, reflected against the smoke-bank, was silhouetted the deep black shadow of every ship. The vessels seemed multiplied as distinctly as if drawn upon the surface of a sheet. Almost at point-blank range the guns of Fort Wetherell and Fort Adams were firing as quickly as they could load, and if it had been shell instead of harmless wad, they would, like the Kilkenny cats, have destroyed themselves, for every shot that missed the vessels would have plunked into the friend across the water.

The night before a clever ruse had been successfully carried out by the Navy. The Peoria, a converted steam pilot-boat, had been painted black in a couple of hours, and, under cover of darkness, with tow-lights showing, and trailing behind her a barge filled with men, counter-mines, and grappling-irons, she had been allowed to pass the forts unfired at. She had imaginably countermined the imaginary mines, and had worked under the very noses of the gunners in the fort. So, perhaps, according to points, the fleet was not really sunk, which may have accounted for their boldness of approach. But to return again.

As the Newport lights became visible the fleet headed across toward Jamestown, one persistent gun at Fort Adams blimming away exultant in the row it was making. The Fall River boat hoarsely blew a notice that it was coming out, and, all ablaze with light and ignoring the dangers of the passage, she swept astern of us on schedule time. Turning about Gould Island, the war vessels, with their own searchlights illuminating the shore, passed once more through the Narrows and out to sea, the unsilenced forts again giving it to them triumphantly. Back to Block Island the Auranian fleet, still intact, steamed on. There they dropped anchor—the six-day war was over.

Who won? I leave that for the umpires to decide. In the stereotyped phrase that has been the familiar comment on many actual engagements, I can only say, "Both sides claimed the victory." As to the results—the objects gained or the lessons learned—I leave that for another kind of article, to be written by a different kind of writer. But one thing is apparent—for the expenditure of a few millions of dollars the approaches to the Sound could be rendered impregnable; and of one thing I am sure—had it been actual fighting the whole thing would have been neither so picturesque nor, let us say, so comfortable. So far as can be judged, those who took part in it or witnessed it on both sides appear to be satisfied.

# Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**All the Russias.** By Henry Norman, M.P. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6½×9 in. 476 pages. $4, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Arithmetical Problems.** By Wilbur F. Nichols, A.M. Thompson, Brown & Co., Boston. 5¾×7¾ in. 167 pages.

**As Seen from the Ranks: A Boy in the Civil War.** By Charles E. Benton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 292 pages. $1.25.

A story of the Civil War from the personal viewpoint of a private in the 150th New York State Volunteers. The book makes no pretense to literary distinction or military knowledge, but presents a simple, straightforward account of things seen, opinions formed, together with anecdotes of incidental happenings. The little volume breathes sincerity, modesty, frankness, from every page. The chapter on Gettysburg and its results in testing for the first time the irrepressible bravery of the South and the unexpected, invincible, and decisive resistance of the North, is especially readable in its brief, convincing summing up. Equally good is the succeeding chapter, in which Mr. Benton discourses on heroism and cowardice—so called—in war, and shows how both elements enter into the war experience of every man; the real thing, in short, being the total reverse of the most bepraised imaginative literature on that subject.

**Boy of a Thousand Years Ago (A).** By Harriet P. Comstock. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5½×7½ in. 196 pages. $1.

This juvenile attracted attention and much commendation during its run as a serial in "St. Nicholas." It deals with the checkered boyhood and later triumph of that ever-interesting hero, King Alfred of England.

**Captive of the Roman Eagles (A).** By Felix Dahn. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 424 pages. $1.50.

**Catch Words of Cheer.** By Sara A. Hubbard. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4½×6½ in. 80c., net.

**Champion (The).** By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 276 pages. $1.20, net.

A boy's story, and a notably good one—the first effort in this line, we believe, of one of our best American novelists. The hero is a printer's devil who gets into a pretty serious scrape concerned with the burning of a theater, is brave enough to face the music, and emerges triumphant. The "champion" has real boy fun and boy recklessness in him, and he is intensely real and alive.

**Development and Evolution.** By James M. Baldwin. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×8 in. 395 pages. $2.60.

Reserved for later notice.

**Dante and the Animal Kingdom.** By Richard T. Holbrook, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 376 pages. $2, net.

In the thirteenth century few realized the variety of animal life, yet Dr. Holbrook has compiled a volume of interest to the increasing number of Dante students; for the great thinker and poet did not leave even this comparatively unnoticed domain out of his gigantic "Divine Comedy." Of the three parts of the poem, the "Inferno" naturally holds the richest imagery of all; for, as Dante soars higher and higher in the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso," earthly life becomes less prominent. Dr. Holbrook's aim in the present volume has been to set forth Dante's philosophy of the animal kingdom, to show from what sources he derives his knowledge, and to what ends that knowledge was employed. We are first invited to consider man and the angels; next, the devil and his brood—Charon, the red-eyed ferryman, and Phlegyas, the ferryman of Dis; Pluto, the demon of wealth; Minos and his tail; Cerbero and Cerberus; furies, centaurs, harpies, and giants. Among the lower animals are the lion, wolf, dog, fox, panther, cat, mouse, mole, bear, horse, mule, ass, pig, sheep, goat, deer, beaver, otter, elephant, whale, dolphin, frog, kite, eagle, crow, lark, nightingale, dove, starling, crane, stork, pelican, swan, blackbird, magpie, rook, swallow, goose, cock, snail, lizard, scorpion, caterpillar, fly, wasp, locust, spider, ant, and bee—altogether Dante mentions about a hundred birds, beasts, fishes, and monsters. It is a mistake to suppose, thinks the author, that Dante did not have some small belief in giants and dragons; he must have reflected a little of the credulity of an age in which even such great thinkers as Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas were credulous.

**Eighty Good Times Out of Doors.** By Lilian M. Heath. Illustrated. F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 198 pages. 75c., net.

**English History Told by English Poets.** By Katharine Lee Bates and Katharine Conan. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 452 pages. 80c.

A volume prepared by two experienced writers and teachers, Miss Katharine Lee Bates and Miss Katharine Conan, of the faculty of Wellesley College, for the purpose of serving as a reading-book in connection with the study of English history; the authors rightly divining that poets are not only spirited historians, but, in many instances, the truest interpreters and therefore recorders of history. They recall the fact, in their preface, that the London populace of Elizabethan times learned English history from the stage, as many an Englishman has done since. From its early days English poetry has drawn much of its inspiration from English action; and it is not presumptuous to say that no one can really understand English history until to the study of the English historians he has added the study of the English poets. This volume has been carefully prepared, and draws upon English literature from the time of the balladists to the time of Tennyson and Browning, including, therefore, not only a great mass of poetry which is of importance from the standpoint of the book, but presenting a selection which is of profound interest by reason of its illustration of English verse. The volume is supplied with notes.

**Family of the Herods (The); or, The Last Dynasty of Jewish Kings.** By Florence M. Ferguson. C. E. Brown Printing Co., Kansas City, Mo. 5½×8 in. 174 pages.

**Famous Paintings Described by Great Writers.** Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 366 pages. $1.60, net.

Miss Singleton's first series of "Famous Paintings Described by Great Writers" has met with such deserved success that a second series is amply justified. For lack of space certain painters—Perugino, Mantegna, Luini, and Giorgione among others—were omitted from the first series. They are to be found in this second series, and by such excellent selections as Perugino's "Tobias and the Angel Raphael," described by Paul Lafond; Mantegna's "Parnassus," described by Jules Guiffrey; Luini's "Columbine," described by Marcel Reymond, and Giorgione's "Concert," described by Walter Pater. The citation of these four examples should be enough, we are sure, to stimulate the reader's curiosity as to the others; altogether they are about fifty in number. Looking now at the author's two volumes together, many favorite pictures are sure to be missed; but it is of course impossible to include within these limits every work which holds a firm place in the affections of all who reverence great art. The present volume is especially strong in the matter of portraits, some of them being in the very first rank of portraiture—Velasquez's "Innocent X." for instance, and Van Dyck's "Charles I.," Rembrandt's "Portrait of an Old Woman," Philippe de Champaigne's "Cardinal Richelieu," and Bellini's "Doge Loredano." The illustrations would be of even greater interest if, in addition to the names of subject and painter, the location of the picture were indicated, as in the list of illustrations preceding the text.

**Foundation Lessons in English Language and Grammar.** By O. I. and M. S. Woodley and G. R. Carpenter. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×7½ in. 166 pages. 65c.

**Four Addresses.** By Henry Lee Higginson. D. B. Updike, The Merrymount Press, Boston. 4½×8 in. 107 pages. Limited Edition on Japan Vellum, 150 copies at $5, net; regular edition at 75c., net.

Those who value strong, direct, lucid English diction for its own sake will find in these addresses a genuine source of pleasure. Harvard men, in addition, will value them for their author's sake, to whom they owe the Soldiers' Field, and, in great measure, the Harvard Union.

**Glimpses of California and the Missions.** By Helen Hunt Jackson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 292 pages. $1.50.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson was at her best in those records of impressions of places and persons which she gave the world in her travel sketches. Indeed, there is no exaggeration in the statement that no American writer has surpassed, if any has equaled, her in keen aptitude for new places and fresh types of people, in quick response of imagination to new scenes and novel aspects of life, and in graphic power in putting these impressions into words. Mrs. Jackson, having a touch of genius in her rare personality, not only gave her readers the facts about people and places, but conveyed also the subtle and characteristic atmospheric influences which gave persons and places their peculiar quality. To a great many Americans she was the discoverer of Colorado and Southern California, and it is quite impossible to estimate the influence which she exerted in attracting attention to two climates whose radiant qualities she described with all the vividness and enthusiasm of a discoverer. The essays written by Mrs. Jackson from Southern California, as a record of her earliest trip, include "Father Junipero and his Work," which gives very vividly the pathetic history of Franciscan missions; "The Mission Indians in Southern California," "Echoes in the City of Angels," "Outdoors Industries in Southern California," and "Chance Days in Oregon." These essays, originally printed with her European travel sketches, have very properly been given a place by themselves in a handsome new volume under the title "Glimpses of California and the Missions," with a series of illustrations by Mr. Henry Sandham, who was Mrs. Jackson's companion on the trip in which these records were made, in her mind, if not by her pen. These articles are of great interest, not only because of what they are in themselves, but as a kind of prelude and preface to "Ramona," and to that period of her life which Mrs. Jackson regarded as far the most significant and important.

**Guardian of Marie Antoinette (The). Letters from the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau to Marie Thérèse, Empress of Austria (1770-1780).** By Lillian C. Smythe. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 2 vols. 5½×9 in. 699 pages. $6.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Heart of Christianity (The).** By William Hayes Ward, D.D., LL.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 37 pages. 25c.

**Help to the Study of the Holy Spirit.** By W. E. Biederwolf. J. F. Earle & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 155 pages. 75c.

**Herr Doctor (The).** By Robert MacDonald. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 136 pages. 40c., net.

**Hole in the Wall (The).** By Arthur Morrison. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 415 pages. $1.50.

No English novelist surpasses Mr. Morrison in clear-cut, vivid pictures of London low life. "The Hole in the Wall" is a study of Ratcliffe Highway two or three generations ago. Sailors' lodging-houses, crimps, thieves, drabs, and murderers abound. A genial old villain who keeps the tavern which gives the book its title is the grandfather of the boy whose story is the subject of the book; and the love of the two and final reform of the old tavern-keeper are delicately and skillfully narrated. The book is hard and repellent in its subject matter, but is written with remarkable force.

**House Opposite (The).** By Elizabeth Kent. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 276 pages. $1.

An unusually cleverly constructed detective story without a particle of literary interest.

**How Can I Cure My Indigestion?** By A. K. Bond, M.D. The Contemporary Publishing Co., New York. 4¾×7 in. 180 pages.

**Human Nature and the Social Order.** By Charles H. Cooley. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 413 pages. $1.50, net.

A discussion in clear, non-technical language of the relations of society to the individual, developing the thesis that the two terms do not denote different things, but the same thing—human nature—in different aspects, and that the antitheses so often developed between individual faculties and social faculties, individual and social emotions, ends, and aims, are largely false. The human mind and the forces working for human progress are not thus divisible into antagonistic elements.

**Il Vero Amico.** By Carlo Goldoni. Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary by J. Geddes, Jr., and F. M. Josselyn, Jr. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½×6½ in, 119 pages.

**Indian Boyhood.** By Charles A. Eastman. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 288 pages. $1.60, net.

As most of our readers know, Dr. Eastman is a Sioux Indian. His father's name was Many Lightnings, and he was a warrior of note. The father was captured in the Minnesota Indian war, became on release a Christian and a farmer, and returned to his tribe to find the son who writes this and to bring him into civilized, Christian life. Dr. Eastman is a graduate of Dartmouth, a physician of skill and experience, a writer of many articles and stories. In this beautifully printed and illustrated book he tells of his own boyhood with the Sioux, his playmates, games, hunting adventures, and incidentally gives a vivid and true picture of Indian life in all aspects. The book is splendid reading for boys; it has also a real and large value for students of folk-lore and for race-character. Some of the legends have a true poetic charm.

**Key to the Missionary Problem.** By Andrew Murray. (Third Edition.) American Tract Society, New York. 4½×7 in. 204 pages. 75c.

**King Mombo.** By Paul du Chaillu. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 226 pages. $1.50, net.

This is one of Mr. du Chaillu's characteristic stories of native African life. It is not very thrilling, but it contains a good deal of incidental information about the natives, their habits and customs, and the wild animals of the jungle.

**King's Steward (The).** By Rev. A. L. Banks, D.D. American Tract Society, New York. 6×8½ in. 315 pages. $1.25.

The fact that these sermons, like almost all of those by Dr. Banks, are packed full of illustrative stories will make them readable to people who would seldom read a sermon for its thoughtfulness alone. Many of the illustrations are taken from modern commercial life, as a number of New Testament parables and figures are based on the commercial life of New Testament times. The purpose evident throughout the book is to make clear the practical bearing of Christianity upon every-day living.

**Little Girl Next Door (The).** By Nina Rhoades. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5½×7½ in. 248 pages. $1.

Showing how two little girls made acquaintance from the windows of neighboring houses, and how each affected the subsequent fortunes of the other. The lifelong blindness of one creates a strain of pathos sustained throughout.

**London as Seen and Described by Famous Writers.** Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 350 pages. $1.40, net.

This handsome volume is a compilation of views and impressions of the British metropolis selected from the best descriptive writing of places and localities. The plan is identical with that followed by the same author in her interesting book on Paris, published last year. In that volume the selections were devoted mainly to special monuments; in this volume they are devoted mainly to the characteristic sections of London, with many descriptions of the chief monuments, streets, squares, old churches, and civic buildings. In making her selections Miss Singleton has endeavored to present the great city in all its different phases, and to bring to the imagination of the reader not only localities, but the atmosphere in which they are enveloped; for London without its atmosphere would lack its most poetic and also its gloomiest quality. Beginning on the east, and following the Thames westward, the reader has the opportunity of looking through the eyes of trained observers at the most famous streets and monuments, and the book combines, therefore, many of the qualities of the guide-book with an interest, a fullness, and a literary element which guide-books as a rule entirely lack.

**Love and the Soul Hunters.** By John Oliver Hobbes. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7 in. 343 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Lux Christi: An Outline Study of India.** By Caroline A. Mason. The Macmillan Co., New York. Paper. 5×7½ in. 280 pages. 30c.

An extremely useful manual for popular study of India, its life, its religions, its history, and its Christian missions. It is to be strongly recommended to the people of the churches. It is especially intended for the use of women's missionary societies, but it ought not to be limited to that.

**On Fortune's Road.** By Will Payne. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×7½ in. 290 pages. $1.50.

A collection of short stories of business and political life in Chicago. They deal with the strong passions and crude ethics which prevail where man's first thought is for "his own pocket all the time." The stories are interesting and readable, and touches of the romantic element here and there give a welcome relief among the sterner realities of the business world.

**Paul Kelver.** By Jerome K. Jerome. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 424 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Jerome has always longed to be known as something more than a humorist, and his hero in this novel is burdened by the same feeling. "Paul Kelver" is a long and purposely desultory novel. It follows its hero's career from birth to marriage in the good old-fashioned way in which "David Copperfield" and "Pendennis" and countless other books were written a generation ago. To-day this method has gone out of vogue, yet it may be worth while now and then to revive it. There are in "Paul Kelver" some amusing and interesting glimpses of newspaper and theatrical life, and some well-told single episodes. When Mr. Jerome writes of the life he has known, he is capital; when he turns to imaginative pathos and sentiment, he fails to hold the reader. The prologue to this novel illustrates the latter fact impressively.

**Pharaoh and the Priest.** From the Polish of Alexander Glovatski. By Jeremiah Curtin. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 696 pages. $1.50.

This long and intricate story of ancient Egyptian days is not without strong dramatic situations and distinct characters. Its author is a prolific Polish novelist, who, like Sienkiewicz, deals both with modern society and with the romance of antiquity. The time of the novel is that of Rameses XII. (eleven centuries before Christ), and its subject is the temporary triumph of the priesthood over royalty. The learning of the author is not allowed to overwhelm his imaginative powers, and although the length and subject of the work may at first repel the average novel reader, the book once fairly entered upon will hold his attention thoroughly.

**Plain Facts as to the Trusts and the Tariff, with Chapters on the Railroad Problem and Municipal Monopolies.** By George L. Bolen. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 451 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Poems and Verses.** By Edward Sanford Martin. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8 in. 125 pages. $1.25, net.

There is clever verse-making in this volume, both of the serious and of the jocose order.

**Rob and His Gun.** By William Alexander Linn. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×7 in. 211 pages. $1, net.

This little book is written with the twofold purpose of awakening interest in the many pleasures of country life commonly overlooked, and of showing how a true sportsman differs from those who take the life of their wild neighbors at random. The book is well written and interesting.

**Shakespeare and Voltaire.** By Thomas R. Lounsbury, L.H.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 463 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Saving the World: What It Involves and How It Is Being Accomplished.** By the Rev. D. F. Bonner, A.M., D.D. Hanford & Horton, Middletown, N. Y. 5×7½ in. 259 pages. $1, net.

**Seeds of April's Sowing.** By Adah Louise Sutton. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 5×7 in. 96 pages.

**Sheep-Stealers (The).** By Violet Jacob. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 402 pages. $1.20, net.

A new English novelist, and a more than promising one. There is new and interesting material here drawn from the "Rebecca" or anti-toll-gate riots of South Wales early in the century, and from the curious prevalence at the same period and country of a systematic trade in stolen sheep. There are also original drawing of original characters and a certain subtlety of analysis combined with realism that recalls the methods of Thomas Hardy. In construction the story is faulty, but in the positive reality of its countryside men and women and in the delicacy of its literary workmanship it is a book to appeal to the more fastidious class of novel-readers.

**Sir Joshua Reynolds.** By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F.S.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 144 pages. $3.

Reserved for later notice.

**Songs of England's Glory.** G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. 234 pages. $1.20, net.

**Study and Criticism of Italian Art.** By Bernhard Berenson. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co. New York. 2 vols. 6½×9½ in. $3 each.

Reserved for later notice.

**Teacher's Manual of Geography (A).** By Charles McMurry, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 107 pages. 40c.

**Temple Bible (The).** **Psalms**, edited by A. W. Streane, D.D. **Acts, Timothy, Titus, and Philemon**, edited by G. G. Warfield, D.D. **Chronicles I. and II.**, edited by Archdeacon A. Hughes-Games. **Kings I. and II.**, edited by J. Robertson, D.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co, Philadelphia. 4×5½ in. 60c., net, each.

The Introductions and Notes to the successive volumes of this artistic edition of the Authorized Version continue to show a well-marked conservative interest.

**Text-Book of Applied English Grammar.** By E. H. Lewis. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×6½ in. 362 pages. 50c.

**Tom Winstone, "Wide Awake."** By Martha James. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5½×7½ in. 234 pages. $1.25.

A boy's story, instinct with life and action. Its tone is wholesome, and it is astir with breezy, outdoor air.

**Toward the Rising Sun.** Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. (Youth's Companion Series) 5×7 in. 138 pages.

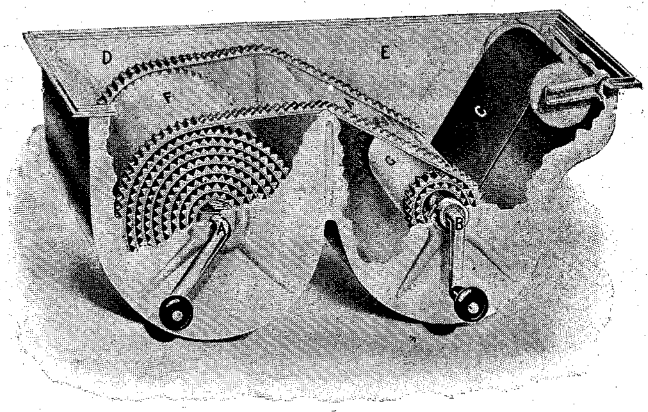
**What's What at Home and Abroad.** By F. S. Allen. The Bradley White Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 122 pages.

**Wooing of Wistaria (The).** By Onoto Watanna. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 388 pages. $1.50.

A Japanese romance by a Japanese writer. Its sentiment is a little excessive, perhaps, for the taste of English-speaking readers, but there is a very pretty vein of dainty love story, and the historic background has the Japanese spirit and reality.

Simplicity." Briefly outlined, the process is this:

After removal from the Kodak the cartridge of exposed film is inserted in the machine so that the black paper will lead from the top as shown in cut, the celluloid apron (F-F) having first been wound onto Arbor "A." The gummed sticker which holds down the end of black paper is then broken; the paper pulled out and the end attached to Arbor "B" by slipping under the wire guard. Arbor "B" is now turned to the right until the word "Stop" appears on top of cartridge. Then the end of Apron (F-F) is hooked onto Arbor B, after which the developer is poured into compartment "E" and the top put on machine. The operator now turns handle to the right slowly and evenly until the time of development, about four minutes, has expired. The film (G) winds up inside of apron but with the face not touching it, thus allowing free action of the developer. As the handle turns freely and easily, this operation is not at all wearisome.



THE MACHINE IN DETAIL

The cover is then removed from the machine; the developer poured off; the fixing solution poured in; the cover replaced and the handle again turned for about four minutes, when the fixing will be complete. After fixing, the cover is again removed, the fixing solution poured off, and after rinsing in two waters the film is removed from machine by taking hold of either the apron or the end of black paper and pulling out of machine, the film being taken hold of when it appears and pulled free from the black paper.

Nothing now remains to be done except to wash the film, to free it from Hypo (fixing solution); wipe it with a soft cloth and pin it up to dry. As soon as dry the negatives are cut apart and are ready for the print making to begin.

The machine may be used again immediately. Simply rinse well; and wind apron back onto Arbor "A." All is now ready for the next roll of exposures.

Without the Kodak Developing Machine the amateur must go either to the expense of sending away his negatives for development, to the expense of fitting up a dark-room in his home, or must accept the only other alternative—that of improvising a dark-room from bath-room or kitchen. This, as a rule, is not only a nuisance to the amateur, but, alas, he frequently makes a nuisance of himself by plunging these rooms into Stygian darkness, when, more than likely, some other member of the family would like to use them for their legitimate purposes.

The Kodak Developing Machine saves all these inconveniences and cuts off expense. The cost of operating the Machine, as compared with sending out one's negatives for development, is a mere trifle. Five cents for a Kodak Developer Powder and five cents for a Kodak Fixing Powder covers it all.

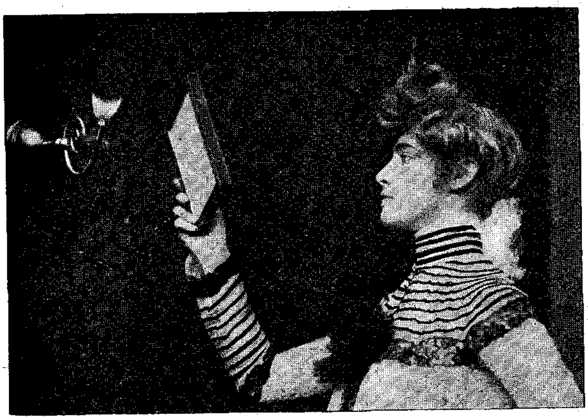
Having developed the negatives by means of the machine, one finds delight in the various printing processes, now greatly simplified as compared with those of a few years ago. Solio Paper, printing by sunlight, giving brilliant, glossy prints; Velox or Dekko, printing by gas or by lamp light and yielding rich black and white effects on a soft matte surface; Eastman's W. D. Platinum Paper, requiring only hot water for development and producing prints of delightful depth and

IT GIVES BETTER RESULTS THAN THE OLD METHOD

richness; Eastman's Sepia Paper, giving exquisitely soft Sepia tones and broad, sketchy effects that remind one of an old etching—all of these papers are simple to use and not one of them requires a dark-room at any stage of the manipulation.

When one has selected his own point of view for the exposure, has developed the negative and has finished the print—has produced by his own handiwork, through every stage of its growth, the perfect and satisfying picture—then, and not until then, will he appreciate to its full extent the witchery of Kodakery.

Not only does the Developing Machine throw light into the dark-room at home, but it enables one to develop his negatives when away from home. In his room at the hotel, in the hunter's or fisherman's camp, in the cabin of his yacht, in the dressing-room of a sleeping-car—in fact, *anywhere that one can obtain cold water and a place to throw waste*, the amateur can operate the Kodak Developing Machine. In loading the Kodak he uses Film Cartridges for two, four, six, or twelve exposures, as he desires, and when the exposures are made he neither waits in impatience for the return from his vacation trip nor makes a long and aggravating search for a photographic dark-room, but in broad daylight and in perfect comfort he operates his machine. Even if his judgment be somewhat at fault, the wide latitude which films allow in exposure will help him out within any reasonable limits. Skill is not an essential—just an implicit following of the very plain direc-



DELIGHT IN THE SIMPLE PRINTING PROCESSES

tions will make negatives of technical excellence.

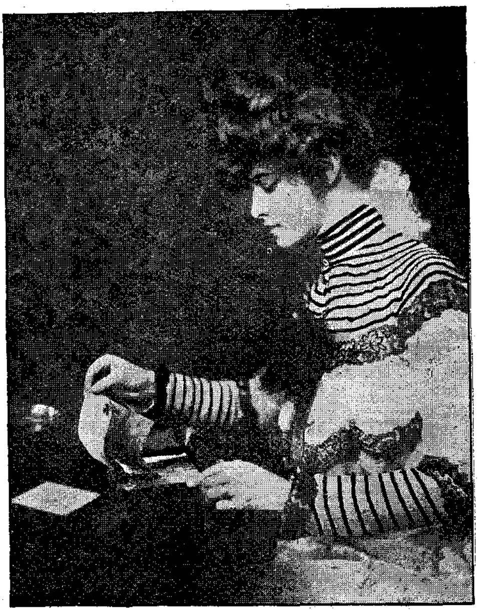
The art in photography lies in choosing and arranging the subject, in posing the model, in securing a harmonious lighting and pleasing proportions. Development is mechanical, and being mechanical is best accomplished by a machine. If among artistic workers there be those who still wish to manipulate not only the light and shade and subject, but the negative as well, there remain the simple methods of reduction, local reduction if you like, and of intensification, which may be more readily used with a machine-developed than with a dark-room developed negative, because the former, not having been affected in the slightest degree by fog from the dark-room lamp, gives a better foundation upon which to work.

The Kodak Developing Machine removes technical difficulties without imposing artistic limitations. Ninety-nine out of every hundred amateurs can do better average work with the machine than without it. The hundredth man can at least accomplish as good work with the machine as by hand, and is not in the slightest degree deterred from after-manipulation by the fact that his negatives are machine developed.

By means of the Kodak Developing Machine photography becomes as an open book.

The Kodak Developing Machines are thus far made in two sizes. The Style A Machine, for 12 exposure (or shorter) cartridges up to two and one-half inches in length, is for use with No. 0, No. 1, and No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodaks, No. 1 Panoram-Kodaks and the Brownie Cameras of either size. The retail price of the Style A Machine is six dollars.

The Style E Machine, for 12 exposure (or shorter) cartridges from three and a quarter to five inches, both inclusive, is for use with the No. 2 and No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodaks, the No. 3 and No. 4 Cartridge Kodaks, No. 2 Flexo Kodaks, the Bullet and Bulls-Eye Kodaks of all sizes, the No. 4 Panoram and the No. 2 Stereo Kodaks. The retail price of the Style E machine is seven dollars and a half. In each case the price of machine includes a handsome natural finish wooden box, with leather handle.



ONE APPRECIATES THE WITCHERY OF KODAKERY

The Kodak Developing Machines may now be purchased of Kodak dealers anywhere in the United States. Further information regarding them will be given upon application to the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

# IMPORTANT OPINIONS OF IMPORTANT PEOPLE *on the merits of the* KODAK DEVELOPING MACHINE

### A Famous Photographer's View

The new device has reduced the whole question of development to one of a simple handling of material.

The time and developer being fixed, the amateur can, in development, bring out all that the exposure is capable of yielding.

*Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.*

### An Epigrammatic Approval

Copyright, 1902, Davis & Sanford.

You go out and shoot your ducks and bring them home with you when you have a Kodak Developing Machine.

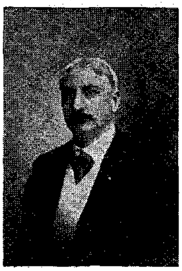
*Frederic Remington.*

### From the Editor of the Century Magazine

Please send me, with bill, one of your Kodak Film Developing Machines for use with No. 2 Pocket Kodak—the machine shown me to-day by your demonstrator.

*R. W. Gilder.*

### More Than Human



I was about to exclaim, this is almost human, when I saw the exquisite quality of the machine-made negatives and the certainty of the results. But, after all, it is *more than human*, for few if any experienced photographers would be able to uniformly produce the results I saw and marveled at.

*Edward W. Newcomb.*

### A Regret

If I had had a Kodak Developing Machine with me in Cuba I should have saved a hundred or more photographs of the Santiago campaign which were spoiled in development by Cuban photographers.

*George Kennan.*

### From a Practical Standpoint

The Kodak Developing Machine will doubtless prove to be a most valuable acquisition to the amateur photographer's outfit. By dispensing with the continued handling, the percentage of failures will be greatly reduced. What matters it if one negative be carried a little further than another? This can readily be taken care of in the printing.

*Charles I. Berg.*

### The Professional View

I have carefully examined and manipulated the Kodak Developing Machine and I have found that the latitude which it allows in exposure, both time and snap-shot, combined with the rapidity with which films can be developed with it, certainly recommend it. As a professional photographer I cannot too highly recommend it and I prophesy for it a very great sale.

*Theo. C. Marceau.*

### Negatives are Better

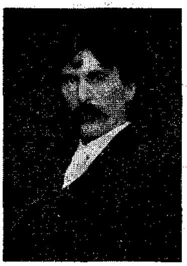


Photo by Hollinger.

The Kodak Developing Machine will prove invaluable to the outdoor photographer and the sportsman, as it will enable them to see the results before leaving camp and find their mistakes before it is too late to make the pictures over again. As a consequence of the prompt development that it makes possible, the negatives are cleaner and better than those that any but the most expert can get by the old method, and all this without the bother of dark-room and ruby lamp. I am surprised at the latitude in exposure that the machine allows.

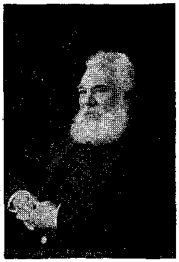
*Ernest Thompson-Seton.*

### An Authority

For the average photographer and for the masses the dark-room is doomed, thanks to your never-ending ingenuity in simplifying the mechanical part of photography. The daylight developing tank for your daylight films is invaluable to all photographers, to beginner and advanced alike. Its mechanism is so simple that a child will be able to do its own developing and as to the advanced photographer the possibilities opened up to him are endless. This ingenious introduction of yours will certainly convert many to film photography, will attract thousands of new-comers to the field of photographic action. Such at least is the opinion of Yours truly,

*Alfred Stieglitz.*

### From an Eminent Scientist



I have just had the opportunity of seeing one of the Kodak Developing Machines which you are about to place upon the market, and have witnessed its operation. Surely this invention marks a distinct step in advance. It is simple, ingenious, practical.

*Alexander Graham Bell.*

### Will Solve the Amateur's Difficulties

More traditions shattered! The machine is really wonderful. I could not believe that such uniform results could be obtained after such a wide difference in timing exposures on one strip of film until I saw it demonstrated.

*Zaida Ben Yusuf.*

*IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK*

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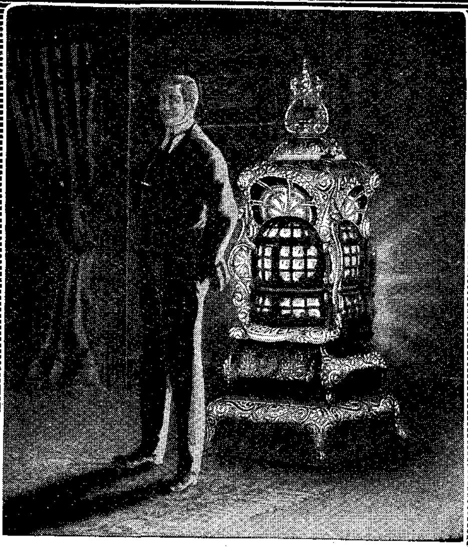

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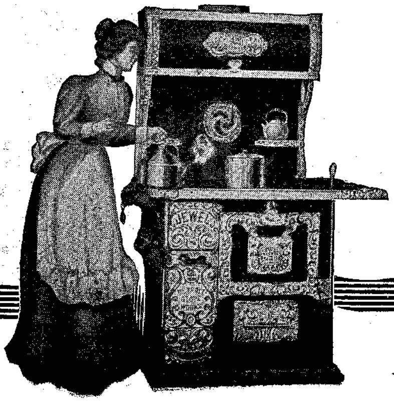

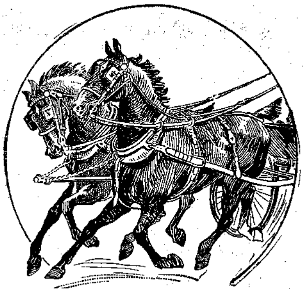

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